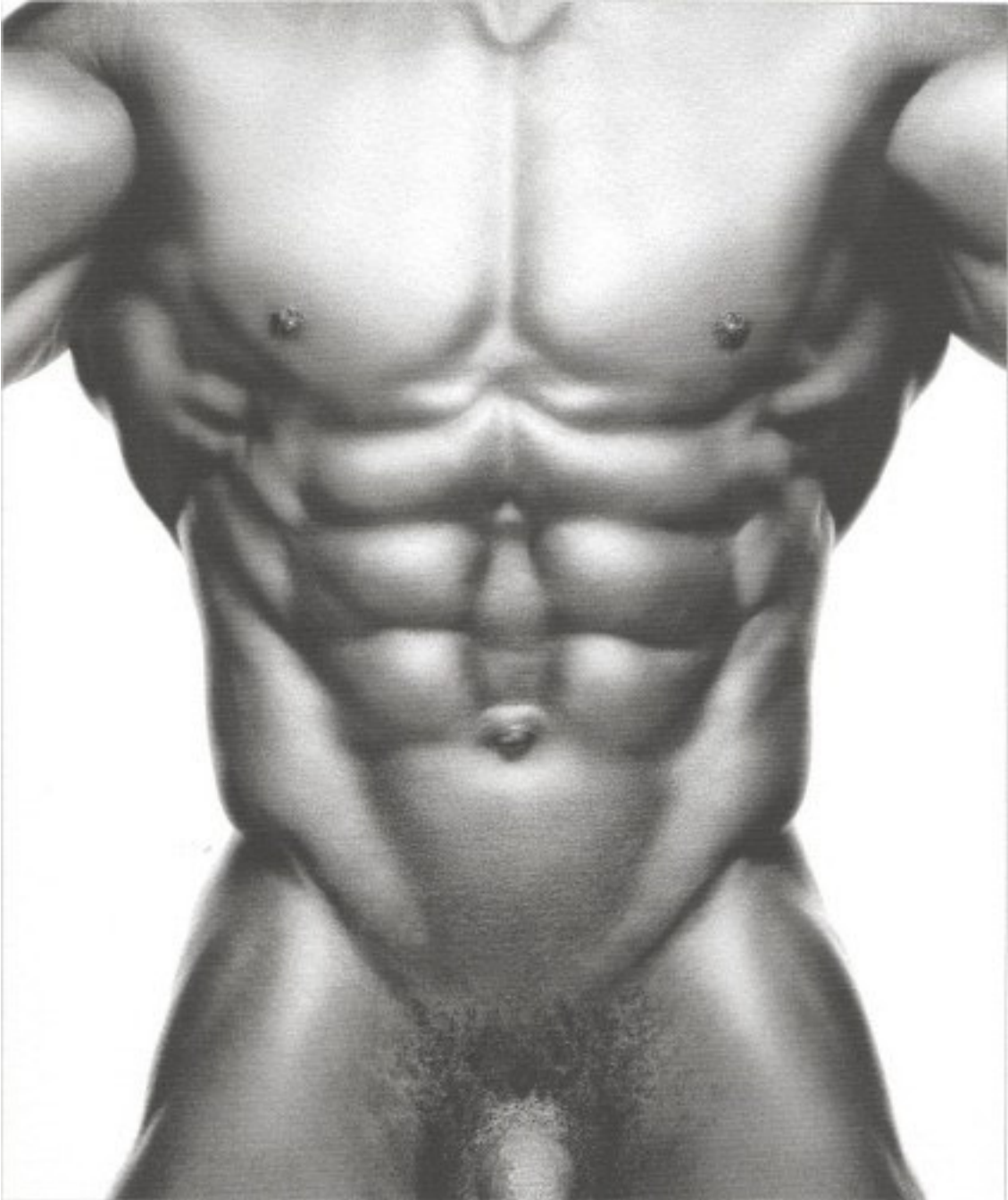


# Seducers



The Final Chapter of the Transform series

# 1

The man, the target of every other man's attention in the small café (being just one, at the early hour), was sitting outside in the sunshine at a table alone.

The fact that he was alone wasn't the most unusual thing about him of course. No one would look twice at some guy sitting alone at a coffee shop enjoying a sunny morning, normally.

But this guy was anything but normal.

Tommy wasn't supposed to come out from behind the counter, leaving the register alone. The guy had probably elected to sit all the way outside just to torture him. If that was his intent, it was working almost too well. Tommy's boner was refusing to subside, and his 22-year-old body was feeling like a 15-year-old pumped so full of hormones and sexual tension that he felt like he'd explode.

But the man sitting out there, the guy who'd come in not ten minutes ago and said in his earth-shaking tones, "Coffee. Black. Please," and who was dressed in almost nothing at all, smelling of a deep funky sweat that seemed to be leaking testosterone all over the floor, probably just come from a workout at the gym around the corner that had his ample collection of muscular beauty pumped high and tight and bulging, that guy was sex made mortal.

He was so much man, so big and broad and beautiful, that he was practically spilling out of those little nylon shorts that hugged his ass like skin and held a basket so full it looked like he was hiding a couple of eggs and a foot-long length of sausage down there. Tommy could see, actually see the ridge of the guy's helmet pressing against the material, his dick held sideways toward his hip, the tip reaching nearly all the way around! And the shaft was so thick, it could not be real, no man's dick was so perfectly, beautifully proportioned. It had to be a rubber toy or something, but it sure was well detailed if it was a fake.

His bronzed skin gleamed with a shining slick of sweat that evidenced how hard he'd been working his huge muscular form, his dark eyes flashed with something primal and overwhelmingly male, the dark scruff of beard on his unshaven sculpted chin and high cheeks seemed to be growing thicker as Tommy watched and no man, no where, no how had a better build than the guy sitting outside the coffee shop. Each muscle was tightly defined, the depth between lending him definition that was ungodly. Whenever he moved, the collection of brawn that hung off his tall, wide frame moved with sleek perfection, bulging and flexing like a call to action. He had to have worked all his life, 12 hours a day shoving iron around to get that build, and even though his body had the muscular size and maturity of a much older man, his face made him look 19, 20 tops.

And what a face! Jesus God, but he was beautiful. Not just handsome, but that was surely a word that could definitely help define his looks – he wasn't cute in any way, shape or form, his looks were much more powerful and rough than that word described – but when Tommy looked at the man's face he felt his mouth go dry and his brain empty of words. Gorgeous was what he was, from his full, soft lips to his hard prominent nose to his heavy brow and the dark shock of straight blue-black hair that crowned him, he was beautiful. So goddam beautiful.

The guy was now turning his face toward the window through which Tommy had been staring, the guy who was meeting Tommy's longing gaze, the guy whose full lips now parted slightly and allowed that masculine face to soften only slightly as he smiled back, his teeth flashing brightly against the copper tan of his skin, and he lifted his hand from the table (Jesus! Jesus, look at that bicep!) and wiggled his fingers in a friendly little wave. Their eyes met across the distance, through the glass window, inside to outside, and the man sitting under the bright morning sun with the biggest set of pecs and what looked like an 8-pack of tight, hard abdominals winked and beckoned with a slight nod of his head.

Tommy hopped the counter so fast he wondered if the guy thought his ass was on fire.

In a way, it was.

"Yes? Sir? Yes, sir? Is there something... anything... I can do? For you? At all?"

The man's smile increased. He leaned back in his chair and spread his legs a bit wider, stretching his tall frame out and making his collection of brawn flex and swell. Tommy burned the image of this huge man into his head so he could use it for fantasies later. He wished he had a camera to record the vision before him. The man's shadowed face, the sculpted lines of his face, his deeply masculine appearance, he was almost absurdly beautiful. His black hair caught the sunlight and silver-blue threads of shining glimmers ran through it. He had heavy brows above his green eyes, and those eyes were burning into Tommy's flesh. The man's gaze fell along Tommy's form, the one he had tried so long and so hard to bring to even a whisper of the strength and size this man possessed in whole.

The huge man smiled. It looked as though the bulge in his shorts actually settled forward under its own weight and slightly swelled, drooping dangerously close to the hem of his leg. Damn, that thing was real! All those fat, luscious inches down there were all him! He said, "Is it always this quiet?" His voice was so deep, Tommy swore the glass top table rattled.

Tommy thought about the words striking his ears, but he was having difficulty concentrating on anything other than what he saw. Out here, in the morning light, the guy looked even bigger!

And that was amazing, because usually given time for a fantasy to sink into Tommy's overactive imagination, the guys never measured up the second time. But this guy – this guy was doing a really great job of taking Tommy's fantasy, rolling it up into a tight ball and eating it whole. His chest was a striated map of muscular wealth, two huge and very thick mountains of meat with a forest of dark curls dusting the tanned flesh. His nipples were fat and luscious, begging a tongue bath. His shoulders were bowling balls of brawn. Long, thick balloons of muscle were mounted on his arms.

As he sat back, pushing his butt forward on the chair, his arms relaxed back. They were overwhelmed with raw brawn, the skin stretched tight across muscles of such incredible vascular definition that it appeared almost as if the man had no skin to speak of. A dark hint of the forest under each arm was accompanied by the sweet, male tang of his delicious aroma. His skin seemed to gleam like metal under the bright morning sun. These were meaty plates of muscle, vast and powerful. Then there was the washboard on his stomach, thick and hard enough to scrub Army boots clean. More of his shining dark curls dusted his belly and thickened to a trail down the exact center of his torso, through his navel and erupting suddenly wide and thick just before disappearing under the waistband of his tiny shorts. He wore them low on his hips, but maybe he had to because he was so tall. But the only reason a guy wore shorts that small and that tight was if he was advertising for something.

Tommy heard the man clear his throat – he thought at first the sound was thunder, but when he managed to pull his eyes back up the incredible body, the guy was looking directly into his. "Like what you see?"

"Shit, I'm sorry. Shit, I'm... I've never..."

The guy smiled, showing straight rows of gleaming white teeth. "S'okay, I wouldn't show off this body if I didn't want other guys to look." Other guys, thought Tommy. He said other guys. "Of course, some of it developed on its own – without any work." He let his hand drift across his torso and he cupped himself, surrounding his ample crotch with his huge paw. The lines of power along his meaty forearm bulged as he grabbed hold of the shaft of his monster through his shorts, and when he squeezed himself the head swelled thick and huge, poking against the material. He was so huge that he spilled out of his grip.

"Holy fuck."

The guy let his other hand drop to his crotch and he brushed his knuckles against his swelling pride. Then he turned his hand over and buffed the helmet, which seemed to swell larger still under the attention like a proud snake. It looked like it was going to rip its way clean through his shorts any second. "Ten inches," he said softly.

"Holy fuck," repeated Tommy.

"Soft," he emphasized, moving his hands away from his groin to rest on his hips, framing the now throbbing and swelling beast pushing heavily against its nylon cage. "Ever seen a ten inch cock?"

Tommy gulped. He shook his head. "Not in person."

The guy smiled. "Want to?"

Tommy nodded. Of course he did.

"I look bigger than that. Or so I've been told." The muscled man hooked one thumb under the waistband of his shorts just above the root of his tool and tugged down slowly, his hand sliding over the firm contour of his cock and balls, the fingers sliding down and between his legs, his torso stretching taller as he pulled in his stomach muscles, tightening them to steel hardness. "Sometimes, it gets in the way. It's difficult to contain all of me." He unveiled more of his glistening, dark body hair and a pelvis networked with veins branching under his thin, bronzed skin leading to one goal – that fat, luscious length of prime meat still hidden under its slight sheath of Nylon. "But I don't mind at all."

He pulled his shorts lower and lower until Tommy could see the thickness of his cock, at the root of his beast as it emerged from his muscular form. The veins spread across its expanse and he shifted his hip and shoved himself higher as his hand crawled lower. Inches of his fat prick sprung free suddenly, but still not the head that was lodged in a fold along his thigh. "Hmm. Maybe I am bigger. It's been a while since anyone volunteered to measure me." The whole of his cock was meaty and thick and glossy with sweat, a dark tube of flesh covered with veins that dully pulsed as Tommy watched.

The man slid lower on the chair, inching his tight butt to the edge, opening his legs, thick with defined wedges of brawn, wider and pushing his hand deeper between and under. The young man with the body to kill let out a deep, dark, soft moan of intimate pleasure. He was rubbing his asshole with his middle digit, Tommy realized. He could see the man's muscle on his forearm flexing in reaction to his manipulations. "I like that," he said quietly. His thumb pulled the material further down, revealing more of himself, and his hand was reaching under and between his tight ass cheeks and he was pleasuring himself as he showed his package to Tommy. He was getting off on this. Jesus!

If it wasn't already ten inches of fat dick that Tommy was looking at – and it must not have been, because it looked like another third of his monster was still covered up – then ten inches was a fuck of a lot bigger than Tommy ever imagined.

This guy was definitely a shower... and a grower. His anal play was starting to manifest in some pretty interesting and obvious growth of the already amazing cock. Tommy felt his mouth drop open in wonder as the veins lacing the surface started to swell and multiply. The whole of the thing was growing as if it was being inflated. Fuck, how big

was this guy's prick? He was a genetic freak in the best way. Cocks that big didn't get bigger, but this one clearly was.

"Touch me," the man growled softly. "If you want to."

He did. Tommy dropped to one knee and reached forward, placing his fingers to the bloated tool. It was hot! He could feel it growing, too, feel the skin tighten and the shaft swell outward. Even the veins were hard, so pumped with blood that they seemed solid. The man shifted forward again and Tommy's hand was suddenly filled with his meat. He grabbed onto it, feeling the slick heat against his palm, and it pushed against him, it wanted out of that tight little space and into the open air.

The man never closed his eyes, he kept watching Tommy's fascination and reverence of his hugeness. He had pulled the shorts as far down as he could and now his excitement and growth had him caught, his vastness held inside a roll of nylon even as he continued to lengthen and swell. Tommy ran his hand, both hands along the solid sleek tool and then he wanted to see all of it, he needed it all out, all its inches, all its power and majesty. He'd never seen a cock so huge, so amazing and fat and beautiful.

He moved his hands around it, up its length, tugging it free of its confinement and it sprang out with a suddenness that startled him, and the man grinned. The cock sagged under its own weight, pulsing and bobbing with each beat of his heart, arching forward and then rising up, the skin drawn tight and shiny, and the head was swelling like a balloon. It was red and shiny, and after only a few throbbing pumps the guy's huge erection was standing upright, it looked over a foot high now, maybe 13 or 14 inches, Tommy thought.

"Impossible," he whispered, stroking the mammoth meat with both hands, now so enraptured by the thick tube of sex flesh that it didn't occur to him that he was kneeling at a table outside his coffee shop hand-jobbing this muscle stud in the open air of the bright morning sunlight. There was no way anyone could not see what was happening, the cock was nearly as tall as Tommy as he kneeled there, the head gleaming with a runnel of slick pre-cum, the shaft now as red as an apple and hard as steel.

He ran his grip along the fat shank of the huge prick. He looked into the guy's beautiful face, into his eyes, and saw passion and desire and a depth of sexuality that made him breathless. The man was looking at him with something approaching hunger, and Tommy realized there was no turning back, now. One way or another this guy's lust was going to be satisfied.

But Tommy needed two mouths and a jaw that could unhinge to take this mother inside, and the thought of splitting his ass open to welcome the huge tool up his guts made him tremble. Jesus fucking Christ, this guy was big everywhere.

"Are you afraid?" The man's voice was a deep rolling bass that moved through him. He nodded, even as he continued stroking. The guy smiled. It was gorgeous. "Don't be," he said.

"I want you," he said honestly.

"Here?" The guy's smile increased. He looked like Satan himself, so big and beautiful and filled with sex.

"Anywhere. Please."

"You live near here?" Tommy silently nodded. "Close?" Still nodding. "Very close?" The guy's voice was a growl of need.

"Up... upstairs. Over the café."

The guy's smile practically glowed. He started to stand, slowly, allowing Tommy to back off his stiff member and as he assumed his full towering height, his muscles seemed to stretch and expand, and he reached down and took his shorts from off his muscled body, stooping to pull them over his fat, firm thighs and then he stepped from them and held them in his hand. Totally naked, now. Gloriously so. Perfect and fine and huge and erect.

Tommy gulped as the guy's balls dropped down under that mammoth cock like two baseballs in a sack, and the man just stood there, nude, proud, huge and hard, looking down at Tommy. "After you," he said softly.

Looking up, Tommy was struck again by the overwhelming masculine power of the man before him. Steel-hard muscle, dark curls of hair dusting his bronzed flesh, the biggest fucking cock standing majestically over a pair of round, heavy balls. There was nothing, absolutely nothing wrong on the dude at all. He was perfect.

"Well?" he said. "Are we going to fuck or not?"

Tommy practically sprang through the door and sprinted up the stairs. He didn't even bother to lock up.

## 2

Maddox was unhappy. This, in itself, was not unusual. His level of unhappiness, however, was.

He scanned the report on the screen again. It just didn't make any sense. It defied logic and reason and made him question the sanity of whoever at the Agency had sent this package. He was not averse to unusual assignments, quite the opposite. He was the guy the Agency sent in to uncover hard truths, unbelievable truths... but this was... beyond unbelievable.

He pulled the loose sheets off the printer and twisted back around, stacking them neatly before beginning to reread what the glowing screen in front of him had told him.

Scott Maddox wasn't dumb. He was, in fact, extremely intelligent. You had to be to make it in the Agency's Elite Corps. You had to be smart, and you had to be strong, and you had to be a big badass motherfucker – with consummate manners to fit in at any diplomatic function, an eye for beauty to appreciate the finer things in life, and a body that would do what you asked of it every time, without fail.

You also had to be attractive, because people like attractive people and trust them more than, well, unattractive people. And Maddox knew he was that as well, from his pedicured feet to the top of his blonde-haired, blue-eyed head 6-feet 2-inches above, he was good looking. Oh, hell, he was gorgeous. He used those azure eyes of his well, and that mouth of straight white teeth with its dimpled killer smile.

He dressed to complement his well-trained muscles. His clothes were tailored to his frame and hand made to cling in places that left little to the imagination of exactly what he was packing. He knew that a big dick, like his, put other men at a disadvantage (whether they realized it or not). He knew that when he walked into a room, he would get some attention, and he would earn it, and others would fear and respect him. He used everything to his advantage to get the job done.

Because failure was not an option.

"Oh, this is fucked up," he murmured, his voice soft and deep. He was flipping the pages as he scanned the project brief and the notes left by what had to be the two most insane or ingenious geneticists the world had ever produced. He had met Dr. Carlos Martinez once. His crystal clear and perfect memory brought up the old man's face, his alert eyes and the jowls hanging off his cheeks and the hunched over posture he had. The other man, Dr. Jerald Lassiter, he knew only by reputation. He wondered how good a man had to be to deserve such a reputation. And those rumors, but rumors usually proved to be true.



After the initial definitions of genetic enhancement, most of which were hardly new to him, particularly since he owed some of the man he was today to earlier experiments along the same lines, the old 'perfect soldier' routine which inevitably ended badly for one side or the other – either the initial guinea pigs lived up to and surpassed expectations, became unmanageable (to put it lightly) or they became little more than vegetables, their metabolism so screwed up that they either burned out or bulked up too big to move – and here it was rearing its ugly but not unexpected head again. His own enhancements (he preferred to think of them as natural developments) had all been fairly small and done over a series of years, each building on the other, allowing him to be a little bit stronger, a little bit more handsome, a little bit less inclined to get tired without sleep or to become fatigued after hours of intense physical exertion. Some of them were the result of experiments like those that Martinez and Lassiter were doing – he himself had access to some early serum that had helped him surpass his previous records for bench press and bicep curls, pushing his ultimate pump over the 400 lbs. limit on each arm – and some had been less than legal.

He wanted to be perfect. He had to be for his job. People, governments, maybe entire civilizations depended on him. And he'd do whatever it took to get there.

But this time they wouldn't use soldiers, it said. This time the initial trials would be performed on civilians! Which was, he thought again, fucked up. What poor saps would they possibly enlist into this ridiculous mess? And why would anyone volunteer for it?

Then he thought, sure, why not? People will do anything for money. He knew that well enough.

The approach was interesting, and well thought out. Martinez and Lassiter had done their homework. Of course they had. Some of the theories were interesting. He flipped back to the lab work, reviewing the chimp tests, the impressive results, the proof that the theories were more than theories, leading up to that first test subject, and then...

Nothing.

At least, nothing officially official. But that was where he came in.

He read on, past the ending, into the real beginning of the story, the part where the Agency took its observation underground, in the field, watching, and waiting...

Transform was initially deemed a failure after the disappearance of Dr. Martinez, when in fact it succeeded beyond the wildest expectations of anyone connected with the project and continues to change and increase in potency and power.

The original intent was that men injected would develop increased strength, size and stamina for extended field missions so that

undercover plans could be carried out by the men alone without additional tools, weapons or vehicles to weigh them down. Their bodies would realize such intense muscular development and cellular skin enhancements that even the need for body armor would be decreased due to the mass and density of the tissue.

Such mass would also, subsequently, increase strength upwards of ten-fold.

Since the formula would heighten all male attributes including libido in addition to strength, etc., the formula also had a built-in trigger that would allow the men to find sexual release in each other if they were on long duration missions. In addition to turning any fully-grown man into a super-strong, super-sexed, superman, Transform also altered the body chemistry to make a Transformed man capable of living for extended periods without any protein supplements other than his or his compatriot's sexual emissions. He could literally live off semen. Transform would also, unfortunately, render a man sterile.

Since the formula completely reconstituted a man's genetic structure, long-term effects were unknown. Transformed men may live for extended periods of time without any physical deterioration since they were designed to regenerate cellular structure (including muscle) at an incredible rate. It is doubtful they could be considered immortal, but they would certainly be super-mortal. Since their skin and muscle tissue is more or less impervious to weapons of any but the most drastic sort, hurting or maiming or killing a Transformed man would prove exceptionally difficult.

Transform was not tested on humans until Subject One, but as soon as it was released into its intended target, it began very quickly to morph into something like a virus that released a man's physical body into his total control. Also, the growth process accelerated massively with each new man, and increased even stronger when two or more Transformed men engaged in sexual acts, exchanging sperm in any form including contact of the skin, ultimately allowing men to grow far beyond normal human boundaries and realize new skills.

"New skills," Scott whispered, his brow creasing. " I wonder what...?"

His brain was trying to wrap itself around what it was reading. He tried to imagine what a guy would go through, how he'd manage to come to grips with changes so drastic that they changed literally everything about him, including sexuality. What a mind fuck that

would be. But becoming impervious to weapons would be worth that. Besides, he'd left behind any of his own sexual prejudices and predilections long ago. It was all good. He continued reading:

Sexuality and sexual release and satisfaction for a Transformed man cannot be easily described in terms applicable to normal men. With each Transformation, the physical sensations associated with sexual and sensual actions seem to grow stronger and stronger, stretching out from the penis alone to encompass every inch of a Transformed man's body. Observation suggests that this, too, is controlled by the individual.

Orgasms are deep, full, long-lasting, mind-numbing affairs that seem to go on for however long a Transformed man wishes them to. He can ejaculate copious amounts, releasing a seemingly endless supply that his testes produce in abundance. This may be a natural effect of the serum since the semen production might need to be the only sustenance available. He will sometimes release a flood of lubricating pre-ejaculate almost as soon as he becomes aroused. He can also release this on command. The eventual development of twin penises amplify the affects even stronger.

Scott's mouth fell open, and he mouthed, "Twin dicks?" He read that sentence again to see if he read it right. Then he read it again. His hand was absently rubbing his own ample cock under his pants.

A Transformed man's orgasms - or even the simplest acts of caressing or kissing or petting – deliver depths of pleasure beyond the capability of normal men to comprehend.

Scott was becoming seriously aroused by all this. He couldn't take his eyes off the pages, now.

A Transformed man is exceptionally physically attractive. He becomes bodily perfected as a by-product of the overall conditions under which Transform was designed to work. While each man is as physically distinct in appearance as he was before Transformation, his face, body and muscular form are all improved to an extent that would make him appear Godlike in everyday surroundings. His natural appearance, absent imperfection of form, comes to define male perfection.

These conditions can be lessened to some extent during the morphing process. It is also possible for Transformed men to become "ugly" or "scrawny," but retaining a weakened-looking state for long periods may be difficult owing to the overwhelming

size and strength of the muscle tissue.

"Holy fuck!" Scott's eyes narrowed as he continued reading. He leaned back a little, unzipping his fly and digging inside his tight pants, pulling his swelling dick out for some cool air. He used to get annoyed by this. It seemed like a natural side effect of all these attempts at improving the male animal – their libido would increase as well, growing stronger and hungrier as their body grew bigger and better. Maybe it was something so intrinsic to men that it couldn't be helped, but becoming a slave to desire was something he used to wish could be lessened.

He had to admit, however, that the rewards more than made up for the inconvenience. The bigger dick, and its stronger sensations and thicker loads, were exceptionally gratifying. And when he was alone, like he was now, he felt no guilt about relieving any built-up pressure.

Transform becomes so ingrained into the cellular and genetic structure that it can eventually be transmitted not only through fluids, but also through scent and touch. A Transformed man regains the pheromone attractants natural to all species but, as in all other Transformed aspects, these pheromones are incredibly robust and absolutely controllable by the subject. They refer to this as 'Sex Scent.'

Once released into the air, however, it loses much of its potency over distances as short as 20 feet. Proximity is important outdoors to attract and Transform another man. Men exposed to dissipated Sex Scent will still feel an increase in libido, but certainly less pronounced than direct exposure.

In an enclosed space, however, the potency is dramatic and instant. Any man, Transformed or not, struck by the scent will become immediately aroused to an extent that instantaneous erection and ejaculation is likely. Transformed men retain some antidotal reaction to each other's scent, but they can recognize the individual smell of another Transformed man as uniquely as looking at their face or testing a fingerprint. As mentioned, Sex Scent can carry Transform within it. As in all other physical aspects, a Transformed man controls Transform's power and may withhold it from their own Sex Scent.

By now Scott was shaking his head with disbelief. This had to be a joke. Someone – someone very high up to have his access code – was seriously fucking with him. Pulling his own genetically enhanced leg. But he continued reading and started stroking. The story was too good to stop now.

The Touch is an additional sensual, sexual and Transforming power

manifested to varying degrees. If a Transformed man uses The Touch on any normal man, depending on the power he gives it, the man would be instantly thrown into an orgasmic state of sexual ecstasy stronger than anything a normal human male has ever experienced. The Touch may be applied as gently as a brush of a fingertip, but it will deliver full potency in an instant. It appears to react like a sort of sensual feedback, as if the subject is feeling not only the pleasure of their own body, but that of the other subject's body as well. Since a Transformed man's pleasure capabilities are amped higher than any scale can measure, receiving the Touch could potentially send a normal man unconscious from the intensity overload of the sexual bliss delivered. A man may also be Transformed via The Touch.

Another power is referred to as The Voice. A Transformed man's voice is naturally much lower and deeper than an ordinary man's because of his size. The vocal cords are stretched longer, they are thicker, the voice box more resounding, etc. However, an additional pleasurable effect may be fed into a Transformed man's voice that enters the pleasure centers of the mind through the ear and has an intense sexual affect. An ordinary man cannot be Transformed using The Voice, but he can be easily seduced, brought to erection and even made to orgasm simply by using a few words laced with The Voice.

Scott put the papers down and sat back in his chair. This was incredible, if even half of it was true! His mind came back to one phrase he read, 'because of his size.' He'd realized some growth after the hormone injections, both muscular and overall height, but all these other side effects were incredible! How big were these Transformed men? He closed his eyes as his hand firmly tugged on his fat, hard cock. He could feel himself approaching orgasm, so he eased off. He needed the energy for his workout, and he always got off stronger after a hard pump to his muscles anyway.

He shuffled through the pages until he came to a sort of Table of Contents for what a Transformed Man would realize after exposure, so to speak. If the previous passages were unbelievable, he didn't have words for these pages. His eyes were drawn to certain passages, containing certain words that caught his interest more than others...

**Super Orgasm** – A Transformed man can literally ejaculate at will. No stimulation is necessary; he can control his entire body so he can control what it does. However, this form of orgasm is not as intense as one realized during sexual acts. The entire orgasmic release has been heightened like everything since a Transformed man's body, specifically the skin's nerve endings, become so sensually accentuated that almost any physical contact may feel

like an extended orgasm. Additionally, a Transformed man may ejaculate for minutes or even hours if he desires, extending the sexual act indefinitely due to his unlimited strength, stamina and physical control. A Super Orgasm occurs without warning and usually in groups. It is a shared experience and is usually so powerful that the men engaged will be literally thrown apart under the force of the pleasure and the blast of sperm ejected.

Morphing – A Transformed man has complete physical control of his body. His "normal" height may vary between 16 and 20 feet, but he is also able to shrink himself to a more acceptable height when in public, masquerading as something of an average man, although his physical beauty and muscular size would still make him stand out in a crowd. A Transformed man can change any aspect of his body, from hair length, color, thickness and style to skin pigmentation to eye color to penial length. There are no physical limitations so far observed, but he cannot apparently grow larger than his "normal" height and muscularity. Transformed men can also assume the appearance of any other man, including each other.

"Handy," Scott murmured. "No wonder the Agency..." His words trailed off when he saw the next entry.

Additional Penis – As a result of the super saturation of masculine features, a Transformed man develops a second penis that hangs alongside the original. It is, in every respect, exactly as large and long as the original, but it is always uncircumcised. He may morph it into a circumcised specimen at will. The second penis may be shrunk inside the pubic hair to an extent that it appears to disappear entirely. A Transformed man retains the usual two testicles, albeit overlarge and overactive.

Prehensile Penis – A normal man's penis behaves in a fairly predictable way; it is flaccid, or it is erect. A Transformed man's penises take on additional capabilities because new muscles apparently form within them which allows them to work almost like a monkey's tail. They can bend and flex and stroke each other. A Transformed man literally perform anal sex on himself. The subjects refer to this change as a Muscle Cock.

Augmented Anal Flexibility – A Transformed man's anus takes on some additional capabilities, as well. It can act like a mouth to suck another man's penis (or his own, as desired) inside and pleasure it. It can also open wider to take in as much as necessary. This may also be another muscular side effect, as the

Transformed man begins to manifest muscular control where none existed before.

Flying –

Scott blinked. Hard.

Flying – A Transformed man behaves in a way to suggest that he has the ability to suspend himself in the air as if he is flying or defying gravity. After an initial 'launch,' the subject most often appears to be "swimming through the air." The actual methodology and specific biological or genetic changes to account for this feat are not yet fully understood.

"Fucking flying? As if two pricks weren't reward enough." He flipped to the next page, anticipating even more unbelievable shit. He read:

The act of being Transformed is extremely pleasurable. It appears to feel as if your body has become a penis being pleasured in the most intense of ways. One feels alive and powerful and deeply aroused and satisfied. The process may last only seconds, or it may last days – it is entirely up to the man or men Transforming the subject. They have complete control over the process and may decide to give only part of the package or the whole thing at once.

Certain men in the population are Triggers. They may introduce new powers and capabilities, or they may only increase the muscular size and overall height of the ultimate Transformed man. In certain cases, new capabilities are not transferred for no apparent reason.

In particular, an adolescent or teenager who has not reached full maturity will realize the effects of Transform to a degree over and above that of a fully-matured man. Because their body is going through its own changes, Transform supercedes and overruns the direction their maturity may have taken and instantly matures them into fully Transformed men of incredible physical beauty and innate sexual talent.

There was more. Plenty more. And all of it as mind-bending as what he'd already consumed. He hadn't even opened the binary files which, he presumed, probably had pictures to back all this up. They would never have sent him this if it weren't verified.

It was obvious that someone had either infiltrated this, what, cult? Club? Tribe? And had reported all that he had seen and, presumably, felt while in their midst. It had to be

someone who'd been Transformed. Scott's suspicions started circling around one man in particular, and he was piecing that part of the puzzle together when he opened the binaries and a flood of full-color, print-ready, high-quality images spilled across the two monitors on his desk. Close-ups, full-bodies, front and rear, side to side, top to bottom, the images covered every square millimeter of undoubtedly the most perfectly developed man Scott had ever seen.

Things bulged. The things that bulged bulged. Huge muscle everywhere. Tight shots of flawless skin without blemish or wrinkle. More shots of the man performing impossible feats, bending his ultra-flexible body in ways that were absurd if not obscene. Comparison shots to show just how big "big" was – and it was so far beyond Scott's interpretation that he didn't... couldn't believe it.

Then there were shots of the man's face, and beautiful was a term that could hardly begin to approach his features. And somehow, even though he was beautiful, he was also extraordinarily masculine. One straight-on shot showed the man looking directly out from the screen, and Scott could swear he could feel... something coming back from that still, digitized image.

And there they were. Two dicks. They were huge, they were long, and they were perfect. He looked for signs of the muscle they supposedly held inside, the fibers of power that allowed them to act and react independently, but they just looked like dicks. Big, fat, huge dicks.

So now he had the background, the dossier on the mission – but he still didn't know what the mission was. The file said there were at least 24 of these men, and presumably more each day if the process were as easy as the file pointed out. Unstoppable Supermen with impenetrable skin, 20 feet high and stronger than any hundred men combined, capable of disguising themselves in almost any form, and apparently so sexed up that the most logical place to find them was in the porn industry fucking everything that moved.

They could be anywhere, because they could be anyone.

Was he to eliminate them? That seemed a terrible waste. From what he read, they had not done anything violent... yet. Mostly they just seemed oversexed. In the extreme. But to bring such a force under the Elite Corps would be perfect. He imagined himself as one of these men, and what he could then do. The flying alone....

Perhaps infiltrate them? Discover their secrets? But the Agency had those. They were right there in front of him, in full-color and in great detail. And they apparently already had one of the Supermen in custody, or at least as a willing conspirator. Why not simply use him? What would they need Scott Maddox for?

Unless this information had not been given to them willingly.



He glanced at the clock. 3AM. One hour before the next download. Then he looked again at the pictures, the bulging arm, the muscle-fat chest, the wedges of brawn along the leg, the huge dicks. "Gym time," he said, laughing slightly. He bent his own formidable bicep into being, watching the 20-inch peak press against his shirtsleeve. "Sorry baby," he told it, "looks like you and me have a ways to go." He smiled as he got up from his chair, thinking of the days to come.

# 3

Chuck grinned. Man, it was all too easy – but he still managed to get off on this every fucking time.

Being the man he was now, or whatever it was that he was because he felt like so much more than just a man, had not grown any more "normal" even though he hadn't been the man he was before he'd been changed for months. He could still remember what it was like before, because his body still delivered such intense shots of sexual and sensual pleasure almost constantly that every act, every utterance, every movement reminded him how big and beautiful and powerful he was now.

He looked down at his body, scanning across the gleaming bronzed skin at the cables of thick muscular brawn that pulsed and throbbed with incredible potential across every inch. He was so strong that there was nothing, literally, he could not do. No feat of strength was beyond his abilities. If he wanted to, he could be Clark Kent, pretending to the outside world that he wasn't really Superman, couldn't really fly, didn't really possess the strength to crush cars with his bare hands, stop trains, punch through steel like it was paper.

But he could do all of that, and more. But whatever the power was that swam through his blood and lived in every cell of his body, it wasn't driven to destroy or wage war or punch the shit out of anyone who looked at him sideways. More likely, he'd take the guy with the pea brain and the big mouth, ram his dick up his ass, pump him full of Transform and watch him become another mountain of muscle with the sort of towering masculine beauty that would make other men swoon and cream their jeans if he just glanced their way. He knew what would happen, because the guy would be like him, seduced by his own desires, willing victim to the overpowering sexual need that burned through him like fire and made every movement an unconscious seduction.

Chuck would rather fuck than fight. It was just the way it was.

The kid was damn cute. Lots of potential. Chuck watched him race through the coffee shop as he stood outside under the sun, feeling its fine heat bathe his naked skin, soaking in the warmth and light and health raining down from the heavens and soaking inside his flesh. The dude had a nice ass. And he packed it very neatly inside those Wranglers.

Sometimes it was just too easy.

He licked his long, talented tongue across his palm and left a gleaming coat of slickness there and applied his hand to his tool. He could be so much bigger than this, and merely thinking the thought made him ache for the feel of growth, that deep sexual throbbing pulse of growing strength and size that exploded along his thick muscles and tingled across his silken skin. He expanded slightly, just to taste that power, his frame swelling

out slightly all over until he stood two inches taller and looked several pounds heavier with fat, firm brawn. He smiled and the shadow of whiskers on his chin darkened until he possessed a black goatee and thick mustache.

He wondered if the dude would even notice these changes, or if he was so blinded by Chuck's flawless and powerful form that the fact that he was even bigger now and wearing a neatly trimmed set of chin pubes that made his smile even whiter would go completely over his head.

Maybe it would just feed the fantasy.

Out in the world, among the men not changed, the ordinary men who could not do what he could do so effortlessly, this was more than ample. Now six inches past six feet high with a body (were it not hiding the compact weight of his true form) that would tip the scales at around 275, with a 51-inch chest and 28-inch arms. His waist was only two inches bigger than his fucking biceps, and the thickness of his vascular thighs rolled around each other as he walked. His ass was round and firm and high, and his shoulders stretched a yard across, easily.

He stroked his hardness, savoring the deep waves of total bliss enveloping his compacted form. They traveled through him like quicksilver, those shocks of complete sensual pleasure, lighting him up from inside. His nipples hung off the ends of his round chest globes like invitations. The dark curls that spread across his bronze flesh glistened like spun glass. Every inch of his body, every millimeter, was capable of delivering sensual satisfaction of such intense erotic power that any man who touched him could be brought instantly to multiple orgasm. He was an ultimate tool of masculine sexual power. There were only a handful of men like him walking the earth.

But there would be more, and soon. As he glanced upward and saw the kid leaning out his window, still clad in his white T-shirt and blue jeans, with a look of total joy and a little fear in his eyes, he thought, 'And there'll be one more in about an hour.'

He smiled. 'Maybe two hours.'

::Where are you?: It was his friend and lover Frazz, speaking into his head from who knew where.

::Where the fuck do you think I am? I'm about to get a nice blow job and a fresh piece of prime, firm buttcake.::

::What's his name?: It was the voice of another of Chuck's lovers, this one a young – make that very young man called Adam. Of course he'd consider that first. Adam was always extremely polite and courteous, even when he was drilling your ass.

Chuck grinned and the humor came through in his answer. He was still looking up, still stroking off, still primed for pleasure. Because he always was. ::I didn't actually ask

him.:: He could feel Adam's disapproval. ::Yet. Don't worry, I'll get to that. Believe me, he doesn't look too unhappy with my breach of etiquette.::

::So where are you?::

Chuck walked toward the shop, using his free hand to open the door while he continued pleasuring himself with his other. ::Why? What's the rush? You boys on fire or something?::

::Aren't I always?:: Chuck could feel Frazz's lust pouring over his words like chocolate syrup. He was a huge muscular monster of a man, his skin so dark he was almost black, with almond-shaped eyes and a ready, open smile that looked pornographic no matter how innocent he tried to act. He had a clean shaven head and a clean hairless body.

Like Chuck, he had been Transformed, and was now another example of the perfected male form, overwhelmed with muscle and ready to fuck the whole U.S. Marine Corps.

Frazz had been a towering figure of prime masculine flesh even before he met Chuck, but what he was now had amplified his beauty, strength, size and sex drive a thousand fold over what he had been. His whole genetic structure, every strand of DNA, every follicle of hair and every cell of skin, every fiber of muscle lining his primed, hard body had been cleansed of impurities and rebuilt. He was so much better than he had been, and so much more, that he was a different man altogether.

At least physically. Mentally, he was still Frazier, still the swaggering blowhard with the stinging sense of humor and the hands that performed miracles wherever they touched. But his eyes still twinkled with mirth and his smile still showed that, for all his bluster and ego, he was just a little sweetheart inside.

Adam was something else altogether. More than a man, Adam had been created from the essences of two other Transformed men, a sort of clone born of cells and sperm and grown to maturity in a matter of days, at least physically. He was still growing every day, more huge and more beautiful with each tick of the clock, born with an innate control of his entire physical structure down to every fiber of muscle and every follicle of hair erupting like a dark, curling forest on the mountains of his chest. Sometimes Chuck thought he could see Adam developing just watching him. He was male perfection in fast motion, a boy becoming a man becoming a superman as the hours passed.

Chuck was amazed every time he looked at Adam. He seemed to be growing every minute. His frame was stretching to accommodate his swelling collection of muscular beauty, brawn that was double that of Chuck or Frazz because he wasn't being changed from something else, his genes didn't need refining, his body wasn't going to go through a process of rebirth. This was his first birth, born as a fully Transformed man, and gifted with more of everything from the start. It was all developing by the day, and the boy seemed totally oblivious to his affect on his friends.

In Adam's eyes, everyone was beautiful, and he loved them all. He would love them all if he could – and the thing was, he probably could. All at once. Everyone everywhere. With just a touch of his hand or the scent of his power, he could make men fall into states of sexual ecstasy from which the only recovery was to grow as huge and beautiful as Chuck or Frazz, so their bodies could cope with all the sensual and sexual masculine power flowing into them.

It's what Transform did, what it was for. To make supermen.

And it gave them control. Absolute, total control over every aspect of their physical form. And when they grew, as they all did, their bodies became overwhelmed with muscle and size. Fat, bulging masses of power that flexed and swelled, hugely powerful and perfectly developed. The men would grow taller as the muscle packed itself on, their bodies expanding to allow Transform to build them bigger and bigger. They doubled in height, and grew stronger. Then taller still, and stronger, and bigger. Fifteen feet high. Sixteen. And then came The Sharing where all the men who had been gifted with the power came together in an explosion of lust and growth and sex and beauty, and they all grew to their ultimate height.

But they could also compact themselves smaller, when desired. Total control. Tell your body what you want, what you need, and it was there at your command.

So Chuck's foot-long erection (he knew how big he was, down to the millimeter, even if to Tommy he owned something like 14 inches) was only a whisper of what he truly possessed – and what he could give another man with a simple touch of his hand, passing the Transforming genetics to him and making him over into his perfect self.

Frazz spoke again. ::We were just curious, that's all. What's this wonderboy look like?:: Chuck sent out a mental picture of the kid whose name he didn't know. It was a fully formed, 3-D video with surround sound that appeared to his friends as if they were there with him. This was another capability that manifested, the mindspeech, the mental sharing between Transformed men. Their brains eventually changed like their bodies did, reopening old abilities or opening up channels to new ones. They were evolving by leaps and bounds, their perfect selves still perfecting.

Frazz growled a pleasurable moan and Adam sent out waves of love, as he usually did. Adam loved everyone. It was just his way. And the purest expression of love, as far as he knew, was fucking. Neither Chuck nor Frazz had chosen to change the boy's mind about that just yet. Chuck realized there was a danger, or he thought there probably was, so he and Frazz kept a close eye on Adam. But the boy never seemed to mind. Because he loved them.

At the moment, he and Frazz were deeply in love. Adam was deeply in love with Frazz's ass, and Frazz was deeply in love with Adam's monster cock. The term insatiable didn't even begin to approach the sexual appetite of a Transformed man. Total control meant total satisfaction – but losing control had its appeal as well.

::Nice,:: Frazz said approvingly. ::Need any help?::

Chuck was mounting the stairs. The deep throbbing waves of bliss that rained through him were growing stronger because he allowed them to. His dick was harder than ever and spitting out a flow of thick, clear precum that smelled like raw sex. ::Don't think so, but thanks.:: He stood before the kid's front door. It stood slightly ajar and he pushed it open with his foot, moving inside and tossing his shorts to the floor. "Hello? I hope I'm not too early."

"What?" Jesus, the kid's voice actually cracked! How old was this little man?

Chuck shook his head and let a sideways smile light his features. "Nothing." He followed the sound of his voice. "What's your name?"

"My name?"

Chuck rounded the corner and stood in the bedroom doorway, his head nearly grazing the frame. He leaned against the entry, crossing his legs at the ankle and grinning with sexual intent. He ran his hand up and down the solid inches of his lathered prick, while the other hand played with one erect and very plump nipple. "Yes," he said, his voice like soft thunder, "what's your name?"

The kid was sprawled on his bed, still dressed, but his fingers were tugging his fly down. He looked almost like an anxious little puppy getting his first bone. When his own thin but long tool popped out, it looked as hard as Chuck's whole body, and his chest, beneath the cotton shirt, was just beginning to show the muscle inside. "Tommy." He grinned back. Tommy had dark blonde hair, straight and hanging across his eyes. He had a boy's face, with not a whisker in site, and blue eyes with long lashes. His nose was very small, which made his sensuous mouth look larger than it was. "What's yours?"

"Chuck," he said. And he heard in his mind Frazz say, ::God damn, boy! You sure you don't want any help?:: Chuck was leaving his channels open so that Frazz and Adam wouldn't just see what he was seeing, they'd feel it, too.

Still, as the song says, there ain't nothing like the real thing, baby.

This was his first conquest since leaving IGE – the Institute for Genetic Enhancement. It was a sham, created just to lure more men into the brotherhood, and it had worked for a while, but it became clear that Transform was too much to control, too big to corral. So the men of IGE had gone their separate ways, some teaming up, others simply disappearing.

This trio had spent a few days enjoying each other, and watching Adam continue to grow. He was now a robust 15 feet tall, still shorter than Chuck's 20 feet of muscle and Frazz's 21 feet. But Adam's growth was phenomenal, because he wasn't growing merely taller

but more muscular as well. It was fucking amazing watching the kid's body continue to get bigger and stronger. Just watching him bulge his bicep – or was it biceps (the cut on the head was so deep it looked like he had a set of them on each arm) – was enough to set Chuck's dick to spurting. And he was just so fucking cute! He was becoming a true heartbreaker who would probably best even Joseph, another Transformed youth who Chuck considered easily the most beautiful man he'd ever encountered.

They had no plan. They had, instead, a competition. Of course. Because one way or another, everything became a competition between him and Frazz.

"Well, Chuck," Tommy said, sitting up and poking himself in the chest with his erection, "you just gonna stand there looking gorgeous or are you coming over here so I can suck you dry?"

Chuck's grin turned positively immoral. "Well," he said with no undue modesty, "you can try."

Tommy climbed off the bed and walked toward him. His dick was standing up straight and firm and fat as his loose jeans slid off his hips. He wasn't wearing underwear.

Tommy had never seen such a beautiful cock before. Maybe in some picture on the Net. Maybe in a dream. But never in the hot hard flesh and within his grasp. Chuck watched the kid zero his attentions in on the thing like that same dog after that bone. He was practically salivating. "Too big?"

Tommy tilted his head. "I won't know until I try, will I?" He smiled and met Chuck's gaze.

"Tell you what, Tommy. You take me – all of me – and suck me until I cum... and swallow the whole load, and I'll grant you a wish."

"A wish?" The doubt and sarcasm dripped off his reply.

Chuck just smiled and nodded. "Yes. A wish. Think of me like a genie. Except instead of rubbing my lamp, you need to suck my cock and make me cum."

Tommy eyed the giant dick. It looked about to fountain any second. "And I only get one wish?"

He reached forward and lifted Tommy's face, placing his fingers gently beneath his chin. His answer was soft and filled with promise. "You'll only want one."

Tommy's brow furrowed slightly, then he shrugged and began to formulate his attack. Chuck's dick looked 14 inches long, standing straight out and pulsing eagerly. It looked to be as thick as a beer can. Tommy could feel its heat from where he kneeled, squatting before the god in his bedroom and the monster of his godhood.

::That's hardly fair,:: Frazz sent. ::The least you could have done was give the guy a fighting chance!::

::You don't think I'm not going to grant his wish whether he succeeds or not, do you? Jesus, I can hold off cumming forever, even if this guy's the world champion of head.:: He could feel Adam's pride. He must have thought the same thing as Frazz, but the boy would have just touched Tommy with his fingertips and given him the gift without asking. ::Don't worry, Adam. You'll meet Tommy soon.::

Tommy started at the base, applying his slick tongue to Chuck's massive erection and licking up the inches of the fat shaft. A wealth of salty precum filled his mouth and he swallowed eagerly. While it was true that Chuck could hold his erection indefinitely and keep his balls from pumping until he decided he wanted to pump, he was also, at his core, a human male with sexual drives – although his drives were about a thousand times more powerful than Tommy's – that liked attention. And he could tell already that Tommy was a young man with no small amount of attention to give.

::Jeez, this kid's serious.::

::Shut up Frazz, you're not making this any easier.::

::Easier than what?:: Poor Adam. He just didn't get the whole anticipation/pay-off thing. He was pure pay-off.

Tommy placed his grip around Chuck's root and sucked his thick helmet inside his warm, wet mouth. His tongue was quite a talented little tool, itself, and he even used his teeth to good advantage. Chuck closed his eyes and felt Tommy's touch to his toes. He wanted very much to start growing right then, to feel his muscles expand and swell, but he kept a rein on himself. He wasn't even letting a thread of Sex Scent out, not yet. He wanted Tommy to be all Tommy without Chuck's overwhelming sexual powers to spur him on.

He could have, if he wanted, begun releasing the potent pheromones his body now produced, flooding the small room with a sexual scent so strong that Tommy would be moaning in ecstasy and spewing like a fountain. He could even lace the scent with the very chemical that had turned him into the super sexual, super masculine, super muscular being he was now. Transform swam through every cell in his body, and it was so strong that it only took a whisper of it to change another man completely.

Or he could have transferred the power through his skin, touching Tommy's cheek with his fingertips or kissing his lips tenderly and making him over in a matter of moments to become a being like him, with physical and sexual capabilities beyond anything Tommy could imagine.

But Chuck was what he had been even before the transformation of his body months ago. He was a horny bastard who loved fucking. He enjoyed it. He enjoyed doing it, and he



enjoyed having it done to him. And he loved blow jobs. And Tommy was proving right now that he loved giving them.

And he was doing an excellent job on Chuck's joint, even as huge as it was. Chuck was aiding his lover's exercise in cock stroking by releasing copious amounts of the sweet, clear precum that acted as a super slick lube. Tommy seemed to be swallowing almost as much as he could pump, which only amplified his pleasure. Chuck reached up to pinch his own nipples and, in a moment of concentration, he did allow himself to grow, swelling his chest outward and dropping his fat nipples into his fingers. Even that small rush of muscular growth was enough to send shivers of deep sexual bliss through him. The growth process itself was like the truest, deepest orgasm imaginable.

Feeling your body begin to swell with power, to expand outward, growing stronger and bigger every second, was heaven.

But whatever Tommy was doing was a close second.



## 4

For Tommy, going down (or was it up?) on this man was as close to heaven as he ever felt. Whoever this guy was, or whatever he was, he seemed to be putting out some sort of power or scent or both that was so positively overpoweringly emphatically masculine that Tommy, himself, started to feel as if he was being swelled up with it, like it was inside

him and on his flash and in his lungs and muscles, and that as each second ticked past he was growing more powerfully male, more perfectly, entirely masculine.

Did he believe that the man could grant wishes? At this point, it hardly mattered. All he wanted was for this feeling, whatever it was and wherever it came from, to go on and on. As he continued to pleasure the man, to lick and suck and kiss and stroke his hugeness, that feeling grew stronger inside him. He had never felt so powerfully, completely masculine. His muscles felt strong and hard and throbbed with strength. His dick was harder than steel, thicker than a beer can, as big as his arm. His nipples tingled and pulsed, he felt every hair on his body, every curling silken thread of male confirmation like it was a warm coat against his naked form. And heat, a heat unlike anything he'd experienced, a heat of passion and lust and power so utterly masculine that there could be no doubt of its origin.

It was this man. And the hunger for that heat and power and strength drove him on.

::Oh, man, this boy's serious!::

::Frazz, please, withhold the editorial comments?::

Chuck felt his dark-skinned partner's laughter more than he heard it. Sharing so much emotionally as well as physically through their mental connection took some getting used to at first. This was a new capability that Transform awakened, and like every other physical manifestation it was completely controllable by the individual. Chuck could, if he wanted, almost without thinking, sever the connection and be 'alone' again.

But over the days and weeks since this new power was established, he'd grown used to sharing everything, experiencing everything, feeling the fuck when he and Frazz or Adam or all three were fucking both as the fucker and fuckee. The pleasure was doubled, tripled, quadrupled, more and more and more, feeling the pleasure, sensing the rapture and satisfaction, the desire and lust, the joy and bliss, everything that he felt himself, as well as what he was making Frazz feel, or Adam, and back.

Now he was open to them all the time. It was like being naked emotionally as well as physically, but they loved each other, Chuck realized, and that love was also magnified. Everything was. It was just another by-product of what they were now.

Chuck lifted his arm and allowed some growth into the bicep and tricep, watching the globes of brawn swell with muscle. A thick vein popped along the surface and dug deeply inside, feeding his strength and size. The skin stretched thin, making the cables of power stand out starkly. He inhaled his scent, allowing his musky masculine stink to perfume the room. His frame stretched slightly taller, and his chest bulged outward.

::Jeez, Chuck, pull back on the reins. You might scare Tommy off!::

Chuck just smiled. ::Watch this,:: he advised, and he let himself swell slightly larger everywhere. The growth brought with it a heightening of his male powers, and Tommy could feel it sinking into his skin, Chuck's overwhelming masculine energy. He swooned and felt hot and hard and strong. It felt to Tommy like his entire body, inside and out, every muscle and every inch of skin and every silken strand of hair, was growing hot and tingling with sexual energy, like he was building toward some explosion of orgasmic bliss so powerful that he'd grow incandescent and catch fire.

::You're going to give the game away::

Chuck smiled. ::Now, watch this:: He sent Frazz and Adam the images before him, the site of the boy at his waist, his hands around Chuck's fat dick, his mouth suctioned onto his hot, hard inches, and the shoulders suddenly swelling under his T-shirt, the muscles splitting and spreading and growing bigger. From Chuck's point of view, he could watch the boy's shoulders growing wider from his neck, and thicker with brawn. The material covering his body lost its wrinkles as it tried to continue to contain his developing bulk.

Tommy felt something change inside him. That anticipation of sexual release suddenly swelled to a new level. He felt it most keenly in his chest and shoulders, and it was spreading to his arms. It was a shining sort of pressure, as if his muscles were being pumped suddenly full to bursting with power.

::Chuck? What are you doing?::

The huge man's touch spread across his own gargantuan chest, so he could feel his own muscular growth mirror Tommy's slow, constant development. Now the boy's arms began to swell. The biceps were ballooning with power. Thick veins branched across the brawn under his pale skin. They spread fatter and broader until there was little room in the sleeve.

His shoulders continued to grow wider and thicker, as his arms inflated, and then his chest was slowly thickening outward, the thin separation between his meaty hemispheres growing deeper by the second. Tommy's attention to Chuck's hot, hard prick grew more anxious and hungry as he began to change. He felt as if the more he suckled and kissed and stroked this ultimate expression of masculine power, the deeper he was feeling the sensations that were spreading through his body, the feeling of growth and power building higher and higher, throbbing through him, pulsing with each beat of his heart.

His muscles were growing, swelling up with strength, not defined and striated like Chuck's massive brawn, but smooth and huge and polished like marble. His shirt was growing tighter and tighter against his frame, perfectly outlining all the luscious and powerful growth happening beneath.

Tommy felt like he was cumming. Something about this guy, something about his dick and his whole body, made him feel magnificent. He felt huge with sex, bloated with muscular power, his whole body was vibrating and trembling with intense erotic thrills

that sunk deeply into his skin and bones and muscle and made his balls feel heavy and full and his dick feel hard as iron and big as another arm thrusting up between his powerful thighs.

::What does it look like I'm doing?::

Adam answered. ::It looks like you're transforming Tommy.:: Always stating the obvious, that was Adam. Some day, if he hung out with Frazz and Chuck long enough, maybe he'd develop a sense of humor. But until then, Chuck was content to watch him getting bigger every day and to have the beautiful boy's fat, long cock buried up his ass. He couldn't wait until Adam's second prick developed. Every transformed man got one – or rather two of the perfect, highly sensitized monsters. Transformed men had several advantages over other men, but probably Chuck's favorite new tool was having twin swinging pricks gifted with the same muscular control as the rest of his body. They weren't merely limp or stiff, didn't merely hang there or stand there. A transformed prick was agile, prehensile, filled up with cables of brawn that allowed him to totally control how they behaved. He could wrap them around each other, make them vibrate and twist, stretch them and bloat them and make them act like snakes escaping down a hole.

Tommy's upper body had gained several pounds of muscle in the few minutes Chuck had been sculpting him. It was how Chuck thought of it, anyway. He could apply Transform with an artist's touch, now. He was creating a Grecian statue in flesh and muscle, an ode to the male form, a perfectly sculpted collection of round, firm bellies and bulging hard pillows of power. Tommy had a chest, now, a real chest, two rounded mountains with squared corners that bulged thickly outward. His nipples, dark circles of perfection, perked up stiff, pressing their dark firmness against his shirt and begging to be suckled and tongued.

His belly was a rippling mass of cobblestones, a six-pack of firm muscle tightly packed. His hips stayed narrow, his pelvis and groin flat, and then his legs bulged fiercely -- thick wedges of power on top and wide flaring diamonds on his calves below. His face, too, had been honed by this master sculptor of men. Chuck had merely to imagine the beauty and his power would make it real.

Where Tommy had been, a slim drink of a boy with potential and desire, there was now a beautiful young man so powerful of form and design, so gorgeous in face and features, so broad and tall and beautiful that any man seeing him might now have the same reaction Tommy had to Chuck.

::How long?:: It was Frazz.

Chuck raised a dark eyebrow and pointed his gaze downward. ::About eight inches.::

::Not his dick, fuckwad! I mean how long has he been going? I sort of got lost in the transformation.::

Chuck smiled. ::Twenty minutes, give or take::

::Shit. He's still at it?::

Chuck felt Tommy's talented touch up and down his stiffness. ::And how. Better than ever::

::Time for his reward, fuckwad?::

::Adam, Frazz calls me fuckwad because.... Never mind. Yes, it's time:: He allowed his balls to swell and churn, filling up with a thick, hot abundance of his sweet, powerful cum. They dropped under the load, bulging like balloons as he poured more and more and more of his load into them. They grew fatter still, now pressing firmly outward against his legs.

And still bigger. Swollen with his masculine power, his potent sexual energy in physical form. Hot and sticky. He whispered a warning, his voice gruff and deep, like a growl from a tiger. "Ready?"

Tommy's eyes met his. They were now a clear and shining blue, bright like tropical waters with a darker, evening violet around the outside. He didn't have to say anything, he was already sucking harder than ever.

So Chuck released himself into Tommy, pumping his powerful and intoxicating ocean down the beautiful boy's throat.

Tommy's mouth was suddenly filled and it was all he could do to keep from choking, because the huge muscled man before him wasn't merely pumping a few thick spurts of his cream, it was literally pouring from him like he had a hose attached to him. The sweet, salty tang of his essence flooded his mouth and he swallowed gulp after rich, creamy gulp down his throat. It warmed him through and through, spilling down inside him and spreading its warm power outward through his whole body.

And again the thick, heady, overpowering masculinity of the man struck him like a tidal wave. He could feel the man's power, his strength and size and firmness, the inches of fat muscle, the soft curls of body hair, the rough hands and deep, dark gaze. An overwhelming sense of masculine supremacy filled him up and embraced him and he was drowning in it. It felt as if the man himself was inside Tommy, as if his own sense of self was being amplified with Chuck's massive and towering masculine energy, and Tommy was changing, the essence of him becoming so much more, bigger and more beautiful and more powerful than he ever imagined being. The smell of sex, the feel of muscle, the strong arms surrounding him, a fat dick inside him. So much man.

Chuck did not transform him any further, though he easily could have. He had made Tommy over into a man who could still walk around believably as 'human,' instead of superhuman like Chuck or Frazz or especially Adam. He was gorgeous, yes, perhaps

even abnormally physically beautiful like an airbrushed full-color pornographic perfection you might find in a magazine or online. He had been upgraded, as Chuck liked to think of it. The slate had been wiped off, but not wiped clean. He was still Tommy, essentially. Just a stronger, bigger, more attractive (way more attractive, now that Chuck really looked at him) Tommy.

Chuck came for a couple of minutes – no sense wearing him out before the fun's even begun – and pushed his last few spurts of cream down Tommy's throat before the young man, his new huge chest rising and falling with each breath, let Chuck from his hungry mouth and fell forward, wrapping the big man's hairy legs and firm, round ass in his arms. He buried his face in Chuck's crotch, breathing in more of his deliciously masculine scent. "Whoa," he said, and laughed a little. If he noticed that his voice was deeper and more commanding, he didn't show any surprise.

"Congratulations, Tommy." The boy looked up. His auburn hair, straight and fine and shining, fell from those turquoise eyes and he smiled.

"I get my wish?"

Chuck smiled. "I'd say you've earned it."

"Shit, you are one amazing dude, Chuck."

"Thanks." ::If he only knew::

::He will:: responded Frazz.

Tommy released Chuck's pelvis and started to stand. And stood up.

And up.

And up.

Meeting Chuck eye-to-eye. He had gained six inches in height in addition to the muscle bulging across his taller frame, stretching his T-shirt to the limits, and the extra four inches on his fat, heavy cock. The waistband of his pants fell off his slim hips but caught onto his more massive thigh muscles. The seams threatened to rip themselves apart. His shirt was already showing signs of surrender. He blinked a couple of times looking into Chuck's face, watching the man's beautiful features light into a growing smile as realization hit him.

Then he looked down. "Holy... shit!" He stumbled back a step or two as he surveyed his improved body. His hands had been out to his sides in surprise, but now he brought them in to touch all the powerful brawn on his body. As he brought his arms in, the seams along the shoulders gave in, ripping loudly. His fingertips danced across the heavy globes of his rounded chest, gripping the massive mounds of brawn in his hands before he

grasped the hem of the shirt that was almost ready to rip all its seams apart, and started to strip it from his new body.

What he revealed made even Chuck, who had built him, suck in a tight breath. As the shirt inched up his body, his six-pack, deeply etched on his tight stomach, flexed and bulged. He twisted his torso and the abs popped and swelled, he stretched taller as his arms lifted and then the wide V of his upper body showed itself as his chest and back, overwhelmed with power, swelled outward.

Tommy pulled the shirt off, having some difficulty getting the sleeves to release his bigger guns, and then he tossed it aside and ran his hands back over his naked form in all its muscled glory. He was practically hairless, with baby smooth skin that shone as if polished. Every muscle of his body was clearly developed, fat and firm and bulging with restrained power. The deltoids, the abdominals, the latissimus dorsi, shoulders, arms, chest and stomach now remade into perfection.

He dug his fingers through the wealth of chestnut curls on his loins before they reached down to run along the plump shaft of his new cock. "Shit," he whispered again. Then he looked up at Chuck's smiling face again, and his own features suddenly erupted into an expression of unrestrained joy. He opened his arms wide and pulled Chuck into a tight embrace, muscle to muscle. Chuck's were stone hard against his, but he didn't seem to care. "Thank you!" he said. Then he said it again. "Thank you!"

"It was nothing," Chuck announced, feeling himself growing almost as happy as Tommy after seeing his reaction. "You got a mirror somewhere?"

Tommy froze, then sprinted toward the closet and opened the door wide. There was a full-length mirror on the other side, and he stepped back from it with a look of awe and wonder on his face. The same hands that explored his new, bigger, better body now reached up and cupped his new features, turning his head this way and that to see exactly how beautiful he looked now. "How did...?" he began. Then he was twisting around, trying to see his ass, his back, what he looked like from every angle. He quickly stripped the jeans off his legs to unveil the hard, thick wedges of power there, and the shining skin so clean and perfect. And what an ass! High and firm and round. "How is... what... how did you...?"

Chuck just stood there admiring his work. He was very, very good at this aspect of his talents. Looking at Tommy, he felt a raging desire coursing through his body. The boy was so beautiful, so amazing to look at, and Tommy's unrestrained joy at seeing what he was now – with no fear, no shock, just wonder and excitement – made Chuck feel almost like a proud Dad.

Who wanted to start fucking his son into next Tuesday. "What's your wish?" Tommy didn't answer. He was bending his arms into a double-bi, grinning madly as he watched his biceps build into small mountains, and his shoulders bulge thick and fat, and his chest rise and stretch like wings of pure power. "Tommy?" Now he bent his arms down,



bowing himself into a most muscular pose, watching his upper body inflate with developed masculine perfection. "Yo, Tommy!"

He turned, looking slightly embarrassed. Well, incredibly gorgeous and slightly embarrassed. "What?"

"You have a wish coming."

He looked at himself in the mirror again. "It gets better than this?"

"If you can pull yourself away from yourself for just a minute, we can both find out together."

"Who are you?"

"I told you. My name is Chuck."

"No, I mean... what are you? How did you do... this?" He spread his muscled arms wide, tensing his collection of brawn, swelling bigger still with strength and pride and beauty. His heavy, thick cock hung forward above two round, egg-sized balls. His skin was smooth and without a blemish, clean and clear and beautiful, the pale pink slightly bronzed but still light enough that it made his large nipples stand out starkly, and the auburn hair above his prick and whispering beneath his arms appear darker brown. Tommy's blue eyes were wide and bright. "How, Chuck?"

He was beautiful. He had the physical perfection of a young god, but none of the other talents that came from being transformed. Standing there, naked and glorious, any other man or woman on the planet, probably, would be hard tempted not to want him, to be with him, to have him. He lowered his arms and shifted his hips, standing poised and comfortable already in his new body.

"I was like you," he said. "I was a man, an ordinary man. Then something changed me. Made me more than I was, more than you're looking at right now." He tilted his head slightly, closing his eyes. "I can still remember the first change. The feeling of it, and then the feeling afterwards." He opened his eyes. They had changed, becoming intensely green, shining almost, clear and laserpoint sharp. "It's probably what you're feeling now. Power. Pride. Sex."

Tommy watched Chuck as he spoke, feeling something coming over him. Reality was distorting, or Chuck was. Was Chuck changing? "It isn't the size, really. It's the power you love most. The strength inside you. When you make a muscle, flexing it into a ball of brawn, feeling the strength swell and multiply." He did so, raising his right arm, not looking at it, keeping his eyes locked on Tommy's, watching the young man watch him, watching his arm bulge, watching the upper arm swell huge, the shoulder almost full to bursting, the dark shadow of hair deepening as the arm and shoulder and chest swelled

larger and larger. "So much power. Inside you." The bicep kept growing! "Wanting out, wanting to grow bigger and bigger, bigger than you, bigger than the whole world."

Tommy realized it was true, that Chuck was changing before his eyes, becoming... more. More muscular, more masculine, more beautiful and more powerful.

"It's inside me, Tommy. More than that, it is me. That power. Purified and perfected. Masculine muscular sex swollen and absolute." Chuck's body was expanding now, very clearly so. The muscles spread wider, fatter, thicker, harder, everywhere. His dark features seemed to soften slightly, then grow more handsome, breathtakingly so. His chin, his cheeks, his brow, his nose, his eyes... "You can be more, Tommy."

If he thought Chuck was huge before, he didn't know what to call him now. He had grown at least another foot taller in the space it took him to say what he'd said. And he was two feet wider, and a lot bigger everywhere. Tommy could see the muscle growing, watch the fibers swell into cables, then split and spread and grow bigger still. And Chuck's dick was lengthening and thickening, the head blooming, his balls dropping and enlarging. The dusting of soft fur was spreading, too. It looked silken and sexy, accentuating his expanding dimensions and rounding curves and deepening muscular development. "What's your wish?"

"I want to be like you," he answered. "I want to be more."

Chuck, all seven and a half feet of him, leaned against the doorframe. It cracked audibly before he adjusted his weight to compensate. He folded his arms across his chest, and everything bulged bigger still, muscle pressed against muscle. His beautiful face looked calm, but his green eyes were intense and the sideways smile that swept across his full lips was filled with satisfaction and amusement.

He sighed as he looked at Tommy, almost seeing the ultimate form he would take in this improved version. The boy had a killer body now, smooth and sleek with thick strength. He stood there so open and plainly happy that Chuck felt something inside him light up. He could feel Frazz's desire inside as well, and also Adam's joy and love of this young man he'd never met – as if that mattered. "How much more?" Tommy's head tilted, and an eyebrow rose in curiosity. "How much more is there?"

Chuck laughed softly. "More than you could possibly imagine." He swelled slightly larger still, and saw the boy's face register his surprise. Tommy was still thinking in normal human scales. He had thought that the Chuck he saw before him was the ultimate expression of what Chuck could be, or that Tommy could become.

Tommy watched this magical man grow stronger still, even bigger, and more beautiful. It was surreal, seeing this happening in the flesh. It was like some special effect, watching this man remake himself again and again, each time surpassing what he had been moments before, each time becoming a more perfect example of what a man was. "Bigger?"

Chuck nodded, and answered his request. "Bigger," he said as he grew again. "And even bigger." His voice dipped another register lower as his chest expanded outward and his shoulders built themselves into mountains and his legs stretched longer and fatter with cables of brawn. His cock reached further down along his thigh, the shaft swelling as the head drooped and bloomed. Now the man was another half a foot taller and who knew how many pounds heavier with his thick muscle. The crevasse between the globes of his chest was deep and shadowed with dark curls. His chiseled chin and cheeks dusted with heavy whiskers that perfectly complimented the trimmed goatee and mustache that...

That hadn't been there when the guy was downstairs. "How'd you do that?"

"Which part?"

Tommy lifted his hand to rub his own face. "The beard. You weren't that sexy downstairs." He grinned, and wet his lips.

"All part of the total package, Tommy." He straightened and approached the young man who was now a foot and a half shorter than himself. He placed his fingers on his face and drew their mouths together, allowing a whisper of the Touch into the kiss so that Tommy moaned and started breathing a little faster. Chuck's hands held more of the super pleasurable sensations that his body delivered in bulk and he caressed Tommy's shoulders, moving his hands and their cascades of bliss along his smooth skin, across his back, toward his ass where his fingers cupped Tommy's firmness and shoved a sudden, full shock of the Touch through him, zeroing in on his loins.

Tommy fell against the huge man, overcome, gasping for air. "Oh, Jesus..."

"Better?" Chuck's deep voice rumbled through him.

"Oh, Jesus," he repeated, recovering slowly from the small sample of Chuck's capabilities.

"I have friends," he said, "who want to meet you." He pressed his lips to Tommy's ear. "Do you have any friends I might want to meet?"

"And what..." Tommy sucked in a breath and straightened, his newer body still recovering. "And what sort of payment does this require?"

Chuck smiled. "None."

"You don't want anything from me?" Chuck shook his head. "Then why?"

"Are you always this suspicious of gifts?" His hands were still roaming across Tommy's muscular form. He kissed the boy's mouth again, pressing his huge body against Tommy, bending his lips down to the young man's, giving him a soft, tender, teasing kiss.

This was unfair, Tommy thought. This was a dream. This was a fantasy. This was fucking great. He felt Chuck's large hands moving across his naked skin like silken gloves. Everywhere he was touched tingled with need, grew hot and charged with sensual pleasure. He started to think about his friends, and about showing up at their place like he was now, within this new body that already felt comfortable, a body whose new strength and size felt so right, and so pure, and so good. He could feel the strength of his muscles coursing through him, feel the weight of his cock and balls like a luscious burden, and his whole naked form felt alive and ready to take on anything the world handed him.

"When?" he whispered, gulping air into his lungs against Chuck's sexual assault on his senses.

::Now! Right now!:: Frazz was yelling in Chuck's head. Adam laughed, but his agreement was plain. They both wanted fresh meat, and they wanted the opportunity to change a man like Chuck changed Tommy.

There was a thrill watching that power manifest. It was cool to see another guy start growing as soon as you touched them, to see their body change and become so beautiful and powerful.

Chuck parted from Tommy and walked away from him, moving with a feline sexual grace and an athletic stride that showed his power in every move of his muscular body. He bent and retrieved his Nylon shorts and turned around, absently scratching his crotch so his mammoth prick bobbed and swayed. "Tonight."

"Where?" Tommy felt frozen in place, as if moving would shatter the spell and he'd be himself again, and none of this will have happened.

Chuck stepped into his shorts and pulled them up his huge frame. They were obscenely tiny on him now, barely capable of holding his inches in their stretched basket. The material clung to him like a second skin, and there was no way anyone seeing him could doubt that the fat dick and those two heavy balls pressing for release were anything other than 100% manmeat. They rode so low on his hips that the waistband came just above the root of his cock, and a thick wealth of pubic curls spilled across that edge. "I'll be back," he said. "And I'm bringing friends." He approached Tommy again, standing very close to him, towering over him, and his torso began expanding again, his chest swelling outward until it grew against Tommy. "Will you?"

He nodded. "Oh yeah," he answered.

"Cool." He bent down and kissed him goodbye. As he left the room and disappeared, Tommy heard his deep rumble say, "Thanks for the blow job, beautiful. And see you tonight."

Tommy stood there in stark shock until the door downstairs shut again, then he fell back on his bed and stared at the ceiling until his hands found his own huge hardness and he jerked himself to a thick, hot load that splattered across his muscular chest and rippled belly. He dipped his fingers into the cream and sucked his essence off. He tasted sweet and warm.

A warmth that began to spread through his body.

# 5

"Him?"

Bobby nodded to Joe. They were standing behind the fryer looking over the counter at an older guy who looked, well, dumpy. He was very old to their very young eyes, both of them around 17 years old, he looked... maybe even 40! He was in a dress shirt and tie, his eyes looked sad and tired, he was losing his hair and his rotund figure showed that he had not even thought about a gym in dozens of years.

His skin had a gray pallor and it sagged in places with sacks of fat. His thin lips looked like they had forgotten how to smile and his stance and stature announced that here was a man who had given up.

There couldn't have been a starker contrast between people than that of the older man out front and the two young men behind the counter.

They had been transformed, like Chuck and his friends. If they were striking as normal teenagers, that was nothing to what they looked like now. Health and vitality literally shone from their bodies and faces. Their pumped up bodies sang with youthful energy and massive power tightly controlled. The polyester uniforms they both wore did little to hide the collection of prime brawn and tight power that lined their limbs and encased their torsos.

If one didn't know better, one might have thought the two were twins. Both possessed faces of unsurpassed masculine beauty, with full sensuous lips and high cheeks and jutting, chiseled chins. Their faces were clean shaven and so smooth and tanned that it appeared they had been born on some magical Mediterranean isle, except that Bobby had flashing turquoise eyes and Joe's were darker blue, almost violet in color. They both had long, full heads of shining hair they kept tied back, lending them a native quality.

But it was their bodies that commanded attention even beyond the almost unearthly beauty of their faces. Their sleeves were bursting their seams from the pressure of the huge balloons of brawn on their arms. Their shoulders stretched so wide that it was lucky that polyester stretched. And they both had to wear pants that fit around their 30-inch waists that grabbed onto their high, round butts so tightly that the massive baskets that jutted forward and hung with ponderous weight showcased their endowments so obviously that no one had a shadow of a doubt that watching these dudes take a piss would be a lesson in humility no matter how much you were packing.

From the tips of their toes to the tops of their heads 6-feet, 4-inches above, they were the two most gorgeous and powerful and sexually charged men anyone in the little town where they suddenly appeared had ever seen. And why these two were working the night shift at the 24-hour Tastee Freez on the highway was anyone's guess. There were still

stories going around about their initial appearance together, walking through the front door of the little burger joint wearing tiny little bathing suits that were so small and so tight that they might as well have been stark naked.

If one had to choose which of the two was more amazing, most would have to say that Joseph – or "just Joe" as he usually corrected people – would get the slight edge over his twin. There was just something indefinable about him, some small additional edge that made one feel just a little harder. Maybe it was his smile, maybe the way he moved or the way his attention seemed to focus on you and only you when his deep, sexy voice spoke. And had Joe not been standing next to Bobby, it wouldn't even have been noticeable. They were both, frankly, too perfect for words.

They had their own reasons for coming to this place, and it was all because of a story that Joe's friend Ed had told after they'd just been Transformed:

"You're just sitting at... at McDonald's and this guy walks in. Frank walks in and you reach out to him and slowly, softly, nuzzle this place. You start to caress him, nudging him toward hardness, making him feel so fucking good that he springs a boner right there. Then you direct some Transform to him, just a little, just a touch. Maybe through your scent. Maybe you get up to get a straw or something and you brush his arm with your fingertips. And you give him a taste of this strength, and you point it at his dick, and that hard-on goes into overdrive. It gets harder and harder, so hard it hurts, then it gets bigger. You give him a horse dick, a magnificent tool of male sexuality so large its starts to rip its way through his tight jeans. He's standing there at the counter and he can feel himself getting hotter and hotter, his dick pressing urgently against his button fly until, finally, the head pushes into the open.

"He's so big he can't hide it. He's huge. Thick veins wind over the emerging prick and it extends inch by inch out of his pants, now dripping with salty lube. He feels it growing, wants to start stroking himself off but he can't, he still wants to hide what he's got. It's so strong now, though, and so big that there's no way to hide it anymore.

"And you sit there and watch this happen, and bathe the guy in pleasure, and when he finally makes a dash for the men's room, his foot-high woody bobbing in the breeze like a flagpole, you follow him in and relieve his passion. You hear him in the stall. He's moaning and his body presses against the stall and he's in such a hurry he didn't lock the door, it's open an inch, and you can see him in there, leaning against the wall, his pants undone, his shorts ripped apart and he's slowly and surely stroking the glistening majesty of his red, steel-hard prick, lost in waves of ecstasy like he's never known."

That's what Joe told Bobby about, and that's where they went when they left IGE, to find that place and make it happen, change guys who walked through the door. Seduce them and change them. And they found something out in the process.

Because at first, Joe wanted to do it sort of tricky. "I'll spit in their Coke," he planned, "and they'll start sipping and start ripping. Their bodies'll start to grow bigger with every gulp, and they won't know why, and you and me'll watch them grow! It'll be rad!" Sure they looked like gods and could kiss a man into heaven and fuck them into hell and jump from the earth to fly among the clouds and were physically capable of doing practically anything, but boys will be boys.

But it didn't work. Nothing happened. So Bobby thought maybe it wasn't in spit, though they'd been told it was in everything about them. So the next time it was a vanilla shake with a little extra protein. They got the night shift because it was mostly quiet so there was plenty of time to get their rocks off if they wanted to without any interruptions, and most of the people who came in late were guys; truckers hauling cattle or computer wonks taking a code break or after-hours clubbers coming in to down some grub on top of all the beer.

But it still didn't work. Bobby spilled some of his powerful spunk into this swarthy trucker's shake and expected the guy's body to start tearing out of his wifebeater as he strolled out the door, but nothing happened again.

"Maybe it only works from direct contact," shrugged Joe. "Come to think of it, nobody ever drinks a cup of cum, right? You suck the guy's dick."

Bobby nodded. "Even the sex stink only works when you're with the guy. Nobody ever left some on a birthday card and mailed it out."

"Not that anyone ever tried."

"And why would they, when watching it happen is half the fun." He grinned for a minute, thinking about his own transformation and the last time he saw the other guys during the Sharing, when everywhere he looked he saw growing muscle and fantastic male beauty developing. "I wish Carlos was here, he'd know." Bobby grimaced. "Kinda makes sense, though. I mean, if it didn't take direct contact then you could, like, cum a gallon or so in a vat and sell the stuff as Dr. Sextongue's Super Muscle Formula and just anyone would get changed."

"Probably a safety valve sort of thing. I think I remember Carlos and Jerry talking about that, or something. Like, they put in stuff that prevented something like that happening. You know, to be safe or whatever."

They looked at each other and both shrugged. Then they fucked and everything was okay.

Now they were standing behind the fryer looking at the guy at the front counter. He was the first guy all night. Bobby's hand was squeezing Joe's firm butt, his other crawling down his pants to pleasure his hungry beast. Joe's pelvis was slowly rotating under Bob's



expert handling, and his dicks were pressing against the stretchy warmth of his polyester pants. "He's perfect."

"He's not very... good looking."

Bobby smiled. "S'what I mean." His Texan drawl swirled through every word. Joe loved that fucking accent, loved to hear him moan 'fuck me harder' with his soft R's. "You want to see a guy change, I'm thinking no one's gonna change more than this old dude."

"Think we should?"

"You saw him looking at us. You could almost feel the poor old guy's stare on your cock, couldn't you? The guy was practically drooling." He laughed. "So, how should we do it?"

"Touch? Maybe? No, let's do the sex stink first. Just a little, just a whiff. Get him started, right? And then..."

"See what happens? Cool." Bobby drew his paw from his pants and grabbed the greasy bag containing the old man's cheeseburger and fries. Then he and Joe circled back around to the counter and, with a glance into each other's eyes and a slight nod, they both started releasing whispers of sex scent, the strong sexual pheromones their upgraded bodies released on command. "Here you go, sir. Hot and tasty!"

The man's name was Stanley Jefferson. He was 42 years old, single, lonely, and in his own words 'a pathetic example of what life does to a man.' He stood 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighed 212 pounds. He didn't know that because he stopped weighing himself a long time ago. He looked in the mirror only to make sure his contact lenses were in and that he'd wiped all the toothpaste off his mouth. His hair, if it could be called that, was growing thinner by the minute. He had never married, and never would. He rarely thought about sex at all anymore, and thought of himself as more like a walking lump of flesh than a man.

Stanley could not believe his eyes, looking at the two young men towering over him behind the counter at the Tastee Freez. People like this did not really exist, and if they did they sure as hell did not belong behind the counter at Tastee Freez. They reminded him of everything he never had. Sex, beauty, strength, power and authority all in such abundance that the very earth should be shaking as they trod upon it. Their skin shone with so much health that he felt better just looking at them. And when they spoke, the power of their bodies rumbled in every syllable.

He had felt frozen since entering the small restaurant and seeing these guys turn toward him. He could have sworn they were kissing when he opened the door. It was hard to tell, maybe they were just talking. Very close. But the thought of these two guys kissing sort of made him... feel hot. In an interesting way. He'd never thought about that before. Two guys.

He looked at the white waxpaper bag and the happy little ice cream cone man smiling back at him. He could smell the grease and beef and ketchup and mustard. And something else he didn't recognize. He said, "My Diet Coke?"

"Oh, shit! Right, sorry about that. Bob, can you get that?"

"No prob, Joe."

The second guy had a southern accent. Stanley suddenly flashed on the young man standing in a big, open dirt field wearing overalls, one strap hanging off his shoulder, his broad chest gleaming with sweat, hair billowing in the hot breeze like a flag. He shut his eyes and rubbed them, wondering where that came from, and why he was feeling so hot.

"Anything wrong, Mister?" Stanley opened his eyes and the other guy was looking at him. The guy had beautiful eyes. They were drilling into Stanley's own, looking inside him.

"Is it hot in here?"

He smiled. His face grew more beautiful. "It's the grill. S'always on." The guy lifted his arm, and Stanley watched his upper arm swell huge inside the sleeve, his back flaring out like a wing, his shoulder mounting higher and higher. Did something rip? "See," he said, nodding at his armpit, "I'm sweatin' like a pig." A sudden strong whiff of the young man's underarm washed over Stanley. It smelled like high school, like gym class. Perspiration broke out on Stanley's brow, and he wiped it with the back of his hand. His jacket felt tight.

"Here ya go, sir. I put in lots of ice," the southern guy said. "Looks like you could use some cooling off." Gosh, his voice was deep for such a young guy. Couldn't be more than seventeen. He took the cup and stuck a straw through the lid, sucking earnestly. "Thanks."

"Sure. That'll be... \$5.54, sir."

Stanley reached up for his wallet, putting his hand in his breast pocket. His arm felt constricted for some reason, and he was getting hotter instead of cooler. He couldn't take his eyes off these two guys. One of them was leaning back on the shelf behind him, resting his elbows on it and stretching his long frame out. His chest bulged against the dark blue polyester. His nipples were clearly defined on the thick mountains of muscle. The buttons strained to hold on under the powerful pressure. His neck was a map of brawn and sinew. He was sweating, too. A dark stain colored both pits and down the middle of his chest.

The other guy leaned one hand on the counter and tilted his head quizzically, a curious and small smile on his lips. He exchanged a look with his friend – they might be brothers, except for the accent, Stanley thought – and he sort of nodded. Then he turned back and

his eyes fell down along Stanley's body, dancing along his torso and down further, like he was checking him out. That small smile kept getting bigger as he looked, making Stanley feel uncomfortable and weird, but at the same time, for some reason, he could feel something happening down below he hadn't felt in what seemed like years.

He was aware of his penis. He could feel it down there. Usually, that only happened when he had to take a piss, but this was different. Maybe it was this beautiful young man looking at him like that. He opened his wallet and took out a ten, handing it forward.

The guy straightened, and there was something weird about it that Stanley couldn't place. Something out of place. The guy reached out and they touched, hand to hand, for a second and it felt like a static charge hit him. Something shocking and sudden passed between them as they touched and the guy, who must've felt it too, his smile still increasing, said, "Thanks," as he took the bill.

Stanley's arm dropped to his side. He looked at the other guy, who had raised his arms up and cupped his hands behind his head. His arms were swollen huge with muscle that made the shirt appear almost skin tight, except at the belly. His pit stains had become more prominent, as had the wetness down the front of his body. One button was barely hanging on, and Stanley could see the separation between the young guy's chest muscles between the stretched edges of the shirt.

The sound of the register brought Stanley's attention back to the first guy, whose eyes were again taking a measure of him, scanning up and down his body. Then he met his eyes and sort of wiggled his brows once. "Feeling better?"

He forgot he was still holding the cup of Diet Coke. Taking a sip, he noticed that all the ice was gone and it had diluted. How could that have happened? Maybe there wasn't as much ice in there as the other kid said. He grimaced as he took the change, and the guy's fingers tingled across his palm. He must have noticed the grimace. "What's wrong?"

At first, he said, "Nothing." Then he said, "Diet Coke's sort of watery." Normally, he wouldn't have cared, but something made him feel... dominant. But only a little. And his penis was still bothering him. And his balls were tingling. And now his scalp was itchy. The beautiful young man looked over at the other beautiful young man and said, "Didn't you put a lot of ice in this customer's drink, Bobby?"

The southern guy straightened, lowering his arms. The buttons were still having trouble coping, though, as if he was bigger now than he had been before. Probably just needed to adjust his shirt. Damn, that was one ugly shirt. He'd look so much better with it off, Stanley thought. He wanted to lean across the counter and unbutton it for him. "Thought I did." His grin became a bright smile. "Must be hotter in here than I thought." He reached forward, saying, "Gimme that one and I'll make you another. No charge."

They touched. Another shock rattled Stanley as the cup exchanged hands. The heat must be building up the static charges in here. What other explanation could it be?

Now his jacket was feeling really tight, across his shoulders and chest as well as down his arms. His penis was starting to really bother him too, but in a good way. He was aware of it rather exceedingly, feeling now the head of it and the shaft, feeling his whole unit down there. And his balls, too. He shifted his hips slightly, hoping the two guys didn't notice. He really wanted to dig down there and shift things around, but that could wait until he was outside. A trickle of sweat rolled down his face, tickling his skin. He tugged at the collar of his dress shirt, which felt suddenly tighter.

He watched the southern guy walk back toward the soda nozzles and pour out his drink. It occurred to him, randomly, that the kid had a nice ass, and that, more than that, the pants did a nice job of showcasing it. Then he was reaching into the ice bin. Stanley's gaze lingered on the guy's butt. It was an amazing sight. He'd never seen a butt that looked so... good. It made him want to...

"Sir?" The deep voice drew his attention back to his senses. He swallowed hard. His throat was very dry. He looked at the guy eye-to-eye. "Maybe you should sit down. It's cooler at the tables."

"Yeah," agreed the other, the nice ass. "I'll bring your drink out. Go have a seat!"

He hadn't planned on staying. He was just going to get a burger, fries and a Coke and head home to watch the end of Letterman. Alone. As usual. But this sounded like a good idea, for some reason. And he wanted to see the guy's butt again. "Yeah," he agreed, "maybe I will."

Bobby and Joseph watched the old guy take his sack of deep-fried fat and walk over to a table. "Jesus," Bobby whispered, "can't he even tell what's going on?"

Joe was shaking his head in disbelief. "Weird. The guy looks, what, 10 years younger? 15? And look at his fucking chest, Bob. And you could practically watch his neck narrow."

Bobby snapped the lid on the drink. "Think he'll freak when he realizes what's happening?"

Joe shrugged. "Go give him the drink and a little extra push while you're over there."

"How much, you think?"

"Not all of it! Just... make him know what's happening."

Bobby grinned and gave his friend a little salute as he walked over to the old – now looking much younger – guy's table.

Stanley watched the southern guy approach. His gaze was drawn like an arrow to the target in the guy's crotch. The young man with the ponytail owned a huge prick. It was almost obscene how big it was, and how obvious. It lay there folded lengthwise, a snake in his crotch. Stanley reached down and adjusted himself, not even realizing he was doing it, grabbing his own burgeoning beast and shoving it around in his shorts.

"Sorry about that other cup," he said, his deep voice smooth and powerful.

"No problem," Stanley answered. "Do you mind if I ask you something?" The guy seemed to perk up a little. He stood up and folded his impressive arms across his chest. The buttons strained, and his forearms looked like hams. "Nope."

"How old are you?"

"Oh," he said, looking disappointed for some reason. "Eighteen."

"And your friend? Joe, I think?"

"Yeah, Joe. And I'm Bobby." He smiled. "Joe's sixteen or seventeen." He laughed slightly. "I should probably know that." He rubbed his chest, possibly killing an itch. His thumb rubbed against the nipple pressing against the material. "What's your name?"

"Stanley. Stan."

"Do I make you nervous or something? You're still sweating." His eyebrows arched and his smile looked honest and beautiful.

"No. Well, a little."

"How come?" The guy was still rubbing his thumb across his nipple.

"Because you're so big, I guess. Kind of intimidating. But you probably get that reaction a lot." Why was he saying this? He usually refrained from talking to anyone. He was shy, retired, embarrassed by his appearance, if he were perfectly honest. But he wanted to talk to this guy, this kid, this beautiful human being. He wanted him there, to keep feeling this pleasant feeling.

He shrugged. "Most of the guys I know don't seem to mind." He nodded his head back at Joe. "I know he sure doesn't."

"Well, but he's as big as you, isn't he?" He gulped, and realized the sexual connotation. "I mean, as tall."

Bobby laughed. "He's as big, too." The guy reached down and cupped himself, adjusting his massive meat so that it settled longer down his pantleg. "How old are you?"

"42."

"Really? You look a lot younger."

The boy was a good liar. "Thanks," he answered.

"I mean it," he said, almost urgently. "You look really good!"

He glanced down at himself, "I..." Then he stopped. "I..." His brow furrowed, he pinched his eyes shut tight and reopened them. His hands were frozen above the table as he looked down his body in the plastic seat.

"See?" the boy said, and he put his hand on Stanley's shoulder. Stanley felt something jolt him, then a heat seemed to cascade down his body from that touch, then he felt an incredible pleasure filling him up, and his cock felt heavy and hot and throbbing. "You look really good, Stan."

"What the...?"

"Something wrong?"

"What's...? What...?" His brain was spinning. He slowly rose to his feet, standing next to Bobby, feeling the muscles of his body stretching and burning. His body had changed. He could tell. He could see it.

Everything had changed.

The tightness he felt in his shoulders and arms and chest wasn't just discomfort. He looked down now and saw that he had a chest, a real chest, not the two sad tits of flesh he woke up with but two fat, muscular mountains sticking out. He placed his fingers on them, those mounds of brawn, and pressed. They did not easily yield. He felt their strength and tightness, they were hard, packed with might. "Oh my God."

"You okay, Stan?" It was the other guy. Joe. The beautiful, amazing, muscular Joe. They stood on either side of him, now. They bulged out of their uniforms everywhere. Huge, rounded bellies of powerful brawn pressing insistently against the cheap polyester. They were both smiling, both showing perfect rows of white teeth, their bright eyes shining, their bodies glowing with health and sexual power. Stan could hardly take his eyes off them, he felt drawn to them, he wanted them, to have them, to hold them. To fuck them.

"I'm not... sure. I think something... something's..." His hands were crawling across his chest, down his belly. His belly that didn't seem to be there anymore. His belly was gone. "Something's happening to me."

"Really?" That southern drawl was seriously sexy. "You look pretty fine to me."

"Pretty fucking fine," agreed the other voice. "But that jacket looks sorta tight. Why don't you take it off, get more comfortable. It's still kind of hot in here." Stanley felt the boy's hands on him, pulling his jacket open, sliding it off his shoulders. It had a hard time pulling from his arms, like the sleeves had shrunk. They were suctioned onto his arms and pulled inside-out by the time he was stripped from it. Then the hands were back, massaging his shoulders. "There. Feels better, doesn't it?"

The massage felt great. The boy had very strong hands, naturally, but also there was a fantastic feeling of pleasure and satisfaction that seemed to envelope him under the kid's attentions. He nodded and relaxed, and noticed that the smell was back, that locker room smell. "Feels great," he said.

"Mm hmm."

Then Stan felt the other boy's hands on his chest, fumbling with the collar of his shirt, undoing his tie. "Lemme just loosen that up for ya, buddy. And maybe..." The fingers were unbuttoning his shirt. "Mm, hairy chest." Stan kept his eyes closed under the massage, but Bobby's voice sounded pleased. "This'll cool you off some." His shirt was being pulled open.

"Maybe, or it might heat him up," said Joe's voice, very near his ear. "Are you feeling cooler, Stan? Feeling better, now?"

He nodded. He was, in fact, feeling amazing, and he could feel his somewhat more noticeable dick start to reflect his pleasure. His whole body was feeling better than it had since... since he couldn't remember when. Better than ever before. His eyes still closed, and those amazing hands still relaxing him, he heard a whispered question, a single word: More? But he couldn't tell which boy had uttered it. But soon after, he felt suddenly warmer again, but this warmth felt good, sexy, powerful, it filled him up from inside and spread through him, down his arms and legs, into his cock and balls, across his scalp and chest and belly.

The hands on the front of him moved now under his unbuttoned shirt and then up his torso, shoving the cotton material off his skin. The heat was everywhere, and that funky smell was strong, he could nearly taste it, like spice and salt on his tongue. He felt a moan in his throat, a deep sound, and he released it, unable to resist the feelings of sensual bliss that shook his body.

"Nice," said one of the boys. Bobby, maybe. Hint of the southern in it. The hands on his shoulders moved forward, onto his chest. He could feel the boy's strong body pressing against his exposed skin. The other hands were undoing his belt, then unbuttoning his pants and unzipping his fly. He didn't stop them. He wanted this. The heat was building.

He wanted to be free of the clothes that constricted him, to feel the cooling air on his flesh.

"Jesus, Stan, that's a nice boner." He felt a hand on his cock. It felt smooth and warm, silky and slick. "Let me help you with that." He was being stroked, and his prick was responding by getting very, very hard. It felt huge, thick and meaty, and heavy, too. Something warm and wet was stroking him, something that felt very like a tongue. He let another moan out, arching his back and sucking air into his lungs.

Hands caressed his chest, he could feel them moving across the skin, through his woolly fur, pausing at the nipples and teasing them. He'd never felt anything like that. Nipples could do that? He felt the feeling zero in on his prick, and it grew harder still, and felt even bigger. "Oh, god."

"Feel good, Stan?" The voice whispered in his ear. It sounded hungry, drenched with power. "Want some more."

"Yes," he said, barely able to speak through the sexual pleasure shaking his whole body.

One hand left his chest and came up across his neck, onto his face, pulling his head to the side and suddenly he was being kissed, deeply, soft wet lips pressed to his, then he felt something stiff and hot pushing into his mouth, and he opened his jaw and let it come in. Down below, something similar was happening, but it was his dick that was stiff and hot, and someone else's mouth that it was going into.

He heard a ripping sound. Then several. Something was being torn apart. He felt naked already.

He opened his eyes.





## 6

He was looking into a pair of deep blue eyes. He was kissing Joe. Joe was kissing him. He was the same height, not reaching up. Joe wasn't reaching down. Joe was over six feet tall. Easily. Stan was 5-9.

Stan had been 5-9. He was looking into Joe's eyes, feeling Joe's soft, warm mouth against his own, Joe's sensuous tongue inside wrestling with his own, Joe's moist lips on his own. Joe's skin felt silken, smooth, and tender, and he could feel his own whiskers rubbing against that supple skin like sandpaper. He could feel everything, every sense, heightened. His skin, exposed and slick, tingled with every touch of the boy's hands. The

hairs on his chest, the dark curling forest, delivered strong, sensual shocks as Joe's touch passed through them. Joe's thumb plucked his nipple and a solid tremor of bliss shook his body, targeting his heavy cock, which was feeling its own heightened sensations of sexual satisfaction.

His arms hung at his sides as the two young men pleased him, and he lifted them now and embraced Joe's huge form, and he was surprised when he did not find that polyester shirt under his touch but instead he found more of that soft, giving flesh everywhere. It encased the boy's mountains of muscle like the softest leather, and Stan could feel every bulging mass under his arms as they pressed outward against him, flexing and stretching and bulging. He felt them swell under his embrace, swelling against his arms, muscle to muscle.

He moaned when the other boy, Bobby, did something below. Stanley felt other hands now on his own butt, grabbing and kneading the flesh, the fingers pushing in and between his buns and rubbing against the responsive lips of his hole. He'd never felt this before, never imagined what it would feel like, the excitement of it, the thrill and deep, shuddering waves of pleasure this slight touch brought. It was as if the boys' touch delivered waves of intense pleasure, as if wherever they touched him he could feel himself awakening to new feelings of erotic bliss more extreme and passionate than any he'd ever felt. His body was exploding from within, lit up and superheated, about to burst with sexual release.

He wanted to cum so badly. He could feel it, his load, feel it swollen and ripe and thick in his loins. It burned with need and inflated with power, it made his balls feel heavy and hot, he wanted to push it from him, to feel the release of it, to glory in his power, but he could not. And it grew stronger and hotter and larger still.

A tongue, long and wet, licked his stiffness and wrapped around it and made him bigger. The hands were caressing his ass, the fingers probing and poking and ticking his insides. Lips kissed the tip of his beast, sucked his helmeted head inside a warm mouth, pulled his hardness deeply down. He was being swallowed whole. His whole body felt energized, super-powered, and magnificent. He could feel every muscle pulsing with growth and power, his strength swelling outward, his very masculinity amplifying into something overwhelming and conspicuous. He needed to roar and growl and shout to the heavens with the power inside.

Joe's mouth finally left his, and his head hung forward and he looked down at himself.

He was breathing fast and deep, his whole being overheated and exploding with power, and he saw what he had become – was becoming.

His chest bulged outward from his body, with fat round nipples mounted on the heavy globes. He could see a set of shoulders down there, Bobby's shoulders, huge and bulging, bigger even than his chest. They flexed and swelled as the boy sucked on his cock. He could hardly stand this, the feeling of pleasure, the burn and swell of growth and power

that shook him. He was at the edge of release, the sharp, angry point of it but he couldn't do it, not yet, still not. God, but he wanted to cum. So bad. The pleasure was unbearable. And it continued to build, higher and higher still. Was there no limit? No peak?

He bent forward and watched the rippled six-pack of his belly pop and bulge. The soft curls of hair glistened with sweat, matted against his darkened skin, his tight and beautiful stomach muscles folding against each other under that slim, tanned flesh. He moved his hand forward, his eyes growing round at the site of his arm, overwhelmed with raw brawn, and he bent his arm and watched the bicep ball into a round belly of absolute power. Cables of muscle twisted and flexed on his forearm as he curled his fingers into a fist, veins popping like tree branches across the sinews. Then he reached down and placed his palm on Bobby's head, feeling the soft coolness of his fine, thick hair.

The boy paused in his pleasures and pulled his mouth off Stanley's cock, looking up at the man and smiling. And there was his prick, red and hard and inches long. It bobbed with every beat of his heart, growing harder still. A thick, clear droplet appeared at the tip and drizzled down, falling on Bobby's huge, hairless chest. He wanted to grab himself, feel his heat and hardness, but he was afraid he'd pop with the slightest touch of his hand, as if that contact would make all this become real. Bobby squeezed his ass hard, pushing three fingers inside his ass, and he bit his lip and closed his eyes and bent his head back.

Whose body was this? Whose chest, so broad and thick with muscle? Whose flat, hard belly? Whose huge prick, swollen so large and long, delivering incredibly deep and powerful shocks of throbbing sexual pleasure, was that? What was this dream? Had they drugged him, these two beautiful young men? Was he hallucinating now, lost in some narcotic dream?

Bobby's mouth and hands were back at work, and he heard Joe's voice in his ear again. "Are you ready, Stan?"

"For... for what?" Joe's arms wrapped around him. He could feel the boy's hard muscles pressing against his back.

Joe felt great. He loved this, this feeling. He was pouring his power and strength into the old guy, watching his body change, watching his face growing younger and more handsome, watching the skin stretch across his powerful muscles, the wrinkles disappearing as the flesh evened out across the wider expanses of shoulder and chest. It was amazing, watching him change and feeling it as well. He was giving a powerful gift, flooding the guy's body with what he had in such abundance.

Now the man looked almost nothing at all like he had. His head was now crowned with a full head of dark curls. The jowls of his face and his heavy double chin had been replaced with a strong, square jaw and high, angular cheeks. His eyes looked clear and shining. His lips were now moist and warm and soft – he was a great kisser, and that was

something that wasn't given by Joe and Bobby. His passion was full and powerful, like he hungered for this, like he was starving for it.

And Joe was starting to realize that this action, this feat, was like sex. No, it was better even than sex. Because he became part of the man he was with, literally. He gave himself to the man, and the pleasure he got from it, both physically and emotionally, surpassed anything he ever felt – even in his new body – when he was with someone. This transformation, which he wanted to go on and on, was delivering for him the same strong waves of passionate sexual and sensual ecstasy that Stan was feeling. Maybe because when a guy was transformed, it was all new to him, and the Touch and everything else about the action gave him back some of that passion, and the action was stronger and more fulfilling than any straight fuck he'd had, and he'd had a lot.

This is what he wanted to do. Find men and bring them over. Change them utterly. Show them what it was like on his side. Make them better than they ever dreamed, bigger and stronger and more beautiful by far. Build up their masculine powers until it was spilling out of them, leaking from every pore, sweating from their bodies and shooting from their cocks.

"Are you ready, Stan?" he whispered, pressing his growing body against Stanley's developing brawn.

"For... for what?" came the reply. And Joe smiled, because he knew that the guy in his arms could not believe it could get any better than this.

So he showed him that it could, and without thinking, without consideration for where they were, or what would happen, because he wanted to do this more than anything, he poured himself into Stanley's body, all of himself, everything he was, all his strength and youth and beauty, all the power that raged through every cell of his body. He heard Bobby's sexy drawl in his head voice a sudden warning, but it was too late, he had committed, he wanted this, and it was too late to stop.

Bobby felt Joe flooding Stan with Transform, and he looked up as the now beautiful man began to suddenly expand in all directions, growing muscle so quickly that it looked like it was inflating beneath his skin, his dick suddenly lengthening and fattening, and another one bursting from his groin and thrusting out by the inch in seconds. He was practically thrown from the guy, shoved off his dick as he began to grow, and landing flat on his ass he looked up as Stanley's head approached the ceiling.

"Oh, shit," he said softly.

Stan felt something explode. He suddenly realized it was him.

Joe shoved it all in all at once. It was like cumming. It was like having the strongest, most satisfying orgasm ever as he pushed all his power at Stanley and felt the man swelling

with rock hard muscle, expanding out of his grip and growing taller and wider by the foot. He heard a crash, and felt a thunderous shaking, like the earth was moving.

Bobby looked up as Stan's body grew so fast with size and strength that his head shot through the ceiling, then his shoulders, six feet wide and getting bigger by the second, crashed into the beams and ripped the roof open, and he was still getting bigger, and the building began to rain down on Bobby, pieces of wood and fiberglass and metal showering his perfect form as the man swelled bigger and bigger, ripping the restaurant apart.

Joe blinked and shielded his eyes from the rubble and dust filling the place. He started laughing as he watched Stan swell to his ultimate form in seconds, his growing body ripping the roof apart. He looked over at Bobby who looked back at him and all he could think of to say was, "Oops."

"Holy fuck!" Bobby had to yell over the crashing noise of the restaurant being ripped apart. "Holy fuck, Joe! Look what you did!"

They scrambled to their feet and stood up, watching Stan continue to grow higher and thicker and more amazing. The muscle of his legs swelled massive, his balls drooped and suddenly his twin cocks were erupting, spraying wide streams of hot cream all over the insides of the Tastee Freez.

"Holy fuck!" Bobby had to yell again, but now he was smiling, too. It was incredible. Even he could not believe what was happening. Stan was pumping gallons of cream from his powerful balls, it was flooding over everything, it sprayed across their bodies and drenched them, and their Transformed frames started to drink it inside like water on a parched desert.

Stan's body was exploding. He had finally reached the summit of the long, tall mountain of pure pleasure he'd been mounting, and now he was exploding with sexual bliss that shook him and erupted from him.

He felt like he had two cocks, both spouting a fountain of hot, thick cream, and he kept cumming and cumming. He felt something break around him, as if he was emerging from his shell, and suddenly the cool night winds surrounded and caressed him. He straightened and stretched himself to his full height, feeling stronger than he'd ever felt in his life. The thick, heavy masculine scent was everywhere, all around him, funky and sweet. He realized it was coming off him, and he smiled and sucked it inside his lungs where it burned and spread like syrupy fire.

It was suddenly dark, and something was poking his legs and feet, and he opened his eyes and saw the sky, and thousands of stars, and he realized he was naked, and he felt free and sexy and powerful.

Bobby stretched his arms wide and felt the man's strength feeding him, and he allowed himself to grow, now, to swell up and out, releasing the constraints he'd placed on himself. Joe watched his friend growing for a few moments and then joined him, standing there as he zoomed toward the ceiling and then the night sky. They both did so much more damage to the Tastee Freez that it collapsed at their feet, a pile of rubble.

And they stood, the three transformed men, 19 feet high and overwhelmed with superhuman strength and beauty. Their naked forms towered above the rubble of the restaurant. Headlights from the highway in the distance were the only source of light, the crescent moon hidden by clouds. Cool evening breezes bathed their perfect skin and the two original members of this elite brotherhood were both looking at the newest member and smiling at him in awe and wonder, because no matter how often it happened, it was always amazing to see the finished product.

Stanley's perfected form was a dark shadow in the night. His skin was burnished to a Mediterranean olive, and dark curls of soft fur coated his muscled body. He had very large nipples with fat caps poking up through the dark carpet, and an absurdly small waist in contrast to his massive upper body. The black waves of hair that had started to sprout on his head now fell thick and full across his shoulders and down his back. He had deep brown eyes and his prominent chin and brow were similarly darkened with thick bristles. He looked incredibly masculine now, and nearly all vestiges of the portly, soft, white man that had ordered a cheeseburger were wiped away. He looked no older than 18 or 19, and in the dim light of the morning the angles and bulges of his powerful form were thrown into deep contrast.

He stood there dumbfounded. He was standing as tall as a giant and could feel his overwhelming strength coursing through every inch of his new, huge frame. He felt incredibly alive, there was no other word for it. And so powerful, strong enough to do... anything. "What the hell was that?"

His voice rumbled and thundered from his huge chest, saturated with masculine power. It reverberated across the parking lot as the dust settled at his feet, and the two young men at his sides smiled. "Just a thing," said Bobby, his drawl making it sound like `thang.'

Joe laughed slightly. "Looks like we really fucked up the Tastee Freez." He shrugged. "Oh well, I didn't really enjoy that job much, anyway."

"I repeat; What. The hell. Was that?"

Bobby laid an arm across Stan's shoulders. "You've just been Transformed, my friend. Welcome to the brotherhood."

"I've been what?"

Joe put his hand on Stan's ass and squeezed. "Transformed, dude. If we had a big fucking mirror you'd understand. But, um," he glanced down at the ruins, "looks like we broke everything."

"You mean you broke everything."

"Well, Bob, I think if we're being technical about this you'd have to say that Stan broke it."

"He wouldn't have broken anything if you had a little patience."

"Can I help it if I got excited? And, really, does the world need another Tastee Freez?"

"Um, boys?" They looked at him, stopping their argument for the time being. "Is anyone going to tell me what just happened or not?" He was looking down at himself, one hand moving across his chest, digging through his silky body hair, feeling the huge hardness of his muscles, the smooth softness of his flesh, how everything tingled with sensual bliss. He watched his twin pricks twining and writhing at his groin, lowering his hand to them and making them twist and squirm in his grip. They moved like snakes in his grip, supple and strong and ready to start pumping again if he wanted. He knew it to be true, he could feel it, feel their strength and his control.

"It's a long story," began Joe.

"And probably better told somewhere else." He was looking up the road at a pair of headlights headed their way.

"Shit. Okay, Stan, we need to shrink down."

"What?"

"Just make yourself smaller." The two of them were already shutting up like telescopes, shrinking away from him. And all Stan had to do was imagine himself smaller, and he was shrinking, too, feeling his huge muscles contracting and his bones compacting. It was an odd sensation but seemed somehow perfectly natural, too. "Okay, good. Um, so, now we're gonna fly."

"I beg your pardon?"

Bobby smirked. "I know it sounds weird, but you can do it. Just sort of, uh, push off the ground – you're really strong now so be careful that you don't go too high, k? And hopefully when you get up there it'll sort of come natural to you. And, um, oh shit, okay let's get the fuck gone!"

And suddenly, he wasn't there anymore. There were lights growing stronger from somewhere. Stan looked over and Joe was gone, too. Then he heard them from

somewhere overhead, calling his name. He was shaking his head, thinking he'd wake up from this any second. This was too real, too weird. "Sort of push off, huh?" So he bent his legs, squatted slightly, looked up at the stars and jumped.

The air rushed past his naked form and he felt himself moving forward. He looked down and watched the ground recede from him, and he was moving very fast, very, very fast. His eyes teared up as the wind buffeted him and, without thinking, he raised his arms and was suddenly slowing. Some inner sense was coming into play and he could feel the channels of the wind, sense the pull of gravity and the weight of the air around him. He was moving through it, around it, above it. He had never felt such a sense of freedom. His heart was racing and it felt like his soul would explode from joy.

This, he felt, was fucking great.

"Whoa," he said softly, and he found himself hanging motionless above the earth, held there by the overwhelming strength coursing through him, sensing the currents of air and slipping himself between them.

He was floating in the inky night sky surrounded by the stars. The clouds that had obscured the moon were now below him, and above the moon shone its blue-white light across his body.

Magnificent was the first word that came to mind. Followed by huge, muscular, beautiful and firm. He found that this new dream body – for what else could this be but a dream? – was as flexible as it was strong. He could twist himself over backwards and touch his head to his heels. He could bend forward and kiss his toes, or suck on them if he wanted to (which he tried, and found even that was curiously satisfying). His wealth of dark curls floated around his head and he had to keep pushing it away as the winds picked it up and wafted it like the limbs of a tree.

He hung there, several hundred feet above the ground, in his new body and let his hands explore. He didn't close his eyes while this touch moved across the smooth, silken skin that seemed absurdly sensitive.

It felt so soft and so incredibly smooth that he might have thought that it wasn't skin at all, but some perfect fabric or buttery suede draped across rock hard muscularity of such incredible size and definition that, except for the fact that he could feel the movement of that muscle, its flex and bulge and power, that he would have sworn it was rock. He found his nipple again and rolled the tip between his fingers, feeling the sudden strong shocks of erotic bliss all the way to his toes.

The forest of curls kept his attention for a few minutes until he realized that the something he was feeling rubbing and caressing his thighs was also him – his dick. Reaching down, he corrected that assessment, because he found not one but two huge pythons with thick, firm shafts and flaring helmets that obeyed his every command. Two of them, he thought. That made so much sense. Two hands, two dicks.



Perfect.

Except for the newly discovered nipple problem. Now he needed four hands.

Then there was a voice in his head, inside it, clear and distinct and tinged with humor and fearlessness. ::You okay, Stan?:: It was Bobby.

He answered aloud, "Yeah, I guess so." Then Bobby said, ::Just use your head to talk to us. We're there, inside, and you can be in us.:: And Stan could `feel' him there, then Joe was there, too. Like the essence of them, the source. It felt good to have them there, to feel them inside him, and he reached out and found himself within them as well, connected utterly. ::Whoa,:: he said again.

::Yeah, pretty cool, huh? And it keeps getting better.::

::What is it?::

::Do you want us to tell you – or to show you?::

Bobby laughed. ::Showing is a lot more fun.::

Images flooded his head. Images and feelings, like physical sensations, and emotions as well, and strength and power. Men he saw, dozens of them, each more beautiful than the last, and growing, becoming like him, more muscular, more beautiful, bigger, taller, better than before. And something inside him, the gift he could now bestow, the things he could do, the power he controlled. All these truths flooded into him and he knew them to be true.

And they were next to him now, in the night sky, high above the ground. Bobby floated below him, rubbing his muscled form against him, chest to chest, his hands moving across his skin, caressing his body. Then Joe was above him, straddling him, his firm butt on Stan's lower back. "Let's ride," he joked, then they separated from him and darted away through the sky, swimming between the cool winds, soaring and diving in perfect naked glory, two beautiful boys at play. They would meet each other and push away, or soar higher and higher and suddenly dive. They were unleashed in the sky, unfettered by gravity's pull and able to perform with incredible beauty and agility as they flew. Clearly, this was something they enjoyed.

Stan smiled. He launched himself up, arching his strong, naked body through a wide loop until he pivoted at the apex, bent his body backwards and dove through the darkness, following after. If this is a dream, he thought, he was going to go along for the ride as long as it lasted.

# 7

Maddox was a wreck after his workout. The images of the man who had been transformed – no, perfected was a better term – the images of the man's body, his chest and arms and legs and belly overwhelmed with huge powerful bulges of primed, flawless muscle had spurred him on to press that much harder, curl one more rep, push one more pump and make his own copious collection of brawn scream for mercy. Sweat slicked his skin as he stood before the mirrored wall in his weight room... stood there simply looking at himself.

He did not flex his muscles into fat round balls, he didn't pose until the veins popped huge along his bronze skin, he simply stood there breathing deeply, his eyes scanning the lines of the body he had attempted so hard to perfect. He thought about the shots of hormones enriched by enzymes and radicals and god knew fuck all what was swimming through his bloodstream after a dozen different enhancements to him, body and soul. He scanned the lines of that body now, the face with its blue eyes surrounded by a wet crown of golden hair, damp with sweat. His long neck and wide shoulders were muscular and powerful. He had a chest with thick definition, and his stomach was flat and lined with bulges of power. Narrow hips lead to fat cables of strength lining his upper legs, then the wide diamonds on his calves. He had very little fat under his skin, and all in all he had to admit that he looked pretty fucking amazing.

But the images wouldn't subside. What he had seen in those beautiful and pristine pictures was nothing less than the male perfection he so dearly desired. His body was amazing, and would do amazing things. He had the agility of a gymnast and the strength of a weightlifter. He had the finesse of a master swordsman and the speed of a sprinter. And yet...

And yet what he saw in those photos was something so far beyond what he possessed that he found himself aching to possess it. He was ready to give anything, everything, to have it.

Minutes later, after he had stood in the shower, the hot water spilling across his flesh, hanging his head under the spray to cleanse the sweat from his body, he sat wrapped in a towel in the darkness of his media room awaiting the next download. This one, he hoped, would reveal the secrets that the last one only promised. This one would include the why's and where's and who's. Why was he handed this assignment? Where were these men? And who was that in those pictures, who had told them everything in the initial file?

While there were always secrets he had to keep, they never kept secrets from him. Maddox was trusted, a man given absolute authority to do anything necessary to get the job done.

He glanced at the readout on the system clock and almost exactly at the same time 4:00:00.00 appeared, the screen flickered with the receiving icon and his hard disk started whirring. He pulled in a deep breath, realizing he had never felt this level of anticipation before. This was a role like none he'd ever encountered.

He started accessing the files immediately, but was surprised when the download stopped only seconds after it had started. Opening the folder, he knew why immediately. It contained a single encoded text file, and if Maddox had to make a guess, he knew whose signature would be on it.

Maddox, Scott  
Serial 0000000SG5  
YEO – DAR  
Report headquarters immediately. Destroy previous file after memorization. Standard procedures apply. NC/NS  
Tipton, Maj. Gen. Sherman

Simple, direct, commanding. Pure Tipton, the bastard. Jesus, that man needed an enema. He scanned up the page. YEO – DAR. Your eyes only. Destroy after reading. He did so.

So, he was being summoned to main office. They didn't want to tell him using the usual channels, he had to make an appearance. Something he hated more than almost anything. It was highly unusual that he'd be called in, clearly something was up.

And with Tipton, immediately meant immediately. He scratched himself, sighed heavily and got up, leaving the towel behind and walking his fine ass to the wardrobe to slap some clothes on his body and get gone.

Main office was an antiseptic nightmare, an underground labyrinth of white walls and white floors and white ceilings sucked of anything resembling life. Maddox was more than uncomfortable here, he sometimes felt trapped or caged, but he was smart enough never to reveal the slightest hint of that unease. He liked the world, and the sky, and the dirt and the germs. He liked being outside. And this was the antithesis of outside. This was nowhere.

The silence matched the cleanliness perfectly. He heard his own footfalls along the corridors but little else. He arrived at Sherman's offices and stood dutifully while he waited admittance. His clear eyes surveyed the clean-cut officer sitting at the white desk in his dark uniform with suspicion and distaste. He knew nothing about him, but the man seemed to give off officiousness like a stench.

At last the door to the inner sanctum opened and Maddox entered, straightening his super-powered body to be his most intimidating, because he knew that any less would be

suspect to his boss. He saluted (although it wasn't strictly necessary) and stood at attention, the lines of his body rigid and stern. His eyes faced straight ahead and his jaw was set. When he heard the order to stand at ease – and there was no doubting that it was an order he heard – he folded his arms behind his back and set his feet shoulder width. It became apparent that Sherman never even looked at him. Fuck. "I'd ask you to sit down," the general said, "but I'm afraid the seat is already taken."

It was then that Maddox, whose senses were more honed than a cat's and whose reflexes were razor sharp turned to see a man sitting in the leather wingback in the corner of the office. And even if his senses and reflexes had failed him, his memory did not. The man, the beautiful man, smiled at him, nodded slightly, and then stood up, offering his hand. He was the man from the images, the perfect man, the beautiful, flawless, amazing collection of huge, powerful, raw muscular might with a face that would make the greatest artists of the millennia weep openly that they could never accurately portray its splendor and magnificence. He was the huge man, the man towering over Scott's own impressive stature, the man who, Maddox knew, could leap toward him and crush him utterly and there was nothing, not one thing, he could do to stop him.

The man gave off an aura of confidence and self-possession so strongly that for a moment Scott could focus on nothing else. Nothing but the man's sleek, muscular form wrapped in jeans and a T-shirt so tight and form-fitting that the phrase 'painted on' could not do them justice. Literally nothing was left to the imagination, and it was all there for the looking. His broad chest and its ripe nipples, the ripples of power on his abdomen, the glowing, sun-burnished flesh along his arms highlighted with golden hairs perfectly placed. The jeans accentuated rather than hid his ample assets, and his thighs threatened to split them open along the seams at any moment.

But his sensuous mouth and equine nose and piercing eyes drew Scott's attentions away from his amazing muscular size. He noted the way the brawn of his arm flexed and bulged as he offered his grip and said, in a voice saturated with masculine power, "Hello again, Scott."

"Hello, Dr. Lassiter," he said, shaking the man's genetically perfected hand.

"Call me Jerry, please." He was smiling, and why not? He was perfect, and he knew it. He had designed himself, in a manner of speaking, to be flawless. He had personally turned all his own dials up to 12, and then amped them up higher still, beyond any measure in human perception. He had it all, and then some. The power, the strength, the beauty, and the capability of giving it to any other man he deemed worthy of it with a whisper, a touch, a kiss.

"How are you?" he said, because he could think of nothing else to say to this man.

"Fucking great, Scott. Pretty fucking great." His smile grew incandescent, and Scott could feel himself drawn to the man.

Until he was pulled back to earth by his master's voice. "Pull it back in, doctor. We have business to attend to."

Scott watched a sort of disappointment fall across Lassiter's beautiful countenance, but just as quickly the smile came back, he shrugged lightly, scanned up and down Maddox's own impressive form with a quick glance and a wink, then turned and sat down again, sprawling his massive muscular bulk in the chair, one leg over an arm and the other stretched before him. His ample dick shoved itself across his thigh as if it had a mind of its own and Scott wondered, absently, where the other one was.

"Welcome back, Maddox."

"Thank you, sir." As he turned his back to Lassiter, he thought he heard the man's deep voice mumble `nice ass.'

"I assume you've read the dossier." Not a question, so it didn't require an answer. "You have questions."

"Yes, sir."

"The first being why Dr. Lassiter has chosen to aid us."

"Actually, my first question was, `Why is the doctor bothering to wear clothes at all?' Sir." A rumble of laughter behind him, and the sound of skin on leather adjusting. No, not adjusting. Standing.

Because the man was next to him now, looming hugely.

"Don't ask," he thundered. He was looking at Maddox. Scott could practically feel the man's gaze on him. His voice sounded so genial and friendly. It dug into Scott's head and comforted him.

"Don't tell," he answered automatically. Jerry smiled broadly.

"If you two ladies are done flirting, I have some business to conduct with Major Maddox."

The huge mountain of muscle was moving again, laying his paw on Scott's shoulder and squeezing gently. "That's my cue, I think." Jerry looked down at Maddox and smiled. "See you later, Scott."

"I'm looking forward to it." He nodded a goodbye as the man turned and left the room.

"Eyes front, Maddox, if you please."

"Sorry, sir. He's rather... distracting."

"He's rather more than that, as I'm sure you'll agree. That man's formula may revolutionize the art of espionage and war." Maddox could not help but agree, but still a chill went through him at the man's obvious glee concerning the thought. Scott's job was not to engage in war, nor to make them better. He was there to stop them. The general's kept talking, mostly, Maddox believed, because he so enjoyed the sound of his own voice. "How are you feeling, Major."

Why did all of his questions sound like orders? He looked at the old man, sitting behind his mahogany desk. He was bald, with white hair at the temples and a paunch of fat on his belly. You could still see the soldier underneath the age and lethargy of the body that encased it. The eyes, above all, were alert and laser sharp. "Very good, sir."

"I mean in light of your encounter with Dr. Lassiter."

"I noticed most of the physical manifestations occurring as outlined in the casebook, sir. Indeed, the man's appearance and strength of will is almost supernatural."

"Yes, yes. But what did you feel, Major? What was your reaction?"

"Attraction, certainly – physically and sexually. Desire. Jealousy. Lust. I felt a curious tugging sensation at one point as if I were being drawn to him. His beauty is such that I doubt anyone but the blind would be completely unaffected by him. His overwhelming presence is... well... just that. Overwhelming."

"Would you have difficulty being in the field with him?"

He considered it for a moment, casting his gaze at the beige carpet before answering. "No, sir."

"Very good." There was no clarification needed. These men knew each other too well. The general opened the top drawer and pulled out another brief, sliding it across the glossy top of his desk into Maddox's hands. "Your next assignment."

"Yes, sir."

"The details are enclosed, of course, but there are a few facts I have elected to tell you in person. These are not to be shared with anyone, under any circumstances."

"Yes, sir."

"You will be accompanied by Dr. Lassiter. He is aware of the arrangements. Due to his inexperience with your line of work, this assignment is not up to the usual standards commensurate with your talents. I'm sure you see the logic." Maddox nodded, but Sherman simply continued talking. "While your direct goal is to complete the assignment, your secondary goal is to observe and record Lassiter's reactions in the field."

"Sir, I..."

"Although the formula has succeeded, in fact exceeded expectations in some areas, there have been other unfortunate side effects that may mitigate its usefulness to us."

"I understand."

"Under no circumstances are you to be exposed to the transformation process."

"But, sir..."

"Under no circumstances, Major."

"It occurs to me, sir, that should Dr. Lassiter have other plans there would be little I could do to stop him."

"He understands the consequences."

"Sir?"

"Dismissed, Major."

Maddox saluted, pivoted smartly and left.

Jerry Lassiter was standing outside, leaning against the opposite wall. His arms were folded across his chest and one slender eyebrow was arched above his clear, hazel eyes. His shaggy head of sandy hair hung just to his ears and the nape of his neck, and the front slid forward across his brow. A smile that showed no teeth creased his full lips, and he uncrossed his legs and stood erect as Maddox pulled the door closed behind him.

Scott had a hard time keeping himself from looking startled, because even after having seen this vision of masculine perfection only minutes before, his memory did not seem capable of doing the man justice. He was gorgeous, there was no doubting that. Maddox swung both ways, a self-described sensualist and sexual hunter, he had been with many beautiful people in his years, but none, not one of them of either sex, came within an inch of the man standing ten feet from him.

He felt like he was in very great danger.

Lassiter gestured up the hallway. "Shall we?" Scott's brows arched. "I assume you have a few questions for me – like why I'm here, for instance."

Maddox smiled, attempting to hide his desire with nonchalance. "Where to?"

"My place," he said, grinning.

"On our first date? Don't I even get dinner?"

"Good to see you haven't changed." Jerry led the way. "But you need to be careful, Scott. I may take you up on your teasing now, you know."

"You've changed quite a bit, Dr. Lassiter."

"You noticed?"

Scott could smell something, not cologne exactly, something more like musk. "All for the better, I assure you."

"Thanks loads," he said. His tone was droll. "Was I really that bad?" They turned a corner and brushed against each other. Lassiter felt hard as stone under the T-shirt.

Scott shrugged. "Frankly, I don't remember you having a personality at all."

Jerry laughed. It was a deep, rumbling sound, like thunder coming from a cave. "Frankly, neither do I." He paused in front of a door and looked at Maddox. "You do look really good, Scott." He opened the door.



# 8

It was a room like any other here at Main Office. Antiseptic, void of design or personality, holding a simple bed with white linen, another door Maddox knew was the closet, a desk with a monitor on it and keyboard in front of that, a chair, a small couch and no windows. What was there to look at? "Ah, home at last."

He motioned Scott in first and followed after, shutting the door behind them and slipping his tall, wide frame onto the couch. Scott pulled out the chair and spun it around, straddling it and resting his crossed arms on the back. "Okay," he said, "why are you here?" "Direct as usual," Lassiter replied, looking unsurprised. "Simplest answer? Ego, I guess. I mean, the stuff worked, right? And it worked pretty fucking well. And the whole scientific community was laughing at me."

"The whole scientific community had no notion of what you were doing."

"Of course they had a notion. I'm a geneticist working for the government, and more specifically for an agency no one ever speaks of. A notion is the least of what they had." He rubbed a hand through his hair, pushing the flowing locks off his forehead. Maddox couldn't help but watch the man's bicep swell like a balloon, overrun with fibers and cables of power. "Anyway, it bugged me. You know how a thing can get in there and burrow, and you try to ignore it but it just won't go away? And maybe the stuff made my ego more powerful too. More likely it was always that way. Whatever the cause, I decided to come back in and, sort of...." He shook his head. "I dunno. I just needed someone to know."

"Remind me to give you my number next time."

"A joke? From Scott Maddox?"

"I'm a funny guy, Dr. Lassiter. You just never noticed."

"Please call me Jerry, Scott. Do I look like Dr. Lassiter?" Maddox wavered his hand, smirking. "Fuck," Jerry said, grinning.

"I told you I was a funny guy, Jerry."

"Oh, yeah. I forgot already." He lay back against the cushions, sprawling his legs out and stretching his huge frame.

"Was it hard getting used to it?"

"What? This?" He bent his arms and gestured at his torso. The shirt stretched across the contours of his massive muscularity. He seemed to swell slightly larger. "At first, sure. I

mean, I was never a big guy. Now I'm suddenly the biggest. I'm constantly horny – which was never a real problem until... lately. I'm totally aware of my body all the time, the feeling of its power and size. Keeping myself shrunk like this isn't easy, especially for long periods. And at first I kept breaking things. Trees, buildings, the usual. And you have to sort of monitor how you move. I weigh quite a lot more than is apparent, but you learn to use the air to support you, sort of like a cushion. It's weird, but handy. But being so big, I'm still not used to that. I look down at myself and think, 'this isn't me.' When I look in the mirror I'm surprised every time. And my face. I get hard looking at myself. It's shocking."

"You're telling me."

Jerry grinned. "And I'm toned down, you know."

Maddox nodded. "I saw the pictures."

"Ah. Well, that was toned down, too. I'll fucking make you cum if I'm full power." He noted Scott's doubtful smirk. "I'm not shitting you."

"I know," he answered. "So you came back, you show yourself off, you're expecting... what?"

"Dunno, really. I suppose it was stupid, knowing the military mind like I do."

"Present company excepted."

"Of course. You know they've ordered me not to transform anyone. Ordered me, as if I were still on the payroll." He grinned, looking particularly lascivious.

"Do I gather from your expression that you haven't quite abided by those wishes?"

"I've been a very good boy, cross my heart." He did so, etching an X in the middle of his brawny chest. "And it's been very hard."

He glanced at Jerry's groin. "I imagine."

He leaned forward, his eyes intense. He missed the implication. "No, you can't. You can't imagine. Because doing it, making another man over, transforming him into his perfect self is... it's better than sex. In some ways. It really is. And I've been secluded down here for a week and...." He licked his lips and allowed his eyes to scan Scott's prime meat. "It's been very hard."

"I'm off limits, too."

"I've been told." He was still smiling.

"What's kept you from doing just as you please, anyway? God knows there isn't much they can do to stop you. Hell, Jerry, from what I read you could start releasing that pheromone scent your body produces and down here, away from the outside world in a controlled environment, it wouldn't take long before the whole place was one screaming orgasmic muscle fuck. The guys'd be so big that the walls would burst."

"I know." He tilted his head and sighed. "But I made a promise, and I know that sounds dumb, but I keep my promises."

"Why promise anything?"

"I have my reasons," he replied enigmatically. Maddox hated secrets, even though he probably held more than anyone. "But, uhhh...." His hand moved under his shirt, revealing a hairless belly of tight, rippled power.

"What?"

"I was just wondering, Scott." His hand crawled higher, and his other moved to the button fly of his jeans.

"Yeah?" Maddox kept in eye contact with him, knowing what he was doing. He expected this, and was a little surprised the guy didn't attack him as soon as the door was closed.

"All that teasing you used to do?" The shirt was now shoved high on his torso, showing ample amounts of gleaming, silken skin covering more raw muscle that Scott had ever seen. The shirt evidently was not made of cotton, because the material moved like a plastic film. It looked like cotton, but it was extremely thin and elastic, whatever it was.

"Yes?"

"When you would say things like, 'watch where you're putting that thermometer, Dr. Lassiter. I might think you're coming on to me'?" His fingers popped one button of his pants, then another, and a third. A glistening wealth of dark pubic curls erupted out from his flat pelvic region.

"Uh huh." Scott smiled. The man had a good memory.

"Or the time you told me I had a nice ass and I shouldn't hide it under my lab coat?" The hand pulled at the T-shirt. There was no ripping noise, but it seemed to tear apart.

"I think so."

"And when you promised that if I ever decided to 'try hitting for the other team,' you'd be there to play catch with me?" The shirt was all but gone. Lassiter's upper body was a roadmap of perfect muscular beauty, hairless and without flaw. His huge chest was capped with dark, round nipples that poked up half an inch high. Something was

happening to his body as Scott watched, to his face as well. His beauty was magnifying, as was his muscular size and the perfection of the shape and contour and balance of his total brawn.

"I recall something like that, yes."

Jerry leaned forward, his body swelling thicker with power, his face becoming a vision of male beauty nearly impossible to resist, and a huge cock was splitting wide his tight jeans and spilling forward, growing longer and thicker every second. His voice was a growl of tightly suppressed animal lust. He was a beast rattling the cage. His hunger was unbound. "Did you mean it?"

"Why Dr. Lassiter," he answered, standing up to show off the raging hard-on pressing forcefully against his fly, "I never thought you'd ask."

Making love was not a phrase that leapt to mind when Maddox had a moment to consider Lassiter's technique. The guy might be huge, beautiful, incredibly flexible and willing to try anything, but it was also clear that somewhere down inside this vision of male perfection there lived the middle-aged, sexually frustrated, emotionally pent-up doctor that Scott took great enjoyment out of kidding.

Jerry wasn't awkward, certainly. His body wouldn't allow that. But he was overanxious and pushed too hard and didn't seem to enjoy the act as much as he might have. Unquestionably, the man was possessed of a need that overwhelmed him. His body demanded constant attention now, both sensually and sexually. He had curtailed what were probably several days of constant fucking with whomever else he was with, but his time at Main Office meant he probably only had himself to himself, with lots of jerking off and long showers.

Now he had a partner with whom he could sate that overwhelming hunger, but for Maddox, whose experience in these areas probably outstripped anyone else within several hundred miles, fucking Jerry was like having an overeager teen who wanted to get off and could care less who was inside the other body.

The fact that Lassiter had never been with a man who was not likewise gifted with his collection of muscle, growth, unsualized touch, pheromonal attractants and various other superhuman traits wasn't helping matters. Maddox could hardly imagine what it must have been like for the old doctor. One minute he's a balding intellectual with the sex drive of a brick and a body that probably couldn't even control its bladder very well, the next he's a supersexed stud with two hungry cocks and a body so strong and beautiful that he could make himself cum just glancing in the mirror.

Maddox thought he would use his vast and powerful arsenal of moves and words on the guy and together they'd reach places he'd only dreamed of with others. He didn't have the

saturation of powers that Lassiter had, but he had a hint of them in his own subtly altered genetic make-up. He thought he knew what to expect, and he was looking forward to it at least as much as Jerry needed to get off.

But the phrases he used most often were "slow down, Jerry" and "not so much."

Lassiter, to his credit, was very accommodating and more than willing to do anything Scott suggested. His body was accepting all of Maddox's expert handling and, every once in a while, Scott could feel Jerry feeding it back through the Touch. But he knew they wouldn't last a minute if he was pumped full of that stuff – it made him feel like his whole body was a thrusting, throbbing, rock-hard dick.

So when Scott pulled away before either one of them had managed to pop, the look on Jerry's gorgeous face almost made him laugh out loud. Apparently, this had never happened to the man. None of his other partners ever stopped, it was more likely that they went for hours at a time lost to the powerful passions and unearthly strength that flowed through them both.

Jerry looked like a puppy denied his bone. "Hold on," Scott ordered, pulling his body away from Lassiter's strong and hungry embrace. They were both slick with sweat and a very perfume of something very masculine filled the space between them. Scott's boner was hard and red, jerking with every beat of his heart, and his own muscular form felt pumped and hot. He was justly proud of his body. He was no Schwarzenegger, but he could give someone like Bill Davey a run for his money. He was prime meat, and right now the blood was pumping into every muscle and his skin was flush and warm.

But compared with the man with the puppydog eyes still leaning toward him with nothing but need in that gaze, he looked like PeeWee Herman.

Jerry was larger now than when they had started. Maybe this happened unintentionally; maybe he just couldn't help himself. But either way, he was now about seven and a half feet tall, more than a foot taller than Maddox, and his body was a landscape of mountainous brawn bulging hard and thick under his tanned and buttersoft flesh. Scott couldn't grow limp if he wanted to, but there were a few words he wanted to say.

"What's wrong?" Jerry was using the Voice. It passed into Scott and shook him to his toes. Jesus god but that was unfair. He had to pinch his eyes closed and concentrate very hard to overcome a sudden desire to jump the guy's bones and fuck him into the floor.

He held his hand out as if to push the feeling away. "Jer... Jerry... wait, wait just a second." He was pulling air into his lungs, but every breath was saturated with the strong smell of the man before him and each one entered his body like fire and went right to his cock. "We need to take a pause for... for a minute. Just... wait." His chest was rising and falling, and it took all his mental powers to hold himself back.

"Did I hurt you?" He sounded genuinely concerned.

That voice shook Scott again, and he swallowed hard. He shook his head. "No, that's not... not it." His hand was still held up and he took a moment to collect himself as best he could. "Jerry, you haven't... you weren't... before the transformation, when was..."

"What's wrong," the beautiful man asked again, leaning forward and starting to move to pull Scott back into his huge, strong arms.

"This..." He was pointing. "This is what's missing."

"What? What am I doing?"

"Emotion. Concern. Sharing." He pinched his eyes shut again and sucking in a deep breath to clear his head. His whole body felt incredibly great. Just being in the same room was... overpowering. But he had to get this out, now. This was important. "You... okay. Okay. Let me... Jerry, you have the physical thing down. I don't think... you could fail to get that part right, but fucking involves another organ you aren't using at all and if you want..."

Jerry leaned back, pushing his wet hair from his face. His skin was glowing. "I know," he answered softly. "I know what you want." And suddenly his other dick sprouted from his loins, blooming like a limb, swelling and lengthening until both his ample monsters were a foot long and thick as a table leg.

"No, not that organ." His eyes couldn't help but stay glued to the collection of raw and powerful sex lying between the man's thighs.

"Oh! I know!" And in front of Scott's eyes, the man before him became another man. His sandy hair darkened to black, a thick carpet of curls sprouted across his chest and belly and spread wider across his groin, his muscles seemed to thicken and separate creating a deeply defined collection of hard brawn, his skin darkened, his eyes became an impossible jade green and a mustache and goatee developed on his chin and upper lip, spreading along his jaw and muscled neck as a shadow of darkness. If Maddox had ever encountered him, he'd recognize that he was now sitting opposite Chuck. "I noticed that a lot of guys like this look better."

"No, you don't understand, it's not..."

"Or this one?" He was changing again. The hair on his body receded somewhat, his muscles smoothed and refined themselves, his short shock of dark straight locks flowed out into a cascade of black waves that hung to his shoulders and kept going. His skin took on a sheen of health and beauty almost beyond belief, and then his face resolved into a collection of features that made Scott rethink his ideas of masculine beauty. Now Jerry was Michael, uncontestedly the most beautiful man he himself had ever encountered. He smiled and Scott's dick hardened. He tilted his head and pulled his hand up to his fat, firm chest. He was perfection.

Scott looked at the breathtaking vision before him and wanted nothing more than to fall into his embrace and find heaven. But this wasn't helping matters. Lassiter was still thinking externally. Certainly he was goddam amazing to look at, but he'd still be Jerry. "It isn't that, Jerry. You're beautiful no matter what you look like."

"You don't want me more like this?" He sounded perplexed.

Scott nodded, gulping. "Of course I do. But, I want YOU, Jerry. And I'm not getting you, am I?"

"I'm not sure I understand. Just tell me who you want me to be, what I should look like, and I'll be him. I can be anyone."

But he tapped his forehead and said, "I don't want anyone. I want you, the real one. This one, inside. You're not this one."

"But..."

"I want to be with you, Jerry. Who you are. I'm not with you." Jerry's features and body resolved back into the more youthful man he had been before the morphing. Scott smiled, thinking it logical that the old man wanted to be young again. And in a sense, that was what Scott was trying to make him – to start over again.

"I didn't think..."

"Exactly!" Maddox interrupted him. "You're just... fucking." He sighed a soft hot breath and brought his gaze up to meet Jerry's. "Look, I can't explain this, but maybe I can show you." He sat forward and took a breath. The air was thick with Jerry's brawn. "I'm going to kiss you, but I don't want you to do anything. Understand?" Lassiter nodded. "Okay." Scott started across the floor toward Jerry and moved his body on top of Lassiter's, their slick skin colliding and sliding across each other. A heat was rising from Jerry's hugeness, but the man was true to his word and simply lay there, unmoving.

Scott settled his weight against Jerry, straddling him with his hot, throbbing dick pressed against Jerry's hard belly and cupped his face in his hands, tilting his beautiful countenance and pressing his lips to the man's mouth. It was a tender kiss, soft and gentle, no tongues involved. He kissed him with passion, tenderly, delicately. And he felt Jerry kissing him back, but eagerness overtook him and Lassiter opened his mouth. Scott pulled back and shook his head, whispering, "Don't do anything."

They kissed again. Slowly. Scott moved his mouth against Jerry's, brushing their lips together. Lassiter's were soft, luxurious, wonderful to touch. Scott could feel the man shudder in his hands. He could feel him start to grow under him, so he pulled back again and this time squeezed his legs together around Lassiter's swelling body. "Stop," he whispered again. "Let me do this."

He bent his head and kissed Jerry again. Time slowed down. He reached his fingers into Lassiter's wealth of sandy hair and rubbed his fingertips against the back of his head. He could feel Jerry relax beneath him, feel his body finally giving in and giving up control.

He parted his lips slightly and darted his tongue to Jerry's mouth, painting a slickness on his lips he kissed away the next moment.

Finally, Scott was making love to Jerry. It wasn't two strong men wrestling each other into sexual submission, it wasn't a race to the finish, no longer a competition to see who was stronger or sexier or more powerful. It was one person and another and they were sharing each other, tenderly, slowly, and lovingly. Two men in worship of each other and of their joining, of their common desires and mutual passion.

Maddox knew he would be spending a lot of time with Lassiter, and he knew that a lot of that time would be spent like this. There was no way he could keep up with the man sexually, his body just wasn't equipped. So he had to train him now to take things slow, to enjoy the moment and be with him fully, not just physically.

Scott was in charge at first, moving his hard body against Jerry's, until Jerry finally relinquished himself and joined in, not trying to lead or to follow, but recognizing the cues Scott gave him. And maybe for the first time ever, Dr. Jerry Lassiter made love with another man. The cock was not the object, it was the whole man he was after, every bit of him inside and out. He was with Scott, now, not merely pressing against him. His hands found their way along Scott's wonderful and talented body and caressed him, embraced him, held him and stroked him.

For Maddox, it was everything, now, he had imagined it to be. The man's body was joined with his head more closely than other men. He just had to get his brain engaged in what they were doing and the body would follow naturally. And once Lassiter slowed down and fell into the act, he was better than even Maddox ever was. It was as if the light bulb went off over Lassiter's head, he was a different man altogether, no longer some poor stud going through the motions aiming for the target, but a man making love, passionate love, wanting to give and receive with equal measure, finally listening to himself and his lover both.

Tipton watched the scene from his office. Every room was under constant surveillance. Maddox knew that. There was no such thing as privacy anywhere, really. There were three cameras in Lassiter's quarters. He didn't know whether Lassiter realized this or not, but Tipton had never informed him.

The two men were screwing, that much was clear. Or at least they had been until Maddox suddenly stopped and pulled apart from Lassiter's rather eager attentions. Tipton listened to Maddox's words with detachment. He knew better than to question Maddox's methods.



He'd seen the man fucking any number of people, women and men – sometimes both at the same time. But he'd never seen this. Was the major giving the doctor lessons in fucking? What the hell for?

He must have his reason. Whatever they may be. And although General Sherman Tipton did not approve of this sort of fraternization between soldiers, no matter what their `orientation,' he had to admit that Maddox had never failed an assignment. Not one.

He turned his attention to the transformed man. His narrow eyes scanned the impressive specimen, gazing at his wealth of muscular size. His physical beauty was undeniable, even to a man like Tipton whose only appreciation of the male was normally how well it performed athletically or how strong it was and what it could do for him. If he were to be perfectly honest, Sherman felt some jealousy.

After all, he and Lassiter were of the same generation. Lassiter was a few years younger than Sherman, but he looked younger even than Maddox, who was 28. Lassiter looked no more than 19 or 20. Perhaps if he had some whiskers on his face, but he never observed any on the man, nor did he ever shave. His face was always as clean and clear as a boy's. Only his body, encased in those clothes he had to keep replacing, told a different story.

Now Lassiter's secondary penis made an appearance, and Tipton leaned forward. He wondered how this would work, frankly. But nothing happened. They continued to talk.

He leaned over and pressed a finger to the intercom. "Tipton here." On the screen, Lassiter's form was changing in a matter of seconds. Every time Sherman witnessed this, it was hard to accept it. It seemed like a special effect, so unreal and almost too real at the same time.

"Yes sir?" The young man's voice, even over the tiny speaker, was powerful and deep. He hadn't learned control quite yet, it seemed. Tipton's short hairs tightened.

"Make yourself scarce, lieutenant." Lassiter was changing again, now becoming someone painfully beautiful, a man possessed of something beyond mere beauty.

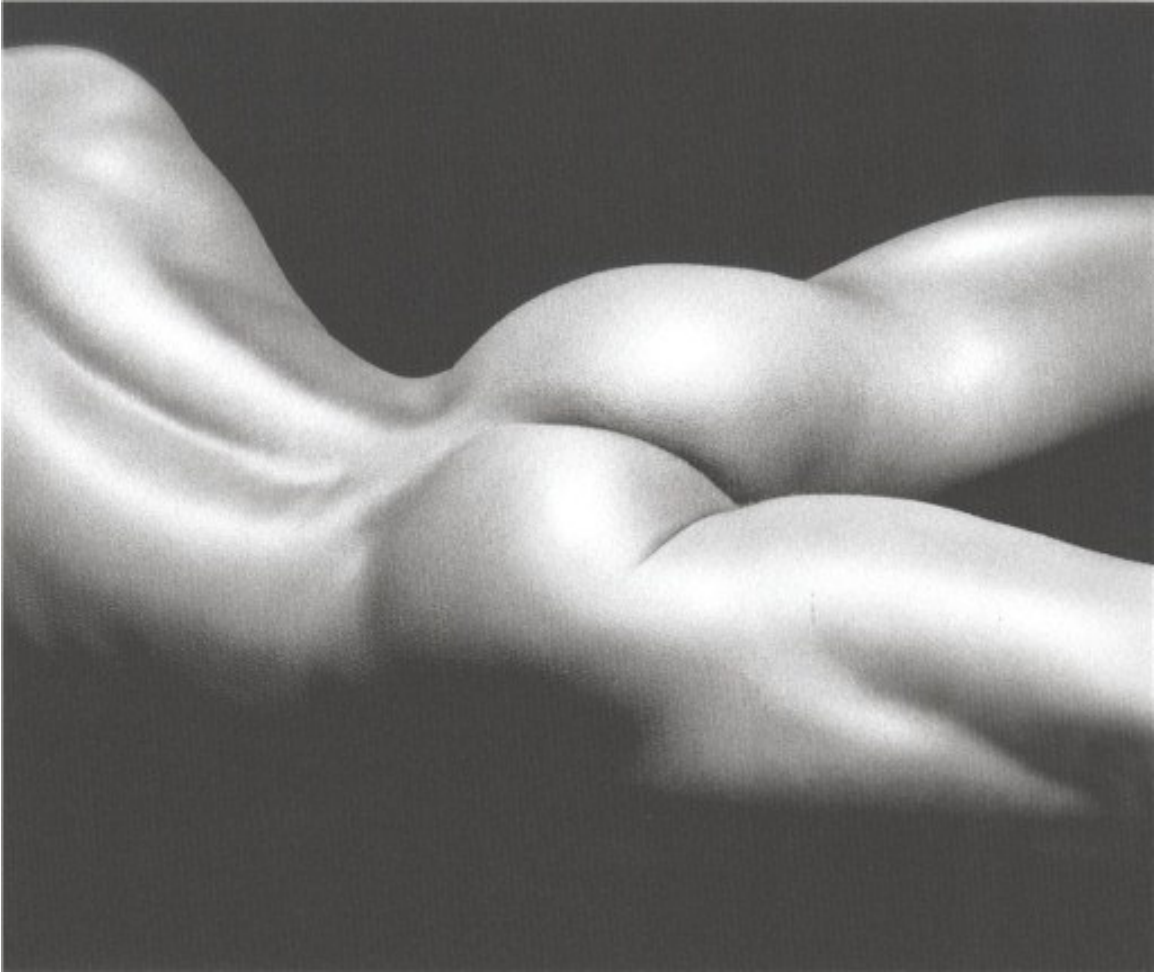
"Sir?"

"You heard me."

"Yes, sir."

He lifted his finger and returned his full attention to the scene on his monitors. Now Maddox and Lassiter were coming together again, but Tipton could see no difference. Maddox was on top of the doctor, kissing him. Lassiter seemed to be frozen or something, but soon his hands were again crawling across the major's naked form and they looked like they were about to start up again.

Tipton smiled thinly, thinking about the young man he'd told to get himself lost. It was prudent not to take chances. A back up plan was always a good idea.



## 9

Tommy was waiting in his apartment above the coffee shop with his friend Jeffrey. Jeff had red hair and pale skin. His green eyes showed his Scottish stock stronger still, and the sun had marked him with freckles everywhere. Since his meeting that morning with Chuck, Tommy's libido had gone through the roof. For some reason, he was constantly horny, and even after getting his rocks off he found his big hungry dick growing hard and long for more attention.

At first, he wasn't sure what to do with his new body and face and cock. If he showed up in his usual haunts with the usual gang, would they freak out? And if they did, was that necessarily a bad thing? So he decided to try himself out on Jeff, who had a pretty fine body and an undeniably great ass. He'd lusted after the guy forever, it seemed, but never managed to get up the courage to proposition him. And for that reason, he avoided him. They were better friends before Tommy started fighting his feelings, and now he called Jeff up and invited him up for "coffee and a DVD or something."

Jeff, always an amiable and good-natured guy, said, "Sure!" and arrived with copies of some new flicks in hand. But Tommy answered the door shirtless wearing a pair of spandex workout trunks he'd never had the courage to sport in public and all thoughts of watching anything flew out the window.

They spent the whole afternoon together and, amazingly, it seemed that Jeff also became increasingly amorous the more time they spent together. His ass was every bit as beautiful out of his Wranglers as Tommy imagined it would be, and it drove him crazy. He seemed to be having the same effect on Jeff, who was exploring parts of his body with increasing passion and attention, and as the afternoon drifted into the evening, he felt as if he was becoming bigger and bigger, able to stay hard as a rock and pump load after load in that fine ass and across his chest and belly and into Jeff's warm, wet mouth.

The workout was doing Jeff some good as well. Maybe it was just the evening shadows, but it looked like the guy's nicely developed body was growing more defined by the hour. They were lost in a frenzy of sex and when the knock came on his door, they were tangled together in the sheets of his worn-out bed, sweaty and hot and ready for more.

What neither he nor his companion was ready for were the three men who walked into his apartment that night. Tommy expected Chuck, of course, but seeing Frazz – who was even bigger than Chuck – and Adam, who had an intensity of beauty and a semblance of innocence so strongly manifested that he seemed as if he had stepped out of some Renaissance painting of angels, although these angels would be so large and muscular that they'd wrestle you into heaven rather than simply blow trumpets.

Jeff was obviously taken aback. All Tommy had told him was that his personal trainer would be stopping by later and that he was sure Jeff, who wanted to get into bodybuilding as a lifestyle, could pick up a pointer or two. The sort of helpful information that allowed Tommy to turn into the muscle stud he was in only a few short weeks. Since the evidence was right in front of his eyes (and all over his body) Jeff had high expectations.

But the men who walked through the door more than surpassed those expectations. They blew them out of the water completely. Tommy had a sheet wrapped around his waist when he went to answer the door and Jeffrey, naked, sat on the bed with his hands on his privates when he walked back into the bedroom followed by the most amazing collection of muscle Jeff had ever seen.

"Hi, Tom," Chuck greeted, pulling him into an embrace before kissing him hard and deep on the mouth. Chuck was wearing the same pair of shorts he had on that morning, doing the same poor job of hiding his attributes, and a T-shirt so tattered and threadbare that it looked like he found it on the street. One heavy nipple was poking through a hole, and everywhere else the shirt was being torn apart under his muscular onslaught. His dark, hairy skin was everywhere, and he looked damned sexy.

His friends were dressed little better. Jeff wondered what the people downstairs must have thought seeing these incredibly huge and gorgeous creatures mounting the stairs wearing little better than tatters. The black guy had on some navy sweat pants, the legs of which had been removed below the knee. They were bleached in places and the rear pocket was missing, leaving a couple of small holes that showed glimpses of dark butt flesh. If he was wearing underwear it must have been either a jockstrap or a thong, because his basket was so full and heavy that it looked like he was smuggling lemons or something. His upper body sported a dirty white ribbed athletic top that was plainly too small for him so that several inches of his belly, and its rippled glory, was exposed. He must have cut the chest open to allow his bulk inside, because it was split down the center and spreading itself wide. His nipples poked against the cotton and he looked about ready to split his seams open as well.

The young guy, who had a habit of staring, had on perhaps the oddest wardrobe of all. For one thing, he was obviously wearing boxer shorts because the fly was pulled open so that his dark wealth of pubes was showing through. The shorts had a design on them like the American flag and the side seams were ripped open, with threads still hanging free as if he'd just done so on the way up. His dick – if something so obviously large could be called just a dick – hung down his right thigh and Jeff swore he could see the tip of the head dangling from the leg, but that meant that, limp, the guy had nine or ten inches going on.

He must have stood about six and a half feet tall, but he had this face like a kid. It was sort of weird to see him. It was as if someone had found the most beautiful boy on the planet and stuck his head on the body of a testosterone-pumped, steroid-popping monster, because he was muscle everywhere. But for some reason, it all fit, he didn't look wrong, he looked completely, perfectly right.

The only thing he wore on his torso was a pair of suspenders attached to the waistband of the boxers. They bowed around his chest and rubbed against his nipples. And Jeff thought the reason he wasn't wearing a shirt was because there weren't any that would fit him. He had never seen a body so thick and massive. Huge, fat bellies of power bulged everywhere. The guys arms, alone, had to be 24 inches around. If he had any fat on him, it wasn't showing. He was sculpted, defined, vascular and immense. And he kept staring at Jeff until the guy called Chuck introduced him as Adam and he smiled so sweetly that Jeff felt his heart ache.

Adam said, simply, "Hello." Jeff said it back. And then the boy-man was pulling off the suspenders and stepping out of his shorts. It was readily apparent that his dick was bigger even than Jeff thought it was, not to mention a set of balls he'd have a hard time sucking into his mouth. He furrowed his brow at the unexpected (but not unwelcome) action until Adam crawled into bed with him and started to kiss him on the mouth, pushing him down onto the mattress and moving his strong touch all over Jeff's body. Adam's skin was smooth and soft and sensual, his kisses tender and loving and attentive, and everything he did told Jeff that this beautiful creature loved him totally.

Chuck rumbled a laugh. "Well, that didn't take long."

"Shit!" Tommy dropped his sheet and gawked as Adam applied his mouth to Jeff's stiff joint and deep throated him with evident ease. Jeff arched his back and let a low moan from his throat, his eyes wide open and his hands grabbing the sheets with white knuckles. As Tom watched, his friend's chest began to inflate and the arms grabbing the white sheets bulged with sudden muscle. Veins as thick as fingers popped up across his white flesh, branching out and multiplying with sudden fury as his whole body began to grow. "Shit!"

Chuck's grip found Tommy's ass and he said, "I promised him," he said. "He's been a very good boy and this is his reward."

The hugely muscle boy gently pushed Jeff onto his back and took his ankles in hand, pulling his legs up and spreading them apart. Muscle seemed to be swelling along the calves and thighs as he did so, and his legs seemed to spread themselves apart so wide that it looked as if they'd come unhinged. For some reason, Jeff's body was super flexible. And when he had himself positioned before Jeff's rosebud, he moved his drooling prick inside and started to slowly thrust, going in deeper each time, shoving his mammoth cock up the redhead's ass. Tom could see that with each bottomless push, Jeff's body seemed to swell outward and not recede. He was being fucked into a beautiful muscled superman.

"Holy shit!" Tommy just kept saying that as he watched the young man in his bed developing into a massive muscular hulk. Adam's mouth only smiled as he fucked Jeff's ass for a few luxurious minutes. Then he pulled himself out, accompanied by a gush of thick, clear honey that suddenly made the whole room smell like a gym. Once again, he bent his lips to Jeff's stiff prick, kissing and sucking and stroking him – and then Adam started back up his body, kissing and sucking and licking as he went. He paused at the nipples and nibbled them. His hands moved down Jeff's arms and they entwined fingers, and after only a few moments Jeff's biceps had bloomed almost as large as Adam's. "Shit! Shit!"

"Careful, Adam. Not too much."

The boy lifted his arm and looked at Chuck and Tom from under it. "No?"

Chuck shook his head. "Not yet." He nodded at the ceiling. "It would get a little crowded in here."

Adam smiled with incredible beatitude. "Okay!" Then he turned his attentions back to Jeffrey and continued to quickly turn him into a bodybuilder of incredible size. He lay his own body against the other young man as he continued to kiss and stroke and fondle him. His hands were everywhere, and his mouth seemed to be there just a beat after. Jeff simply lay on his back moaning and gritting his teeth and pinching his eyes shut, obviously lost in a sort of sexual pleasure too deep to easily cope with.

"Who... what... how...?"

Chuck kissed Tommy again and squeezed his ass. "I was expecting more of your friends tonight, Tom. Frazz here is feeling all left out."

"Yeah," his dark friend said, making a cute pouty face. His voice was so deep it sounded like an earthquake.

Jeff had no way to prepare for what was happening to him. Being with Adam was being the focus of intense love and strength and power and passion. It was being at the center of ultimate pleasure in every sense. Adam gave everything to Jeff, unconditionally and with great fervor. It felt as if it was pouring into him, as if he had been empty all his life and now he was being filled up to overflowing with everything good, and everything powerful, everything sexual and sensual and blissful. It was physical, certainly. The transforming process as well as Adam's attentions to Jeff's body. But the strength of emotion was, if anything, more powerful still.

Adam knew no boundaries. He gave everything he was in every encounter. And he felt he received even more in return. All of these beautiful, passionate, wonderful men everywhere, he wanted to be with them all, and to love them, and make them better, and make them feel good.

He loved Jeffrey. Jeffrey was beautiful. When he asked Chuck if he could please be with the first man, and Chuck said yes, he felt a swelling of love of passion inside that he needed to let out as soon as he saw him. He wanted to be with him, have him inside and to be inside him, to share everything and give himself completely to Jeff. Jeff wanted to cry out, to shout, to roar with pleasure and happiness and bliss. Everything felt good, inside and out, and it was all swollen with power and sex and love. He was a burning sun of raw brawn, it was exploding everywhere, and he knew the boy with an intimacy in those few minutes such as he had never felt before. He had never been with anyone so completely, and felt so good being with them.

And suddenly Adam was kissing his mouth with tenderness and softness that belied his size and strength. Adam's hand was in his hair, petting him gently, and their eyes met and Jeff felt totally, completely contented. "Hello," the beautiful boy said again.

"Hello," answered Jeff.

"Okay you two, break it up. Jeffrey, kid, stand up so we can get a look at you."

Adam lifted himself off Jeff and slid off the mattress, squatting near the foot of the bed. His shoulders looked like they could support the whole building. Jeff started to get up and felt that something was different. Things moved differently. He felt heavier and lighter at

the same time, as if his body was more massive but better equipped to carry itself around. He moved with an ease that felt alien. Nothing ached. Nothing hurt. Nothing caught. His muscles felt energized and powerful.

Something had changed.

He sat forward and heard someone whistle. He looked at Tommy and his mouth was hanging open. The first thing that occurred to him to ask was, "Am I bleeding?"

Tom whispered, "Holy shit."

Jeff looked down and noticed immediately that he wasn't bleeding – and he was wearing some other guy's body. And whoever that guy was, he was going to be royally pissed off because this was a damn fine body.

The first thing he saw, because it was so big you couldn't miss it, was a broad, muscular chest dusted with rust-colored curls. The hair spread in a triangle across the top, moving out toward his shoulders and thinned to a trail leading between the two fat globes and their huge nipples onto a flat belly that sprung to muscular life as he leaned forward.

He still owned the freckled skin he had before someone slipped him inside this muscle suit but now it seemed to shimmer and sheen like silk. The hair spread wide again above his groin and grew very thick around... holy Jesus God what the fuck kind of dick was that? Was that a dick? It looked like a fleshy hose overrun with veins and hung across one of the meatiest thighs Jeff had ever seen. Every muscle was cleanly defined and bulging with cables of power. He moved his hand down toward that monstrous cock and felt its firm, soft, smoothness.

"Stand up, Rookie!" It was Frazz, the dark man with the earth-shaking voice. Jeff looked up and saw the guy smiling happily, and there was Chuck with his hand across Tommy's shoulders. They were both looking at him, too, and while Chuck looked more or less like Frazz, with a broad smile on his masculine, goateed face, Tom still looked like somebody just slipped a corn cob up his ass.

Jeff moved off the bed and stood up, feeling immediately like he was standing on a box. His whole perspective had changed. The things he was used to seeing at eye level were now quite a bit below that, and he looked at the ceiling and reached up and found that he could put his whole forearm against the 8-foot high surface. Doing so made him feel muscles he could swear he didn't have before, huge wedges that unfolded from his back and under his arm. The tricep swelled like a mountain and the reddish brown hair across his chest became a thick forest under his arm.

"Oh my God," he said softly, then a grin wiped across his lips growing quickly into a smile with shining white teeth. "Where's a mirror?"



Tommy, mouth agape (still), pointed toward the closed closet door and Jeff stepped over and opened it, seeing his whole form and new face for the first time.

His eyes were so green they looked like jade. His red hair had lengthened and grown curly. A shadow of more rust ran across the strong jaw and high cheeks of his improved face, and a full mustache scrawled across his upper lip. He had a broad, proud nose and the freckles were here, too.

He raised his hand to touch the fantasy face in the mirror, and the twisting brawn of his forearm drew his attention away. Then his hands were dancing down the bulging contours of this new body, seven feet tall and bigger than almost any bodybuilder he could think of. Everything was firm and fat and huge, he could feel enormous strength pulsing throughout his new body, steel-hard and capable of feats he could hardly imagine.

But more than that, his huge muscles were perfectly symmetrical, beautifully developed, bulging fat and hard everywhere. Then there was that mammoth prick arching proudly out from between his legs and dangling down what looked like a foot at least. Two low hangers drooped behind the monster, as big as lemons. He brought his arms up to flex his power to full strength, watching his chest enlarge and those wings of muscle unfold from his back. He balled his hands into fists and watched his own arms inflate bigger and bigger. "Oh my god," he whispered softly.

"Yeah," agreed Chuck, "Adam does nice work."

Jeff turned and bounded to Adam, pulling the huge beautiful boy into a fierce embrace. The others could hear him saying 'thank you' about a dozen times. Then he kissed Adam's mouth and Adam looked like he didn't want to let go, but he did finally.

Jeff sat down heavily on the bed as something like shock finally set in, and it was up to Tommy to ask the obvious questions. "So, where the hell did you guys get your wardrobe? Some homeless guy didn't need them anymore?"

Chuck laughed aloud, pinching his T-shirt and pulling at the flimsy material. "Something like that."

Tommy sat next to Jeff, who now outweighed him by at least 100 lbs, and put his hand on his friend's leg. "And... how do you do this?"

Jeff looked up, then looked at Tom, saying, "You mean, this is how...?"

"Of course, stupid. What, you honestly thought I started Body for Life two weeks ago and it changed me this much?" Jeff shrugged. Tommy said, "This morning I weighed 170 pounds soaking wet and stood about six feet tall. Then I met Chuck here and this is how he left me."

"You look good," Jeff said.

"Uh, yeah." He looked at Chuck. "You do this for everyone you meet?"

He shook his head, kneeling down to look Tommy in the eyes. "Only the ones I like."

Jeff asked, "And how many is that?"

Chuck looked over and shrugged. "Bout a dozen, I guess. Give or take."

"And... just how the fuck do you do this?"

Chuck sighed. "God, this is the part I hate. Over and over, the explanation."

Frazz tapped him on the shoulder and said, "You could just..." Then he tapped his forehead.

"Oh! Duh. Yeah, okay. That would save a lot of time, wouldn't it?" He looked back at Tommy and said, "I'm going to give you something. This is... a bit unusual. But it won't hurt, and you can turn it off whenever you want to."

"Turn what off?"

"This," he said, and he leaned forward and kissed Tom's mouth. The kid had all but forgotten this feeling of total masculinity that Chuck gave off, but it all came back in a rush of testosterone-driven lust and sensuality. Then something inside his mind seemed to flutter and flicker, like a fluorescent light coming to life. And suddenly he felt Chuck – and all his male potency – flooding his brain with images and sensations and words and situations.

He saw men, dozens of them, all gorgeous and huge, and growing bigger. He watched Chuck become the man he was now, the beautiful muscle god kneeling in front of Tommy. He saw others changing, growing, swelling. They were of every color, every size, every age, and then they changed, some slowly and others almost instantly, swelling with muscle, and he saw the fire that burned through them and changed them, watched their bodies and faces perfect themselves, saw them falling into each others' embrace, and fucking each other, and cumming like fountains.

He saw a place with green meadows and trees. Men there, too. Fucking and sucking and loving each other. And suddenly everything was in his head, all the explanations Chuck had. Names and places. Where IGE was, when they should return for The Sharing, the changes yet to come. His brothers, and lovers, and Adam, the beautiful and magical Adam. Michael and Carlos. Todd and Justin and Aaron. The Greeting Squad. More and more men, now so huge and beautiful.

Now Tommy had the mindspeech, and he heard Chuck's deep, sultry voice shake him.  
::One step closer, lover:: The words were tinged with desire and pleasure and exhilaration.

"Shit," he said again. "Cool!"

Jeff paused in his examination of himself and said, "What? What is it?"

"Perfection," said Tommy.

# 10

Stan sat under a spreading oak. The hot summer wind brushed his bronzed skin and his eyes were closed as he enjoyed a day full of doing nothing. He could hear the two boys somewhere, their deep-throated laughter as full and round as the muscles that covered their bodies. He had never had any kids, never wanted any – and wasn't exactly sure what he was supposed to do with these two, if anything. He felt an odd responsibility, though. They were both so green. He had a life behind him. Had they ever seen disappointment? Did they have regrets? He couldn't imagine they knew what the words meant. They were constantly up, constantly high and sunny and flying – sometimes literally. They fell into each others arms as easily as falling off a log. Was that love, he wondered? Lust? Both? He opened his eyes and gazed at his own body. Weird, he thought with a slight grin, that he still had some sense of shame of nudity, even now that he owned what could easily be described as a perfect male body.

Everything was honed to a beautiful perfection. From the bulging biceps that twisted along his arms to the eight-pack of abs rippling on his belly to the long, strong legs stretching before him. All this, and he still insisted on wearing a makeshift loincloth to cover his dick.

He knew he could control its size, make it less noticeable if he wanted to, make it more average for a man his assumed size, which he figured was about 6 foot 2, but there was no one else around to compare against except the other two beautiful male specimens so he wasn't exactly sure how big he was. Something else in him – pride, maybe, or ego (more likely) – kept him from doing that. No, he sported a huge hanging monster, a dick that would make any other man he met do a double-take and probably stare. His grin grew brighter thinking of that, imagining whipping his baby out at a stall and taking a whiz next to some big-dicked asshole who thought he was cock of the walk. No matter how big that guy was, how long or thick or impressive, he could be longer, thicker and twice as impressive. Then get bigger than that.

He found the blood rushing into that monster as he viewed the scene.

Yeah, he thought, he'd pour out his bladder in a hot, acid shower and shake off the drops while the guy watched. Then he'd turn to that guy, and he'd be a hairy brute. Huge man. Like... a constriction worker of something. Hairy and greasy, with a big mustache and a rough bearded chin and these dark, evil eyes. And he, Stan, would turn to him and tell him to get on his knees.

He'd refuse of course. Of course he would. So Stan would get bigger. He'd swell with brawn, his arms bulging, his shoulders and chest, he'd split the seams of his shirt and keep going, ripping it to shreds. And he'd use that voice thing he had now. He'd use that and tell the trucker, "On your knees." He'd say it quietly, but it would be an order.

And Stan, the formerly mild-mannered Stan, would hold his huge dick in his huge hand and shove it forward, shifting his hips, and make the guy swallow him. Make his suck his big dick, teach him how big a big dick really was.

Then he'd move his hips very slowly, starting to feel his dick in the guy's mouth, inching down his throat. He was huge, Stan was, and thick and hard and the guy would take all of him and like it. Love it, in fact, swallowing and sucking his monster with abandon. Right. And the guy would have a mustache and he'd have this rough growth of beard and this big huge chest, yeah, and blue eyes and this black burr of a haircut and he'd be sucking Stan's dick and...

"Stan! Hey, Stan!"

He opened his eyes and the dream vanished. His dick was at full mast, though, catching the warm breezes on its precum slickened surface. He made himself deflate, not without regret, and shaded his eyes to watch the two young gods running toward him with easy, athletic strides. They were, as usual, naked. Their heavy chests bounced and shifted and their dicks swung like pendulous elephant trunks. They had smiles on their beautiful faces and sheens of sweat on their shining skin. His heart did a little flip at their overwhelming appearance.

They moved toward him under the wide open sky, their long ponytails of shimmering hair sailing behind them. Their bodies look almost exactly the same, two perfected masculine forms so muscular and mighty that they looked like they'd just come from benchpressing Cleveland.

"Hi, guys!" He rose off the grass easily, still marveling that a body could move so gracefully and effortlessly when it had all the strength in the world at its command. The place where they were might have been heaven, for all he knew. They flew quite high and quite fast. He may have crossed oceans, or he may be only a few miles from his hometown and the destroyed burger joint. Maybe he was on some African savannah. Or in the south of France.

"You're a weird guy, you know that, Stanley?" He loved hearing Bobby speak. That little Texan twang tugged at his short hairs every time. "You sit over here under a fuckin' tree all morning... I mean, have you looked around? This place is great! The sun's out, the sky is blue, you've got two nice guys in front of you who like to fuck and can do it all day long and all night long and never get tired and yet you're over here all alone having a wet dream about taking a piss at a truck stop."

"How did you... oh, yeah. I keep forgetting that." He chuckled softly. He forgot about leaving his channels open, as these kids called it. The mindlink was a little... embarrassing at times. But the two beautiful forms in front of him never seemed to judge what he sent out, which half the time was about what he wanted to do to them, or to watch them do. He still hadn't adjusted to that - or to the understanding that all those fantasies could now be realized.

"You'll get used to it. Probably takes more time since you're so old." Joe loved teasing him about that. The three of them looked almost exactly the same age, but the fact that Stan was more than twice as old as either Bobby or Joseph gave the two teens a kick.

"Yeah, probably," he answered, deflating the joke. "I'm sorry, I don't mean to be... me."

Bobby shrugged. "Hey, no pressure, bro. Just thought you'd rather have your dick in a nice ass instead of being by your lonesome stroking off to a fantasy – a fantasy, I might add, that you can easily make reality." He was echoing Stan's own thoughts.

"Which is sort of the point," nodded Joe.

"Actually, that's what I've been thinking about."

"You mean, when you're not thinking about turning some cattle trucker into your love slave, right?"

He snickered. "Right. Um, but, so... what exactly is the point?"

"Of?"

Stan took a few steps out of the shade of the tree. His loincloth snapped in the breeze, lifting up to reveal his lengthy wonder. "Of this. I mean, I know there really was no point in your guys' heads. Turning me into this, uh, whatever I am."

"Nope. Thought it'd be cool, mostly."

"Yeah," agreed Bobby. "And it was!" He started making crash noises and mimicking the destruction they left behind. The two kids whooped with laughter and Stan smiled along.

"But, um, so... what now?"

"Whuddaya mean, Stan? Now we go have some fun! Fuck each other, find some other guy, fuck him, maybe make him big, or bigger, or something." Joe shrugged and shoved his hair from his eyes. "I dunno. What difference does it make?"

"So, um... okay, say it's a year from now, right? And we're having sex and..."

"Fucking, Stan. You can say it. Fucking."

"Right, Bob. So, um, we're fu... cking..." he shook his head. He was still Stan, no matter how hard he tried not to be. "We're doing that and turning other guys into, uh, what we are now and they're probably doing that, too, right? And whatever. But, I mean, so what?"

"So what?"

"Yeah. So what?"

"You've lost me." Joe hung his arm across Bobby's wide shoulders. "Bob, are you following any of this?"

"I just think our friend needs a good blow job. Or two. Or a dozen." He wrinkled his perfect brow. "Jeez, Stan, you've only been Transformed for one day. You haven't even tested the equipment, really. You don't know half of what you can do, now. And then you wear that silly thing," he said, glancing at Stanley's loin cloth, "when the only people around are Joey and me and we're butt nekkid and wagging in the breeze and could give a fuck who sees us." He smiled, then, trying to make his words less accusing. "I mean it, Stan, just give yourself a chance, here. It's not bad at all, you know. I'm not sure there's anything bad in it." Bobby nodded along.

Stan nodded a little, too. They were right, of course. He hadn't really explored anything. He was drawn to each of the guys in front of him stronger than he'd ever felt with another person. He wanted to hold them, to kiss them, to explore them as they showed him what he could do, and what they'd do together. And they invited him all the time, and never forced the issue, and said it was fun and fine and 'really cool' and everything. He was aware that his dicks would respond to any wish he put to them, and that his asshole would welcome even the fattest dick and want more. And that every inch of his body could deliver pleasure more intense than anything he'd ever felt before.

But the two guys were, well, they were together, weren't they? And that meant something, didn't it? And didn't sex mean something, too? It had been so long since he had any, it was hard to remember. So he had been fulfilling his hunger himself, and more and more his body wanted more and more. He was told he could control anything, but he was starting to wonder.

And he thought it would sound stupid to say this stuff to the two guys, who already thought he was weird. "I know," he answered, "I know. It's just..."

"Just what?" Joe, always the more affectionate of the two, stepped toward him and slipped his hand around Stan's hip. His face tilted slightly and his eyes were filled with care and curiosity. Jesus, he was young. No one Stan knew had eyes that should much of anything anymore.

"I keep coming back to... that... well, I've been thinking about this a lot."

"Yes," Joe said, his hand moving onto Stan's new ass, "we know."

"And, okay, do you know who you two guys are?"

Bobby grinned. "The two horniest, handsomest, biggest fuckin' guys in the world?"  
Damn, that accent....

"Well, yeah. But... think about it a second. Super strong. Super fast. You can fly. Any... sort of... ideas?" A cool draft flew up his loincloth as Joe caressed his butt flesh expertly.

"Um... well, Chuck can do that. Hell, any of the guys can do that. You can do that, Stan!"

"No, um, think less real. Think, you know, comic book."

"Oh. Duh. Superman."

"No," disagreed Bobby. "Superman has x-ray vision. And we don't."

"Did he?" Joe could manage to debate his friend and deliver Stan into ecstatic butt bliss at the same time. Quite a talented guy. "I thought that was Spiderman."

"No, Spiderman has the web stuff and Spidey Sense, but he can't see through walls."

"Maybe it was Aquaman, then?"

"No, Aquaman had the giant seahorses and could control, like, fish and junk."

"And breathe water," Joe pointed out, moving his touch deftly into Stan's hole.

"Well, that goes without saying."

"Maybe you're thinking of..."

"Guys," interrupted Stan, moving away from Joe's touch. "That's all beside the point. What I'm trying to say is..."

Joe was reaching for his body again as he said, "I wonder if we can breathe water?"

"Hey, that's an idea! We should go..."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! Okay, just, hold it one sec. Okay, so, you see my point?" Bobby and Joe both turned to look at him, both with similar expressions of confusion. So he came out and said it. "You're frigging superheroes!"

"But which one?" Bobby still looked confused. Kids!

"No, I don't mean... you're not a particular superhero. You're your own superhero. New ones. Real ones. See?"



"But, superheroes come from other planets and shit. Right?" Joe looked at Bobby, the expert.

"Actually, I think Superman is the exception." He started ticking off names on his fingers. "Spiderman, the Incredible Hulk, all the X-men, the Fantastic Four... most of them are from right here! I'm not sure about Green Lantern. Oh, wait, Silver Surfer is some sort of alien. But Batman... pure human being and when he's George Clooney quite the fuckable superhero, at that. And don't even get me started about Chris O'Donnell!"

"And a lot of them," added Stan, "became super after scientific experiments."

"Like us!"

"Yeah! Fuckin' A!" The guys high-fived each other and grinned very broadly.

"So?" Stan was now smiling broadly.

"So... we're fuckin' studly superheroes! Yay! C'mon, let's go fuck."

"Yeah, we could do that, I suppose. But, so, um, let's think about that other thing, though?"

Bobby grinned, "While we're fucking?"

"If you want to. I guess." Stan shrugged. He clearly wasn't getting his idea across. But he was never very good at communicating his ideas.

Maybe, he thought, it would work better if he just showed them.

He nodded to himself, thinking that thought, but his brain was suddenly taken in another direction altogether when he found himself being lifted into the air, and there were mouths pressed against his body, and someone had ripped his covering off him and the cool breezes were caressing his dick and balls for a moment before hands were doing the same, coaxing him to an easy erection that grew bigger and bigger and bigger until he was hard as a rock and big as a baseball bat.

It was night when five huge, half-naked men walked out of Tommy's apartment. Jeff managed to squeeze his legs into a pair of navy blue running shorts Tommy had, Chuck, Frazz and Adam had abandoned their odd assortment of found rags in favor of various pairs of Tommy's shorts (or pants that were now shorts, including Tommy's favorite pair of Wranglers) that had been torn along the outer seams to fit over their muscled thighs, and Tommy himself wore a pair of black lycra biking shorts. Their torsos were naked and none of them wore shoes.

They looked, frankly, ridiculous. Like some new wave Village People or the world's smallest Gay Pride parade or something. But it was better than being arrested, or that was what Tommy thought, anyway.

"I'm still not sure this is such a crankin' idea," said Jeff.

"Such the little worrier, aren't you, kid?"

"I wish you'd stop calling me that, Frazz. You're the same age as me."

"Looks," he said with a grin, "can be deceiving."

Chuck had his heavy arm laying across Tommy's new wider shoulders. "How far is this place?"

"Not far. A few blocks."

"Will there be many guys there on a Tuesday night?"

Jeff laughed. "When the hands meet at midnight, it doesn't matter what night it is. The place is packed."

"Why?"

Tommy shrugged. "It's the only place to dance downtown."

As they walked, they drew eyes to them like bees to honey. Even in the darkened streets, their size and shape couldn't be ignored. The streets seemed to shake as they strode the sidewalks, and the deep rumble of their voices shook the trees like thunder. Frazz kept laughing at Chuck's overtly sexual come-ons to both the new recruits, but it was pretty clear that their interest lay mostly in each other and exploring the new bodies they'd been given. Being so huge and powerful made them brash and brave and they kissed and fondled each other openly, joyous in their masculinity and power.

Chuck could feel the club before they saw it. Indeed, all of downtown seemed to roll up the sidewalks except for the deep pulsing bass escaping the darkened building. There was, in fact, a long line out front of various young and not-so-young men. There was every type of man in line, big and small, tall and short, muscled and wiry. Some were smoking, others preened, every one of them trying to look cool and draw attention.

The five of them didn't even have to try.

Tommy and Jeff wandered toward the back of the line as usual until Chuck grabbed them and strode purposely to the door. "We're getting inside," he announced. "Anyone have a problem with that?"

No one said anything, but the dumbstruck silence was broken when one smartass said, "Not if you don't get inside me, first."

"Who said that?" Chuck demanded. A blond kid near the back of the line took a step out and waved his cigarette around in a little circle. "Get your ass up here!" He looked at his gaggle of friends, shrugged, stubbed the butt out under his foot and walked with determination toward the five huge men, and the dark bearded one in front. "What's your name?"

"Barry," he answered.

"Bend over, Barry."

"What?"

"Bend yourself over and show me your ass, Barry." He was unbuttoning his shorts – that pair of Wranglers Tommy loved so much now ripped and torn almost beyond recognition.

"I was only joking."

"I'm not." Chuck unzipped and dug into his crotch.

"Shit," Barry said softly, his eyes going very wide and Chuck extracted his 10-inch snake and started stroking himself to stiffness. "Shit, dude, I was only..."

"You made an offer, Barry." Chuck's monster swelled to a foot long and was growing thicker by the stroke. "I just want to make sure you're satisfied." He moved closer to the kid, who was probably 17 or 18. He was well over a foot taller and looked several dozen pounds heavier than Barry. His dick reached forward in his hand and shoved against Barry's belly, leaving a slick trail of slime on his rayon shirt. "You want to take me on, Barry?"

He licked his lips. "Right here?"

Chuck nodded. "Right now."

But the large man – looking larger even than Frazz, amazingly – standing guard at the door said, "Cool it, boys. Save the fun for the playground inside." Chuck felt another hand on his cock and met the bouncer's eyes with his own.

"No problem," he answered. "Come on, Barry. You're with us." He tucked himself away, not bothering to zip himself inside, and the six of them went inside.

The deep thumping bass hit them in the chest, and it felt good, reminding them how big they were, allowing them to feel their bodies inside and out. The club was hot and wet inside, packed with bodies, and that felt good, too. The sea of skin seemed to part for them as they moved into the dark space, and it wasn't long before every eye was looking in their direction.

"How's it going, Barry?"

"Tom.. Tommy? What the fuck?"

Tommy raised his right arm and bulged his bicep to rounded beauty. "New supplements," he half-lied. "They seem to be working."

"No shit." Barry looked at his face, realizing he had to look up to see it, then he looked down to see he wasn't even wearing shoes but he was inches taller. "Supplements, huh? You look like you must've been working out non-stop all week."

Tommy nodded, not paying close attention. One hand was moving across his own rippled contours, his huge chest and cobbled belly. "Yeah," he said absently, "you could say I've been working out." His other hand was rubbing his crotch slowly, his fingers reaching deeply under. One set of fingers found a nipple and circled it slowly, while the others moved up and under his waistband, disappearing into his bike shorts.

"Uh huh. You feeling all right?"

Tommy looked over, and Barry felt a shock of something hot and wet when their eyes met. "Perfect," he purred. Tommy's eyes moved up and down Barry's bod. "Aren't you hot?" His hands left his own body and Barry found himself being stripped of his shirt. He had a well-trained if thin body, but each muscle could be seen under his thin skin. He was hairless, smooth as a baby, with tiny nipples very dark against his skin. "There," rumbled Tommy, "much better." Then he kissed him.

Barry felt it to his toes. This was no greeting kiss, or even some playful teasing. Tommy was going for it, shoving his tongue into Barry's mouth and kissing him hard and deep.

Frazz nudged Chuck and motioned to the two lip-locked boys with his chin. Chuck clicked his tongue and said, "Don't worry about it, he can't do anything."

"Looks like he's doing something to me."

"I'm talking about..." He made himself swell slightly, his body expanding outward effortlessly about an inch everywhere.

"Cool it, bro."

"You're joking, right? These dudes are so ex'd up they wouldn't notice if I took out both dicks and swallowed `em whole."

"Don't tease," smiled the dark-skinned man.

Chuck pinched Frazz's nipple and tugged him further into the club, moving through the sweating bodies toward the back wall. The booths were all filled, so Chuck pulled Jeff aside (Tommy still looked like he and Barry were getting reacquainted) and asked if he knew anyone they could join.

"You're joking, right? This town is so small, everyone knows everyone. Everyone knows who's fucking who and who's been fucked over."

"Yeah?"

"Where're you from?"

Chuck smiled. "L.A."

Jeff nodded. "Cool. West Hollywood?" Chuck looked at Frazz. Frazz nodded. Chuck nodded, too. "Cool," repeated Jeff. He started looking around and recognized some faces, wondering why they weren't recognizing him. Until he caught sight of his own reflection in a mirror and remembered that he didn't look like he did a few hours ago. "Um, so, how do I explain this?"

"What?"

"The, uh, bigness." He flexed and all his muscles bulged.

Chuck looked at Tommy and his friend. "Barry seems okay with it."

"Barry'd be okay with anything if it kissed him like that."

"I see your point." He folded his arms across his chest. "To tell you the truth, I've never noticed any guy being bothered by it for very long."

"On the other hand," added Frazz, "You end up fucking them before they have a chance, Chuck."

"You have a point, too."

Adam was looking around the room, paying particular attention to the dance floor. "What are they doing?" he asked.

Jeff's eyes widened as he said, "Dancing."

The huge, beautiful boy looked at Jeff. "Why?"

Chuck just laughed and pushed Adam toward the floor. "Go find out," he advised. Adam smiled and walked to the undulating bodies. "Adam! No, uh," Chuck glanced at Jeff and back at Adam. "No, you know..."

"Bigness!" finished Jeff, grinning.

Adam looked a little disappointed, but only for a moment, before he turned and continued toward the dancers.

"It's a good thing he's so beautiful," Jeff observed, "or I'd think he was really weird."

Chuck laughed as a young man, very large and very round, approached them and said, finally, "Jeff? I thought that was you."

"Hey, Moose." He smiled and they hugged. "Before you say anything, um, I've been taking supplements. Or something."

Moose laughed as he nodded. "Yeah. Whatever. Where can I get some of those `supplements'?"

Jeff looked at Chuck, who said, "Go to the source, probably."

Moose offered his hand and Chuck took it. He gave him a small shot of Transform as their skin touched, a whisper of power that would continue to manifest through his body over the next minutes. "I'm Chuck," he said. He wondered how Transform would effect this guy. It grew muscle on top of muscle, inventing the fuel it needed and remaking a man. This guy had a huge surplus of energy stored as fat, literally mounds of it. How big would he get, and how fast? Chuck began to feel a rush of erotic desire to see the young man before him transform, and to feel him do it, but he restrained himself.

For the moment.

Moose's face hardened slightly as they gripped hands, and he tilted his head. "They call me Moose."

"Because you're horny?"

"How original," the fat kid said, but he was smiling. "Come on over, guys. I could use the extra attention – not to mention the castoffs." Frazz's hand was on Chuck's shoulder, holding him back as the others moved away. "Have you been watching our little boy?"

"No," he admitted, looking toward the dance floor, "why?" He immediately saw what Frazz was talking about. "Oh, shit."

To say that Adam had taken to dancing would be like saying a fish had taken to water. Even Chuck, who prided himself on always being the sexiest guy around, found his mouth going dry and his cock going hard watching what the young man who'd never even heard of dancing before walking in the room was doing with his fantastically capable body. Worshipers – and there was no other word to describe the men around him – stood in a circle like a chorus. They were moving with the music, swaying their hips and waving their hands, but their eyes were glued on the young man in the midst of them, and they awaited his beckoning gesture into the circle.

Adam was nothing short of an erotic whirlwind. He had extreme and profound control of his body, and it showed. The music seemed to become part of him, and he was moving so intimately with the flow of the melody and bump and grind of the beat that he looked like he was made of it, like the song flowed in his blood and through his muscles.

His face looked like he had entered some religious ecstasy. His perfect features glowed and the lines of his body shone like metal under the light, slick with sweat and smooth as glass. He was stark naked, and his huge, powerful form moved like sin.

He'd call a man from the circle to him and they would dance with a pornographic purity that looked both extremely dirty and extremely beautiful. Chuck remembered watching Frazz dance, how he'd move in sinuous twists and dip low and move like a snake, but Adam's carnal and utterly sexual movements made him think that the muscular boy was fucking the entire crowd.

And he was clearly enjoying it.

Unfettered by clothing and sinking into the freedom of form that the music gave him, Adam was realizing a purer form of seduction, using his body fully, his hands and arms and legs, his trunk and chest and back, his shoulders and face all together to display his innate and perfect physical beauty to its utmost.

His hands moved along the lines of his muscles, he gripped himself and bent forward and backwards. His arms stretched wide, his muscles bulging along every inch. He shook and

shimmied, he twisted and jumped and spun, he moved slowly when he wanted to, his eyes catching every man in the room, and then spun like a top and seemed almost to float.

Then a man was on his knees in front of Adam, his torso pumping, and Adam came to him and slid his dick down the man's throat. He face-fucked him in perfect time to the deep bass beats, holding his head in his hand and cumming a heavy load that spilled down the man's chest. He pulled the man to his feet and kissed his mouth, licking his lips clean of cum and then beckoned another man forward, offering his muscled and perfect ass and welcomed the man inside, no doubt gifting him with the tightest, most wonderful assfuck he'd ever experienced.

And on and on, again and again, sucking and being sucked, fucking and being fucked, stroking himself, caressing himself, locked in embrace, kissing and sucking and dancing like the devil.

"I have to say," growled Frazz, "the boy has talent."

"If you were being truthful," Chuck replied, "you'd say he has several."

"We haven't had a chance to discuss the plan, here."

Chuck was grinning, his arms folded across his chest, watching Adam seducing the whole room. "What makes you think I have a plan?"

"I mean, are we taking a few home? Are we picking out a favorite? Are you going to stand out there in your birthday suit and start spraying the room with your magic hoses and change everyone into giant muscle fuckers all at once?"

Chuck glanced over. "The thought had occurred to me." Frazz noticed Chuck's shoulder muscles flexing and looked down to see that he had his monster tool out, again, and was stroking himself leisurely.

"You're joking."

"Only mostly." He turned and kissed the dark man's mouth. "But it would be something to see, wouldn't it?"

"Indeed, lover." He kissed him back.

When they rejoined Tommy and Jeff at Moose's table, there were half a dozen other guys standing around with bald looks of hunger and desire on their faces. They were too far back to see what Adam was doing, but they had sure as hell noticed Jeff and Tommy, and now that Chuck and Frazz were joining the tableau, looking like two more beautiful



teenaged bodybuilders – not to mention the fact that Chuck's huge prick was in his hand and looking very ready for action – the attention intensified greatly. "Gentlemen," greeted Chuck with his throaty growl.

"Hey," said one, nodding. But his eyes were focused downward. "You need any help with that?"

"Does it look like I need help?"

He looked up, finally. "Not at all."

Chuck looked at him. He was shirtless and well muscled. He had a dark beauty mark on his arm, above his bicep, and a triangle of hair on his chest. It was dark back there, but his eyes looked like black holes. Soft whiskers coated his chin and cheeks, but his neck was smooth shaven. "What's your name?"

"His name's Dick," volunteered Moose. "And he's well-named."

"That a fact? Dick?"

The young man nodded. "I'm usually the biggest guy in the room." He flickered his glance down again. "Usually."

"What's your last name?"

He smiled. "Long."

"You're fucking me."

"I'd love to."

"Take a seat." The next approached. He was handsome, and older than the kids they'd met. Hell, he looked like he was 40 if he was a day. He carried himself like a guy who'd been there and done that, and he spoke with his lips, leaning forward and kissing Chuck's mouth soft and wet before pushing his tongue in and really showing him his talents. He had salt and pepper hair and a small mouth with full lips topped by a thick brush of a mustache. His eyes looked gray and his skin was deeply tanned. His hands were on Chuck's ass like magic, one slipping around to grip Chuck's firm cock and start stroking him with smooth, firm jerks.

Chuck liked him immediately. He heard Moose's voice again. "Say hello to John." Chuck parted mouths and met the man's penetrating gaze. "Hello, John," he growled.

"Shut up and kiss me," he replied. They pressed bodies together and Chuck felt the man's trained form. He was slightly soft around the middle, and spent too much time on his arms and not enough on his back, but he had definite possibilities.

Meanwhile, Frazz was being entertained by two more applicants. One was sucking the black-skinned mans prodigious dick and the other was tonguing his ass. Needless to say, Frazz was butt naked and his face showed that he was certainly enjoying himself.

"Certainly... a... friendly... place," he managed to say between gasps.

Moose laughed. "Oh, yeah, we do our best to make everyone feel welcome." There was a sudden roar from the direction of the dance floor, and Tommy, Jeff, Moose and Dick climbed on top of their chairs to see what was going on. "Fuck me!" Chuck didn't like the sound of that, so he disengaged from John and expanded himself slightly taller (without thinking of what he was doing) to see over the crowd.

And there was Adam, muscled and naked and perfect, looking somewhat larger himself, and literally cumming on the assembled crowd. He had his massive dick in his hand, his hips were bucking to the music, his head pivoted back and forth on his neck, his face lit with a dick- hardening smile and he was emptying his never-empty balls across the exposed chests and into the open mouths of the men around him. A thick, white stream was fountaining from him and it was clear that this wasn't just cream he was spurting, because as Chuck watched he could already see some of those guys starting to get bigger.

A lot bigger.

# 12

Lieutenant Jay Lee Curtis was unusually large. He had always been unusually large and, he knew, would always likely be unusually large. It was a good thing, then, that he enjoyed it so much. He had not always enjoyed it so much.

At 12, when puberty hit, it hit him hard. He had shin splints and growing pains like no one else had. His body went through changes no one could have predicted and no one could explain – at least no one in his hometown in the middle of nowhere, Nebraska. An All-American boy, he started out like the other boys he played baseball with in back lots and green fields, brown hair, blue eyes, gangly and full of energy. He was an only child, which would end up being a good thing for his parents because there was no way they could afford to keep him fed and any other growing children assuming they were all going to end up like Jay Lee.

Because when Jay Lee turned 12, that was when Jay Lee stopped being like every other boy. Every other boy also started going through his own change from child to adult, of course. Hair grew in new places, voices cracked, muscles developed, balls dropped. They developed a more than passing interest in their dicks and what they could do with them beside pee, in most cases they started to notice the opposite sex in more interesting ways as well. Jay Lee discovered an interest in, well, everybody. His hunger, like his body, would not obey the usual laws and wanted more.

Much more.

The other boys' bodies started to develop slowly. Jay Lee's body seemed to be developing overnight, and then it just kept on going. He was in pain a lot at first, feeling it in his muscles and bones like a hard, shining hurt that kept him in bed for weeks at a time. When he felt good enough to get out of bed, he was inches or even a whole foot taller than when he lay down.

At 14 he was 6 feet tall, even. He was thin as a rail and weak as a kitten. Then he started eating, and things turned around. His body responded to the nourishment and energy by filling out and allowing him to start playing baseball again. And football. And track and field. And swimming and diving. His body started performing above and beyond the call of duty, and the harder he trained the better it responded.

Then he discovered weight training and things took off in an all-new direction. Two years later, sixteen years of age and 6-foot 6-inches high, Jay Lee started pushing around weights and within a year had increased his weight from 185 to 255 pounds, and he was still rising like bread dough.

At eighteen, as his friends pulled out of their puberties and settled into their changed bodies, 6-foot 10-inch Jay Lee Curtis, star of every sport and fantasy of every girl (and

more than a few guys), found that his body wasn't quite done yet. But things were getting difficult around his little hometown.

For one thing, he was a freak. His body was a mass of muscle, so strong and powerful that he could kill a man with his bare hands. He accidentally ripped off car doors. He was shoving trees from the ground by leaning against them. He was ripping through his clothes and outgrowing his shoes. He was breaking desks and lockers and walls at school. His weight had increased to over 300 pounds and it didn't look like it was going to stop.

His muscles weren't the only things growing abnormally large, either.

All the aspects of his manhood were experiencing extraordinary development, and extraordinary strength. When his hormones were acting overtime, he split open the zippers of his pants and shredded his underwear.

He had no control over what his body was doing, of course. Raging hormones meant that his brain might start to daydream and send a message downstairs and before he knew it, his erection was painfully shoving against his pants with so much sheer force and need that he couldn't stop it. In fact, the feeling of its strength and stiffness made him more anxious still and it wasn't long before he was wearing sweatpants instead of jeans just so the crotch could stretch enough to conceal his hugeness as it climbed toward his muscled chest.

"You gotta be careful boy," his momma taught him. "Be gentle and kind, and don't hurt anyone." And he would say, "Yes, momma," and work out his aggressions on the field, or by lifting even more weight – and getting even bigger. His masculinity made him overly aggressive and he recognized the danger and sought to manage it, but it was hard.

His momma didn't know what to do, but Jay Lee did. He knew there was one place he could be all that he could be, one place that taught discipline and restraint. He joined the army.

And that was how, shortly afterwards, he found himself reporting to General Sherman Lassiter and attached, at the age of 21, to Main Office as a Lieutenant – there were no Privates at Main Office.

He'd always been an obedient boy, and the army taught him discipline and regimentation. His aggressive tendencies, when they manifested, were channeled in constructive ways. Building barracks, driving tanks, firing guns and, maybe his favorite pastime, wrestling. It was during one of these wrestling sessions, as he was overpowering one after another of his fellow soldiers, that he came under Lassiter's watchful gaze.

One could hardly help noticing Jay Lee. The wrestling tights did little to mask his enormity, and watching that body strain and flex, its muscles bulge and twist, was a lesson in anatomy no one could easily forget. He'd take on two or three other guys at a time and he still outmatched them. His size and strength drove others in his regiment to

develop themselves just to keep up, but there was no way they could. He had a genetic advantage over them, and his body would react to the intense training and continual muscle building by just getting larger and larger.

When the team developing what would eventually become Transform needed the seed of that serum, part of it was Jay Lee's DNA samples that started them down the path. He didn't know this – nor did he know that his meals at Main Office were sometimes spiked with extra enhancements that kept him growing stronger, bigger and taller until now, as he set down the phone receiver after his commanding officer had told him to 'make himself scarce,' he stood seven feet, two inches tall, weighed nearly 400 pounds and could easily bench press 1,200 pounds. Each arm was 32 inches around. His waist was only 38 inches, but his chest neared 80 inches – nearly as big around as he was tall. His shoulders would make it hard to function outside Main Office. He'd literally break apart doorways.

His neck was massive, and the traps that fell away from that cabled tree trunk were equally impressive. His body changed nearly every morsel of food he put into it into rock-hard, steel-solid muscular might.

Jay Lee wasn't just physically imposing, either. He was also one smart son of a bitch. He knew that orders direct from Lassiter meant more than the words spoken. He'd seen enough around Main Office – enough guys who looked a little like him, enough men in smocks poking and prodding and sticking needles in his ass and arm and thigh, enough times standing naked in empty rooms facing a wall of mirrors behind which, no doubt, more men in smocks stood before machines and dials measuring who knows what about him – that when he was told to disappear, it wasn't so he would not see something... or someone.

It was so they would not see him.

He was hard to miss. As he grew taller and broader, his face seemed somehow to retain the youth he'd missed. When everything else started morphing into the behemoth he was now, somehow all that growth and change had missed his facial features entirely. He could grow a beard of course, developing a heavy dark gathering of stiff bristles almost overnight. But his eyes were clear, his skin smooth and unlined, his mouth almost perpetually turned up into a smile when he was not at attention.

The rest of him was as remarkably youthful, which would not ordinarily be surprising for a 21-year-old man. But his skin showed none of the stretch marks that such fast and phenomenal growth would ordinarily manifest. His body looked as if it was perfectly normal for a man to grow as big as him – indeed, he made other men his age look older and undeveloped no matter how fit and muscular they were in comparison.

He was at his post when the call came, and he left it immediately, replaced by another recruit he knew named Chad Jefferson, and he saluted and moved quickly down the hallway to his quarters, the heavy muscles of his chest bouncing and swaying as he jogged. His face was determined and his eyes scanned the halls as he moved, but he saw no one before opening the door to the room he shared with Jason, who was sitting on his bunk reading.

He sat up immediately seeing the look on Jay Lee's face. "Something up?"

Jay shut the door and placed his broad back against it. "I've been ordered to make myself scarce."

Jason's mouth cocked into a grin. He was Asian, Philippino, with dark smooth skin and dark sparkling eyes. He was wearing his skivvies – a pair of olive drab boxers with an open fly and a matching tank top. His army ID hung over the scooped neck, poised above the deep separation between the globes of his chest. Jason was much smaller than Jay Lee, standing only six-and-a-half feet tall. He'd been subjected to some of the same tests as his roommate and shared some of his meals. Since joining Main Office, he'd grown half a foot taller and gained dozens of pounds of solid meat on his lanky frame. "Really?" He moved to stand, setting his book aside. "As luck would have it, I'm off duty until 0400."

Jay Lee took a step forward. "I know." He was unbuttoning his shirt.

Maddox was buttoning up his shirt. True to Lassiter's word, he had not been Transformed even a little bit. He'd experienced first-hand some of the sexual and erotic powers the man across the room from him possessed, from the overwhelming sensual pleasure of the Touch to the libido-driving aromatic eroticism of the Scent, as well as the man's supremely enhanced body with its unnatural strength and flexibility, Maddox felt like he'd just been through a new kind of school teaching lessons no one ever dreamed up before.

Jerry was naked and glorious, his huge body slick with sweat, every mound of muscle and deep valet between gleaming with sharp contrasts under the harsh light in the room. His chest rose and fell with each breath, expanding and contracting along every cabled mass of power. His cobblestone stomach was moving, too, clearly showing the strength he possessed in every inch of his body, strength he totally controlled. His face was smooth and tanned and wet, and his mouth was parted into a smile of intense beauty. "Thanks, Scott," he said, his tone a deep rumble but now without any of the power of the Voice that could shake a man to his foundations and make him start cumming buckets with a single word.

"You're welcome, Dr. Lassiter," he answered. Then he chuckled, noting that the man's huge prick was already drooling again, hungry for more. "I thought you could control that," he said, nodding at the prodigious tool.

Jerry's smile increased. "If I want to," he answered. He moved his hand down his body and started stroking very slowly, spreading the wealth of thick honey along his firm inches. "It's just that watching you get dressed is a turn on, Scott."

"It's supposed to be the other way around."

Jerry shrugged, his massive shoulders building into mountains of twisting muscle. "But I know what's underneath, and I can look forward to seeing you reveal it all again. So I imagine your beauty hidden behind that thin cloth covering, and I think about tearing it off your body with my hands and getting at you." His large hand was leisurely moving up and down the fat length of his thickly veined monster. The helmet bloomed and the shaft swelled.

"Vivid," he said, feeling aroused himself but setting his mind back at the course it needed to be on now. "We need to get started."

Lassiter's body started morphing, the muscles growing, his cock extending, his whole form expanding with beauty and strength. "Say when." He was becoming intensely beautiful, irresistibly so. His features perfecting into the semblance of a man almost too awesome to look at, with piercing blue eyes and reddish brown hair. His jaw squared and jutted, and a soft shadow of whiskers crept across it.

"I mean with the assignment, Jerry." He watched the man's body growing and felt a tugging toward him. He was releasing sex scent into the room. "Please, Jer, there'll be plenty of time later." He felt himself breaking out in a sweat.

"Spoilsport," the mammoth beauty pouted. But the scent was pulled back and Jerry's body solidified into one approximately the size and shape of Scott's own, with a beauty only slightly superhuman. He stood up and went over to a desk that had a single drawer, pulling it open and extracting what looked like a small coin made of shiny plastic. He shook the circle in his fingers and it fell open into a wadded collection of wrinkled material, looking like a used condom.

He examined the packet, finding an opening of some sort and lifted his leg, sticking his foot into the material and started pulling it across his leg and up, further, as it covered his privates and ass.

"Slick," Scott admired.

"Not my invention," Jerry admitted. The material stretched, covering him finally in a sheath of shimmering white that hugged his form like a second skin. "The shirt I wore was made of the same stuff. Some sort of amazing polymer that can feel like any

material, but crumples into a very small size." He took out two more of the coin-shaped discs, these looking like quarters or half-dollars, and clothed his muscular form in another set of jeans and a T-shirt that fit him perfectly. Scott realized that Jerry could morph his body to fit any set of clothing perfectly, but these clothes looked like they were working the other way around.

"Why not just wear Levi's and JC Penney?"

"Because Levi's and JC Penney shirts don't do this." He started growing again, filling up his side of the room, quickly expanding upwards and outwards, swelling by the foot and the clothing stretched itself to contain him. His voice boomed, "And it feels like I'm not wearing anything at all. Which is how I prefer things now."

"Of course," Scott nodded. And then Jerry was shrinking down again and approached him. Scott stood there as Jerry applied his soft lips to Scott's open mouth and slid his talented tongue inside. A heat built through Maddox's body as his desire literally enflamed, and he felt the powerful man's hand on his ass, gripping him roughly.

The most difficult part of this mission was very likely to be keeping his hands off this guy for more than 10 minutes. And there was no time like the present to start practicing. "The dossier," he said, breaking the embrace and reaching for the folder.

Jerry's smile spoke volumes. He knew how hard Scott was. How could he help it, he'd pressed his muscled form so close to Maddox he could probably tell how many hairs were on his chest. "Of course."

Scott broke the seal and opened the file.

Jason gasped, his body slick with sweat and smelling extra funky. The two young men had been entertaining themselves on the floor for the last 20 minutes and it was the first chance he had to get any air without his face shoved into Jay Lee's armpit.

It started normally enough, the two men kissing, exploring, fondling and caressing but suddenly it turned into something between fucking and wrestling, sometimes one or the other and sometimes both but all of it very physical and strenuous.

"Fuck, dude," Jason said between breaths, "what's up?"

Jay Lee's eyes flashed and his smile was less sexy than hungry, a slit across his youthful face with a deep dimple on one side. "What?"

"You're... fuck, dude, you're wild! I thought we were just going to have a little fun and suddenly I'm fucking fighting just to stay alive."



"Too rough?" Jason often thought that if a bear could talk, he'd sound like Jay Lee. That deep rumble that was not so much a voice and a feeling. His bunkmate's body was a dark matting of hair, all his dark curls plastered to his skin by sweat. Runnels of perspiration trailed along his thick neck and ran like rivers along the valleys between the mountain range on his stomach.

"No, dude, it's never too rough. You oughtta know that by now." Jason's smile now sparked with that same hunger, like an animal bearing his teeth at a meal.

Jay Lee scrubbed his fingers against the burr of hair on his head then stretched his mammoth frame wide. All his muscles twisted and bulged against each other. "Dunno, Jase. I feel like... something. Know what I mean?"

Jay Lee was never the most verbose of men. "Not exactly."

"I feel something. Something inside. Up here," he said, knocking a knuckle against his temple, "and here," he dug his fingers through the wet fur on his chest, "and here, especially." Then his hand grabbed his ample tool, so big it spilled through his grip and its shiny skin gleamed. His mighty snake was still half-stiff, the knobby head red and round, his heavy, hairy balls dropping solidly between his muscled thighs.

Jason bent his hands behind his neck, his eyes focused on his friend's hugeness. "Something?"

Jay Lee nodded. "It's weird. Been feeling it for a couple of days, now. It's like... mmm, like heat or heaviness. Maybe both. Like I'm made of metal and there's a magnet somewhere pulling me to it. Like I'm heavier than normal, like I can feel every fiber of muscle vibrating like guitar strings or... what?" He noticed that Jason was stifling a laugh and then realized what he'd been saying, and how stupid it sounded.

"Dude, you need some leave."

"No. I'll show you what I need." Jay Lee leaned forward and reached out, hooking his paw around Jason's neck and pulling their mouths together. Then he pulled harder and they were tangled up again, naked and strong, shoving and pulling and thrusting against each other so rough and loud that the floor shook.

"Anything fun?" Jerry's voice sounded excited. He was approaching this like it was a movie and he was Bruce Willis – or more appropriate for his size, Arnold Schwarzenegger. He was a secret spy with a secret mission, full of fun and adventure. He was sitting on the bed, back propped against the wall, one leg bent.

One of Scott's eyebrows arched as he scanned the pages. "Interesting, at least. Fun?" He flipped another page. "Maybe." He pulled out a brown envelope and tossed it across the room. Jerry caught it in midair and slit the seal with his thumb, spilling a set of black and white glossies across his blanket.

He whistled a slow note as the images revealed themselves. "Looks like we're not the only ones playing god," he said. The pictures were less than sharp and not very pretty, but it was perfectly clear what they showed. Huge men. Huge, and hugely muscled. There were views from behind as they stood at what looked like attention, hands clasped behind their broad backs, wide shoulders stretching by the yard, legs set apart. There were six of them, and they looked almost exactly alike. Another picture from the side, showing fat chests and flat stomachs. They were naked, and their bodies were hairless and smooth.

Then two shots from the front, and Jerry quirked a grin. "This is unusual. By choice or accident, do you think?" He flipped the picture around to show Scott the picture of the men and they had no dicks or balls at all. "I should think that would solve the problem of running around in the altogether." Scott grunted agreement. Jerry looked at another picture showing two of the men grappling with each other, bent nearly to the ground and apparently wrestling, their thick muscles bulging so large they looked like they'd jump right through the skin. Jerry swore he felt the wall behind him shudder, almost as if the men were wrestling somewhere in the building.

"Oh, fuck." Jason lifted himself out of the three-foot wide dent he'd just put in the wall. Jay Lee looked surprised and a little ashamed and stood back, panting hard.

"Who are they?"

Scott was still studying the file. "Coalition of some sort. Russian, mostly, at least the geneticists are. The men are European, Czech and Hungarian. A Greek. Italian. Then two Russians, or maybe Belasarian. They're using what they call pure breeds, as if there were such a thing."

Jerry nodded. "Genetically, I suppose, you could check for clues in the matrices. But I would think that would be detrimental to the final product. Our research showed that mixing genetic make-up was much more successful. Then again, we discovered that by accident after the guys started... to... well..."

"Fuck each other," commented Scott, smiling.

"Yes." He looked at a couple more images, his brow furrowing. "Curious," he said.

Maddox twisted around, looking at Lassiter. "What?"

Their eyes met. "Well, your file indicates that they were looking for pure genetic models. But look at the men."

He did. He shrugged. "They all look big and strong."

"Yes, but they also all look identical." Then the whole room shook, and this time even Scott felt it.

"Shit, Jay! Settle down!"

"Why?" He was bent low, hands out, ready to strike again.

"Because you're destroying the fucking walls, shithead!"

"They'll build more." He shot forward.

"You feel that?"

Scott nodded.

"Should we go see what's what?"

Scott nodded again.

The building shook again, and as they exited Lassiter's quarters, a group of MPs jagged past them along the hallway, pistols drawn. Scott and Jerry exchanged a look and followed them.

Jason cringed and felt his back crack. Jay Lee was no longer playing. Jason had his elbow against the bigger man's neck, his other hand trying to hold Jay Lee's wrist. The look in his friend's eyes was fierce, feral and primal. Veins stood out on his forehead and his whole muscular body was pumped hard and fat with power. "Jay Lee!" he shouted. "Jay! Stop!"

There was a buzzing in Jay Lee's head. His vision had gone red. Something was awake inside him he'd kept caged until now. It had been growing more powerful over the past few days, and now it was too strong to control. It wanted blood and power and to show its strength. He couldn't hear Jason's cries, could not see his friend so much as feel him there, his skin and muscle and bone fighting against him.

The door burst open and half a dozen men crowded into the room, surrounding the two naked forms in a semi-circle, their firearms cocked and pointed. Jason began shouting at them instead of at his foe, yelling, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" as he began to lose his struggle.

Then another form entered the room, and as he came inside, he seemed to get bigger. He wore a white T-shirt that clung to him so his skin looked like it was white, and he had more muscle than even Jay Lee possessed. His clear, deep voice cut through the emotions and confusion as he said, quite calmly, "Excuse me, gentlemen." Then, just as calmly, his hand settled on Jay Lee's slicked shoulder and, with evident ease, he pulled the 7-foot 2-inch bear of a man off Jason and tossed him across the room where his bulk made another deep divot in the concrete walls.

Jay Lee turned his attention to a new target, and he lunged forward.

As Jason watched dumbfounded, the man simply grew even larger and surrounded Jay Lee's mammoth frame in his well-muscled arms – muscles that seemed to swarm and multiply as he held him. Jay Lee was putting up a tremendous struggle, maddened by something, but the other man who looked to be the same age as Jay stood rock solid and completely collected.

Finally, another man entered, surveyed the scene, approached the lead MP and said something quietly to him. The MP nodded once, made a gesture Jason immediately translated as meaning 'we're getting the fuck out of here' and the six gun-toting strongarms left the room, leaving him, the new man, his roommate and the biggest fucking dude he'd ever seen in his life.

"What's your name?"

"Jason," he answered, assuming an attention stance automatically at the man's tone. "Lieutenant Jason Fortaleza." He wore no stripes or chevrons, but it was clear this was a man in charge of something. Hell, even if he was just in charge of King Kong then the man was impressive enough.

"Get some clothes on." Jason saluted and looked around the shambles of his quarters for his uniform. The man then turned to King Kong and said, "I see you've got things under control."

The huge man seemed to swell again, but maybe it was just that his huge body was bulging in its attempt to control Jay Lee's apparent madness. "No problem, Scott." He smiled and winked. Whoever the guy was, he certainly didn't know protocol.

The man he called Scott winked back, but he wasn't smiling. As Jason pulled his pants on, Scott turned his attention back to him. "What happened."

"I..."

"Keep dressing."

"Yes, sir. The Lieutenant and I were... um... we were..."

"Wrestling?"

"Yes, sir. Wrestling, sir. Practicing, sir."

"I see." A slight grin met his lips.

"Yes, sir. And the Lieutenant started taking things more... seriously than I intended. Sir."

Scott glanced at the ruins of the room, and the deep dents in the surrounding walls, the broken bunk and chair. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, sir. You have to be pretty rough on me to do any real damage, sir."

"In the Program, Lieutenant Fortaleza?"

"Yes, sir." Jason's attention was drawn to the big man, who turned suddenly. King Kong's eyebrows arched, but he said nothing. Scott merely nodded. "Lieutenant Curtis and I have been bunking for about a year. He's never... never gone that far before."

Jay Lee was still struggling but there was no way to resist the huge man's embrace. He leaned his mouth down to Jay Lee's ear and whispered something, and this seemed to still him somewhat. Then King Kong said, "He's okay," and released him.

Jay Lee bent down, resting his hands on his knees, back bent and slightly crouched. He was breathing hard and his eyes were closed. From behind, his wide back seemed to shake slightly and Jason thought he heard sobbing. He glanced at Scott who nodded and he said, "Jay? Hey, Jay? You okay?"

A deep rumble of a voice answered. "Yeah." This was followed by a snorting snuffle.

"I'm okay, too, Jay." Then his friend straightened and turned, standing at attention and only faltering slightly at the site of Dr. Lassiter's hulking frame. The man was eight feet

tall if he was an inch. Jay Lee had never met anyone larger than himself, and he felt weirdly weak and off-balance for a moment.

"Sorry, sir," he reported to Jerry. "I don't know what... what came over me."

Jerry folded his arms across his chest and nodded back towards Scott. "He's `sir.' I'm just Jerry."

"Yes, sir." Jerry laughed slightly, always amused at the military mind, and stepped out of the way, leaning his bulk against the wall near one of the cavities Jay Lee made with Jason's body. The naked man and the half-naked man stood at attention as Jerry leisured and Scott stood looking from one to the other. He knew what was coming next, and he simply stood waiting for it.

It happened about a minute later as General Sherman entered the room, bringing an air of power and officiousness with him. The two lieutenants straightened even stiffer, if that was possible, while Jerry remained leaning against the wall (was Jason imagining things or was the man now only as tall as Jay Lee?) and Scott offered a salute to his commanding officer. "I see someone has been playing too hard," he said. No one answered. "An explanation, please?"

Jason started to open his mouth, but Scott answered first. "Just testing limits, Major. I think these two young men might need more exercise and less desk time." Sherman did not look amused, but neither did Scott.

"Looks like they're getting plenty of exercise to me," Jerry volunteered.

"Thank you for your insights, Doctor. You're excused. Your help was appreciated."

Jerry looked at Jay Lee intently for a moment, straightened and left the room. Jason felt a trickle of sweat between his butt cheeks and licked his lips. Jay Lee looked stunned. He wouldn't meet Jason's gaze.

Sherman approached Jay Lee. It looked absurd that the huge man was intimidated by the small, portly, somewhat pathetic looking figure. But Jason had met that man's eyes more than once and knew the effect they could have. "Explain yourself, Lieutenant."

"Sir. I came off duty as ordered and returned to my quarters." He stopped, lips parted, clearly unsure how to continue.

"I'm waiting."

"Sir. Lieutenant Fortaleza and I decided to make best use of the available time and... conduct... practice... Sir, Lieutenant Fortaleza and I..."

Maddox broke in. "I believe it would be best if you refrained from too many details of your off-duty time, Curtis. The General understands that even the army allows a man some privacy."

"This is Main Office, Major Maddox," Sherman answered, not turning. "There is no privacy here."

Maddox raised an eyebrow and said, "Very well. Please continue Lieutenant. And I suggest you leave no details out, and remember that you are a member of the Program and replacing you is not as easy as..."

"Enough, Maddox!" Sherman did turn, then, and the two men seemed to have some silent war between them and Jason was unsure of whom he was more intimidated by.

"Yes, sir," Maddox answered at last. But he looked anything but rebuked.

Sherman kept his unblinking gaze on the man for a heartbeat and then turned back to Jay Lee, who still stood naked and at attention. Not one of his huge muscles had moved a millimeter. "Get dressed and report to my office, Lt. Curtis. Immediately."

"Yes, sir."

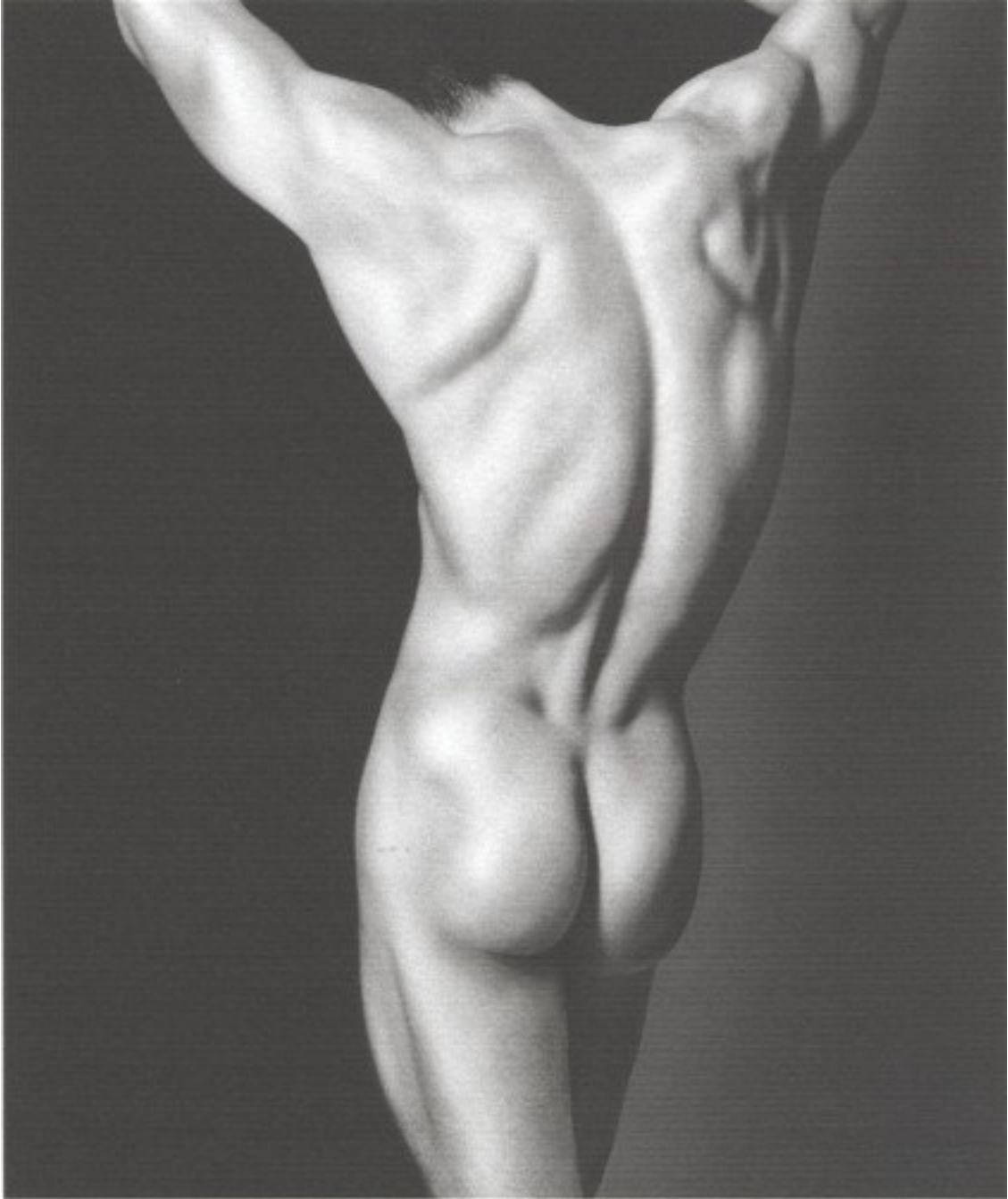
Without a backwards glance, Sherman vacated. The two junior officers stayed at attention, though, until Maddox said, "At ease," quietly and took a deep breath. The two young men relaxed slightly and looked at him. Maddox knew they were both wondering who he was, and why he was here, and how big his balls must be to take on Sherman so easily. But all he did was smile.

"Lt. Curtis, I suggest you get dressed quickly and report to the General." Jay Lee was immediately in motion. Maddox looked at Jason, his eyes narrowing slightly. "Are you still off duty, Jason?" He was taken aback at being addressed informally, but he nodded. "Get your shirt and follow me, please."

"Sir, I..."

"It's not an order, Lieutenant, if that makes it easier."

Jason smiled. "Yes, sir." He grabbed his shirt and followed Scott from the room.



13

"Holy fuck!"



"In a manner of speaking." Chuck stood there, staring across the room toward the brightly lit dance floor. All action had come to a sudden stop except for the center of that space where Adam, in all his perfect splendor and awesome beauty and overwhelming muscular size and power, stood with his feet set wide apart, his huge hard prick in his hands, a look of complete and utter pleasure on his beautiful face and a smile as wide and bright as the sun as he continued spraying his unending and super-charged load of hot, creamy cum across the dozens of young men surrounding him.

The music continued to pump its deep rhythmic bass that seemed to pass through their bones and Adam continued to sway and jerk and thrust to the beat, losing none of his ultra sexual dance moves even as he stood there pumping a fountain of thick spunk onto the exposed – and now expanding – muscle and flesh of the young, beautiful, gay men that were now becoming increasingly huge and beautiful as each deep bass beat thumped across the room.

"We should do something," Frazz said softly, clearly in awe of what he was watching.

"Probably," agreed Chuck, swallowing hard and feeling his own ample dick starting to feel very hot and hungry indeed.

Because what was happening was beyond belief, almost beyond reality. Adam clearly was holding back somewhat, since no one had as yet sprouted another dozen feet taller and shot through the ceiling. What was happening, instead, was that every man on the dance floor within reach of Adam's fountain – and it had quite a reach – was suddenly swelling with massive, round bulges of muscle. They were not expanding by the foot, grown suddenly too huge to fit within the room and rising through the roof, but instead they seemed to be suddenly replaced by more perfect versions of who they were, grown larger certainly but not gIGEntic. Instead, the young men seemed to reach a similar height and then stop. There were variations of appearance and thickness, and it was apparent that some of these guys were where Joe had been when Chuck had Transformed him, still inside the cage of puberty and now breaking through those bars and attaining a form of perfect beauty and muscular power awesome to behold.

Chuck watched it happen over and over. A young man, dark brown hair, thin build, hairless, his arms over his head, his mouth open and shouting, his body slick with sweat would suddenly expand outward as Adam's seed touched him, swelling like a balloon, one moment the stringy youth he was and the next moment sprouting curls on his massive chest, his neck thick, his shoulders bulging, the arms over his head now overflowing with fat balls of power. His white skin darkened to gold, his flat belly now rippled with a prominent six pack, his lats unfolding like wings, his whole frame stretching suddenly inches taller and there he was, not the young boy but now the young man, the beautiful, perfect, muscular young man whipping out his own huge, fat, long dick and stroking himself until he was unloading on those around him – and anyone left untouched by Adam's muscle fuel found that this young muscle man's cum was changing them, too.

It was a chain reaction that just kept going, rippling outward like a stone thrown into a pool, and heads were growing taller, shoulders growing wider, chests expanding out and swelling into broad, thick globes with dark round nipples sitting at the far edge of all that prime meat. Dark forests of body fur climbed across some of those muscled contours, more thick curls growing out of deep pits and valleys between mountains of power. Pants and shirts ripped themselves apart, unable to withstand the muscular growth occurring everywhere now. Adonises and Samsons and Herculesees sprouting like mushrooms, growing more muscular by the second, a rippling tide of masculine beauty and purified power swelling outward and upward to fill the room.

The mass of muscle kept expanding outward through the crowd. Men were blossoming into huge muscular monsters closer to Chuck now, and he watched the cables of power swell into being under the slick, gleaming skin of young men near him. They were tearing through their shirts, bursting seams and expanding outward with more and more muscular power. Shoulders swelled and split into distinct lobes. Biceps bulged like balloons, overrun with branches of veins pumping them larger stills. Chests bloomed with brawn, swelling huge and round and thick, capped with round, perfect nipples with fat little caps begging a tongue bath. Necks stretched and widened, waists narrowed and hardened, soft bellies were suddenly hard cobblestone streets with rock-hard six packs. Forests of dark curls erupted across those rippling bodies, dusting the gleaming flesh with soft, manly fur.

And they were kissing and groping, licking and caressing, stroking and sucking. Everywhere he looked, Chuck saw couples and threesomes and foursomes and fivesomes, powerful muscled limbs pulling more into the mass embrace. The place stank of sex. Strings and pools of the powerful transforming cum coated the men's skin and they drank up the power and grew more sexually charged, more sensually aware, more powerful still. Their bodies had been transformed into perfect sexual machines of powerful muscular perfection and they fed on each other's creamy white fuel.

Chuck heard something, a deep growl, a heavy moan, and he looked over at Moose and his mouth fell open.

The guy's body seemed to be rippling. His meaty hands were tearing his own shirt open because before him, together, stood Tommy and Jeff. They'd been improved by Adam's flood and could now improve others, and they stood in naked glory stroking their long dicks with smooth, easy, leisurely caresses, their balls drooping and churning with their heavy loads and they released themselves across Moose's huge form, and their powerful cum soaked into his shirt and through it, to his skin and drilled into his muscle and began to turn the food of his fat into hard, bulging power.

He was shrinking and growing simultaneously, his round heavy tits lifting up and then growing outward as they filled with muscle. His fat belly seemed to suck inward toward his rib cage and then solidify and swell with huge abdominals so deeply carved that they looked like a carton of eggs. Chuck's mouth hung open as he watched the metamorphosis

of this young man from what he had been to what he would be from now on, and it was an amazing display.

Everything was changing very quickly. His sagging skin gripped onto his burgeoning muscle and grew sleek and gleaming. He was sweating profusely, his body literally drenched with wetness as it expanding all that energy he was storing to build his muscles into mountains of brawn. His chest was rising and falling as he sucked in air, his eyes closed and his mouth open, stretched out in his chair and now stretching outward as his skeleton expanded to be able to accommodate all that he was growing.

Because he was getting huge, bigger than any of the other guys going through this mass muscle growth. Whether that was because of the personal attention that Tommy and Jeff were paying to him, or the fact that his body was packing enormous quantities of energetic fuel Chuck had no idea, but as he approached the size and thickness of the others around him, he didn't stop.

He just kept going.

Seeing what was happening, Jeff and Tommy exchanged looks and kept feeding their friend what he so obviously needed. How big would he get? How much muscle could a man have? They didn't know the extent of Chuck's magnificent body and had no idea that a man could get that big, and watching it happened was making them more excited than ever and the flow of their cream increased as they willed their changed bodies to do as they asked, pumping Moose's already huge frame to ever larger dimensions.

Frazz nudged Chuck and waggled his eyebrows, clearly impressed with what was happening around them. Chuck felt a hand on his ass and assumed it was Frazz, but turning he was suddenly looking into the face of a youthful beauty who was changing as Chuck watched, his body swelling outward by the inch as the Transformation process continued. The kid locked lips with Chuck and shoved his hand down the larger man's shorts, popping his fly and stroking the monster inside.

Suddenly, hands were everywhere on Chuck's body, stroking and caressing and demanding him to join the orgiastic frenzy of man sex and muscle growth.

Chuck's mind reached out to Frazz, connecting easily to convey his thoughts about their current situations. ::Don't go ballistic yet, lover. We need to contain this if we can to where it already is.::

::Why?:: From the tone of his reply, Chuck could tell that Frazz was also becoming fully engaged in the sensual bliss all around them and was finding it hard to resist letting go of everything and going on all out muscle assault on the dozens of beautiful young men surrounding them. Waves of sexual hunger and satisfaction came through with the words, and though he couldn't see his friend he knew that the guy was being pleased in a manner that neither had experienced since The Sharing.

::Just to be on the safe side. I don't know what would happen, or what has happened, to these guys. Adam isn't exactly like us, you know. He wasn't Transformed. He is the stuff, all of him. He may have lost control there, but these guys aren't beanstalking through the roof – yet – so I'd rather try to keep things at this level until we figure out... oh, Jesus Christ on a pogo stick!::

::What? What is... oh:: Chuck sent Frazz a mental image of what he was enjoying and they shared the sensations of the thick, talented pricks ramming his ass for a few seconds before Chuck had to turn his full concentration on keeping the mindspeech connection intact in the face of the overwhelming pleasure his body was experiencing. ::Anyway, have fun but don't... you know::

::Check::

Chuck broke the connection and reached out for Adam. He may have total control over his body's ample talents, but sometimes it was hard to maintain that control – especially when he didn't really want to. It was easier to do one thing at a time with his head while his body was otherwise engaged. Naked flesh was pressing against him from every angle, his own body had been stripped and he was finding it a challenge not to release his secondary prick and start fully Transforming every guy in the room. ::Adam::

::Hi, Chuck!:: He sounded happy and excited and filled with love. Just like always.

::Not that I mind – particularly at the moment – but didn't I mention that you shouldn't Transform anyone?::

::But they wanted it so much. I could feel it. The... desire::

::Maybe they just wanted you::

::They did, but they wanted more. They wanted what I had, to be with me and be like me. To be together. I'm sorry, was I wrong to do it? I only changed them a little bit::

Chuck looked at the array of awesome and overwhelming masculine beauty and strength and size everywhere he looked, and wondered what Adam considered 'a little bit' of something. Maybe all the sex they'd been sharing almost constantly was what Adam considered 'a little bit of fucking.' ::What do you mean, a little bit?:: Someone was tonguing Chucks asshole. Lips suckled his tit. His huge dick was swallowed whole by someone else. His mouth was deeply kissing another, he could feel the gruff buzz of the guy's whiskers against his cheek. Hands pulled his butt cheeks wider to dig that tongue deeper, too.

::I made them bigger. Stronger, like they wanted. But they can't fly. And they can't talk like us, like this. And they won't get bigger than me:: Adam still hadn't attained the full height that Chuck and Frazz could attain. He was just a baby, a growing boy. He only stood 6-8 in stocking feet. So these guys would all be 6-8. And strong as fuck. And...

::And what about making other guys big::

::Yes, Chuck. They can do that if they want to. Make other guys big like they are. It makes them happy!:: And there was nothing Adam wanted more than to love everyone and make them happy, of course. ::Is that okay?::

Chuck tried to consider the ramifications of this. A room full of young men bursting with muscular beauty able to leave this dark dance floor tonight and go out onto the street and fuck any other guy to a state of muscular development and sexual hunger about ten times the average. A town filled with bodybuilder fuck fanatics who could bench press a Buick and fuck and cum almost constantly. It seemed there had to be something wrong with that, but in his current state of sexual bliss surrounded by more amazing male beauty and power and muscle and size and long, hard, talented cocks than he'd ever been surrounded by, it was hard to remember what it was. ::It's okay,:: he answered finally, and Adam sent him waves of love in return.

He was pumping a thick load down someone's throat. He could feel hot, sticky splashes of cum on his chest and ass and legs, his body hungrily soaking all the young power inside himself (at least, he thought absently, there won't be anything to clean up afterwards) making him feel energized and powerful and hornier still when a large hand was behind his head, behind his neck, pulling him forcefully away from the tangle of limbs and lips and his mouth was pulled to another and he opened his eyes and saw animal lust and hunger reflected back in the eyes that met his gaze.

"Hello, handsome," the young man growled, his voice as deep and powerful as a storm. He was a bear of a man, his huge muscled body covered with a carpet of wet fur. It was plastered against his huge chest and rippled belly. His shoulders bulged almost out of sight, and he had the squared jaw and chiseled features of a greek god, his face sculpted of bronze flesh.

"Hello yourself," Chuck answered, kissing him back. "And who might you be?"

The guy smiled, his face breaking into dimples. He winked and lifted an arm, showing off the fat, hard ball of muscle he owned. It rose and swelled and split into distinct heads. His skin was paper thin over the striated fibers of his brawn, and a strong scent of musky sexy funk came from the deep, dark armpit his masses of muscle produced. "Moose."

Chuck smiled, looking at the final product. He towered over the others, his body transformed utterly into a thing of massive muscle so huge and hard that he looked like a walking wall, a rippled mass of perfected power. He stretched wide and potent everywhere. Thick cables of muscle branched along his limbs, swelling and flexing almost like an afterthought, branched with finger-thick veins that visibly throbbed and pumped. He dripped with male power, it came off him in waves, and he was still growing.

Chuck felt something hot press against his belly and he realized it was this young man's cock, swollen 14 inches high and thick as a beer can. A heavy trail of precum coated the glistening surface and the sex meat was hot as molten steel. The hand on the back of his neck felt equally warm against his own skin, Moose's fingers dug into the burr of his short black hair, the powerful young man pressing his developing body and its massive muscles against Chuck's own. "Man, I want you. I've wanted you since I saw you."

"Most do," he answered truthfully.

"Do you want me?" He leaned forward and kissed Chuck's lips. The kiss was deep and hard and hungry. He whispered gruffly, "Tell me you want me. Tell me you want to fuck me hard."

"I do," Chuck replied. "I want to fuck you hard. I want to fuck you so fucking hard you'll remember me forever. I want to be the best goddam fuck you'll ever have." Then Chuck kissed him back, before adding, "And I will be, too." All around them, the frenzy of sex continued. They both felt other men groping for them, stroking them, wanting them. Chuck wrapped his arms around Moose's nearly seven foot frame and could feel his body swelling with hard brawn. It turned him on even more, made his heavy cock pulse and stretch, the head drooping and freeing itself from its tight fleshy cowl. He wanted this young man all to himself, and wanted to help him get even bigger. "Where can we go?"

Moose smiled fiercely and turned, taking Chuck's hand in his own and leading him through the darkened club toward the back. "My place isn't far."

"You don't mind wandering around town dressed in your birthday suit?"

He paused and stretched his frame to its full height, looked down at his new dimensions, his massive muscles bulging larger by the second, his chest expanding slowly but surely, his thighs swelling and separating, his arms hung with slabs of hard, powerful meat. His torso shook as he laughed, then he said, "Not when it's so well tailored I don't." He scratched his chin, his eyes flashing. "Hell, it's one of my fantasies, Chuck. Walking around in public buck naked and strutting my stuff unashamed for everyone to look at. I want to be out there, right now. I want them to look." He struck a most muscular pose as if he'd been doing it all his life, and the deep cuts and fat balls of his muscles stood starkly on his stretching body. "Fuckin' A, Chuck." He reached forward and opened the backdoor.

A rush of cool air swam over their bodies as they emerged into an alley behind the place. It was dark here, and Chuck took advantage of their first moments alone by shoving Moose against the brick wall and shoving his tongue inside the boy's mouth. He didn't look like a boy at all anymore, his huge frame carpeted with dark curls and his once soft features now sharpened to razor intensity, his face a sculpture of hard angles and dark shadows. Moose's arms surrounded him and held him so tightly he felt his breath leave

him. The kid didn't know his own strength, yet, and Chuck wasn't expecting so much of it so suddenly.

But he loved it. He shoved himself against Moose, chest to chest, all hard muscle and soft fur. His nipples tingled with anticipation and his nakedness made him feel extremely horny. He knew exactly what Moose was talking about.

And there was light at the end of the alley, and a murmur of voices. And he wanted them to look. "Which way," he asked hopefully. Moose nodded toward the light, and in a second they were strolling toward the crowd, dicks swaying heavily and muscles bulging. "You haven't asked any questions," Chuck observed.

Moose shook his head. "Why question miracles?" Then he looked over. "Besides, there's time enough for talk later." They strode into the street light's pool of illumination and paused, just standing there, two naked muscular forms of masculine perfection. Moose had a grin as wide as the Grand Canyon on his beautiful face and Chuck felt a rush of anticipation and desire as he cleared his throat and said, "Good evening, gentlemen. Lovely night, isn't it?"

A few of the young men turned, then a few more, and suddenly they were surrounded again by men, but this time they were clothed and unaltered and awestruck at what they saw before them. Chuck and Moose stood there, two swarthy muscular studs with huge dicks, their muscular bodies bulging huge and hard, bronze and copper skin sleek with sweat. Moose's huge form looked even bigger outside, away from the transformed perfection within the bar. Among the guys outside, he was a tower of fat, hard power. Huge heavy rounded mounds of brawn hung from his chest.

Chuck could tell that the young man was still getting bigger, incredibly, even minutes after he'd been exposed. He wondered if the men around them could tell, could see it happening, watch the already huge dude getting bigger still, his chest swelling outward, the muscles multiplying even now, his shoulders stretching wider to accommodate all the raw powerful beef filling in along his arms and lats. His neck was as thick as his head, and the shadow of a beard on his face was filling in thick and full.

Whispers passed among the crowd, and it was clear they were mesmerized. Then Chuck felt Moose's heavy arm hang across his own shoulders and the strong youth was pulling their mouths together, his other hand reaching down to fondle and stroke Chuck's massive dick. Chuck reached up and pinched Moose's nipple as his grip also found the kid's hard, round ass flesh and he gripped on and kneaded, digging his fingers into the silken skin and steel muscle, then reaching his middle digit toward Moose's sweet, hot asshole and plugging it in, twirling and toying with his friend's sex.

"I can't wait," Moose breathed, his voice a deep rumble. "Fuck me. Do it right here. Right now."

"With pleasure," Chuck answered, and he took hold of the man's wide shoulders and spun him around. Moose set his feet wide and shoved his ass high and Chuck grabbed his cock and made himself hard and shoved inside, thrusting hard and fast and furious into the muscular butt. Gushes of honey erupted out as he released a flood of lubing precum.

It splashed against his pelvis and dripped down Moose's thick legs. Chuck pumped more Transform into the man, lengthening his growth cycle still longer, feeling the bear in front of him changing yet again, growing more massive with a sudden burst of growth.

Chuck was, he would have admitted, over-excited by it all. For one thing, Moose had a beautiful ass. The guy defined bubble butt. Round, firm, high and smoothly powerful. His skin glowed under the street lamp and Chuck wanted to take a bite out of those perfect plums. It felt so good to be inside him, to push his huge prick deep into the warm, tight perfection between Moose's fat-muscle legs. Chuck closed his eyes and pushed with more than his powerful cock, shoving a load of Transform into Moose's body to push him just that much further to the peak of masculine perfection.

Someone said, "Holy shit," and the crowd woke up. Moose was getting bigger, there was no way they could miss it now. His back widened and his chest swelled and his whole body seemed suddenly to be inches larger everywhere. Chuck shoved himself inside deeply, allowing his cock to lengthen and swell, and he heard Moose grunt with pain and pleasure and felt his body buck. Moose started to fuck against Chuck's thrust, to pull him inside and hold him there. Chuck could feel the fuck along every millimeter of his hugeness, he started to accompany each thrust with a wave of The Touch, amplifying the pleasure ten-fold. A hundred-fold. It felt unbearably good.

The crowd parted and there was the bouncer again, looking ready to start ripping things apart. But he was outmatched and outclassed and he knew it. Chuck and Moose were beyond huge, now. Gigantic men, each over eight feet tall and packed with more muscle than humanly possible. Moose's body was expanding, unfolding with brawn, and Chuck was allowing himself to keep up, inch for inch, pound for pound.

"What the fuck," the guy said, and his hand went automatically to his groin, to the cock held caged inside his black Levi's and now growing stiff at what he saw. As if smelling the prey at his mercy, Moose lifted his head and reached his hands forward and literally tore the man's jeans open, breaking the zipper and ripping his Calvins unto his little – by comparison – dick sprung out already hard and red. Moose grabbed it and rubbed his thumb across the tip and there were suddenly more ripping sounds as Moose passed some of what he had become into the doorman.

The guy's shoulders, within seconds, had swollen so large that they tore through his white T-shirt. His arms were bursting the sleeves as their biceps and triceps grew so quickly it appeared they were being inflated by a high-pressure pump. Veins appeared under his skin and branched across his shoulders and down his arms and the guy threw back his head in obvious ecstasy and gasped, sucking cool air into his burning lungs.



His body was super-heated with growth, it was happening everywhere and very suddenly. His body expanded at first as if it were simply magnifying, as if he was getting closer but no larger. Then, when his frame had prepared itself, his muscles took over.

Some guys already had their own dicks out and were stroking as they watched the miracle. Other guys were dumbstruck, mouths hanging open, agog at the site. Still others were stroking each other, caressing and kissing, stripping each other from their clothes as if awaiting their own changes.

The doorman opened his eyes and a smile of ultimate pleasure wound across his lips. His face was changing, now, narrowing and perfecting itself. He looked Arabic, and his heritage was making itself known more fully as his DNA cleansed and perfected his genetic structure as he changed and became better than he was, more and more powerful. His chin jutted forward and his brow grew heavier. His neck stretched longer as his shoulders stretched wider and now his legs were bursting the seams of his jeans, slicing through the heavy denim and exposing their new, hard cables of brawn.

Moose pulled him forward and swallowed his lengthening cock, sucking hard and deep against him. He was growing slower now, but steady. New muscle crawled across his form, building him larger by the inch, swelling his chest and shoulders and arms. He was still breathing hard and a sheen of sweat made his whole body gleam, deepening the valleys between his mountains of brawn. He'd been blessed with a large chest before, and now it was still his most prominent feature.

One of his hands rested on the back of Moose's head as if holding his mouth on the dude's growing dick, while the other crawled across that broad expanse of chest muscles, plucking and pinching and rubbing the fat nipples as he gasped from whatever immense swelling of orgasmic bliss he was feeling.

Chuck grinned his sideways grin as he watched, and then his attention was caught by another young man behind the bouncer. This young man, an evidently forward little guy, was wrapping his pale arms around the door man's waist and then his intention was made clear as he ripped the growing man's tattered jeans off his body, leaving him as naked as Chuck and Moose. The guy was paying particular attention to the bouncer, but Chuck couldn't see clearly what he was doing. It was almost a form of worship, his hands moving across the broadening back and snaking muscles there.

Then the little guy moved out from behind and Chuck could see that he, too, was naked. He was very thin and very white. Chuck could see what his skeleton would look like stripped of the pale skin suctioned onto it. He had no chest to speak of and his arms and legs could clean pipes. He did, however, possess a very long – but equally thin – dick. That length of sex meat was slowly growing erect as the boy moved his hands across the developing contours of the dark-skinned bouncer. He set his hands against the man's flesh and let them feel the growth happening. Chuck smiled as he watched, and he started to imagine this thin body swelling as large as the man he revered. He was fucking Moose in

the ass, Moose was sucking the bouncer's dick and the bouncer was exploring his own burgeoning body when it happened, something Chuck was hardly expecting but probably should have. The vision inside his head of that thin body swelling with muscle started to happen. He thought at first that the bouncer had managed to somehow morph The Touch himself and was transforming the little guy through his skin, but it was when the thin boy turned around that Chuck saw what had really happened.

In short, the party had broken out of the club. The line of men waiting to get in had been growing fresh, powerful muscle for some time, apparently, and now that rippling wave of muscular development had reached here, the end of the line. The little guy's back was dripping with a thick, warm coating of white creamy cum, and as his body drank it inside the muscle was swelling like rising dough under his skin. Fat cables crawled under his white flesh like snakes, meeting each other and spreading thick and wide across his back.

# 14

Bobby was lounging against Joe as they floated in the sky. A cool mist of high clouds nestled their naked forms and left a thin sheen of droplets on their copper skin. Their enhanced bodies felt the curve and sway of the air currents and effortlessly slipped between and around them, not quite flying so much as drifting in the clouds.

Stan was somewhere under them doing what he loved, which he had termed 'swooping.' The old man was growing increasingly familiar and comfortable inside his new skin and had taken a liking to soaring and diving through the sky, arms back, chin forward, chest out, feeling the rush and hearing the roar of wind as he zoomed through the blue. He'd become so adept at this sort of flying that he could dive toward the earth and drift so low across the ground that the dew of the grass would leave a wet, glistening trail across his skin before he caught an updraft and bent himself into it, turning and twisting as he rose like a loose cork allowed to bust from a champagne bottle.

Joseph and Bobby also enjoyed the sensation of flying, but they had a 'been there, done that' attitude about swooping. They preferred to be with each other in the awesome quiet of the lonely sky, holding each other or making love or just being together like now, near each other, touching but neither groping nor caressing. Eyes closed, smiled lighting their lips, the heightened senses of their bodies feeling every sweet caress of the wind and every soft lick of the clouds.

Suddenly Stan appeared, his body shooting like a rocket just inches from them and soaring into the heavens. The unbothered eddies of air around them suddenly swirled and exploded, pulling them apart and making them tumble and twirl until regaining their place in the wind's strong arms. Joe mumbled, "Fuck, I was just drifting off."

Bobby, some distance away, lifted his arms and pulled himself through the air back toward his lover. They hung there looking up at the small figure of Stanley as he spun and soared through the sky. "You know," Bobby said, "it does look like he's having fun."

They exchanged glances, then smiled to each other, and as one the two super teens launched themselves into the churning patterns of wind Stan left in his wake, and now all three beautiful men were flying through the afternoon skies, diving and climbing, twisting and arching, flying free of Earth's gravity as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Eventually, it became too dark to keep it up (there was little fear of hitting much of anything except each other, but they flew so fast sometimes and had experienced a couple of near misses that brought home what might happen if their huge bodies ever did collide

that they agreed among themselves that darkness would bring an end to swooping) and the three of them lit to the firm ground again, landing and tumbling along a hillside of long grass, coming to rest in a tangle at the foot of the rise. All three were breathing hard, more from excitement than exertion, and started to laugh at the sheer joy of what they had been doing. Skin like silk was wet with perspiration, rain water and dew and they rested momentarily there, looking up as the sky turned from violet to black.

"Big moon," observed Stan.

"My butt is not big," protested Bob.

"I'm talking literally, not figuratively, and you have a great ass as if I needed to tell you." He slapped the firm, round contours for good measure. Bobby yipped and danced away, rubbing his butt cheek.

Joe was laughing as he and Stan separated and the three stood up, looking out across a vast, treeless meadow. The moon had not risen and the usual greens were replaced with purples and grays in the twilight. A mist was rising on the grass obscuring the forest on the other side.

Bobby asked, "Where are we, do you think?"

Stan shrugged. "For all I know it could be Montana or Germany or China. I don't know enough about what trees are where, and one hill looks just about like every other." He stood for a moment to feel the soft, cool breeze move across his naked form. He smirked and a dark wealth of fur developed on his broad chest and down his belly, spreading like ink on copper. His forearms and legs were similarly sprouting a new growth of curls and his chin and cheeks darkened with a shadow of whiskers.

He glanced over and saw Joe watching him change. The kid wiggled his brows and smiled, obviously approving of Stan's sudden choice. Joseph nudged Bobby to draw his attention, and Bob's face registered his surprise and pleasure. "Nice," he growled.

Stan shrugged. "A mood hit me. Seemed more appropriate given these surroundings."

Bobby nodded and Stan watched his body subtly change as well, the muscles bulging and the skin thinning to show every cabled strand and every strong fiber. His chest swelled outward and the skin suctioned to its heightened vascularity and definition. His body now seemed to emphasize his masculinity as his formerly youthful figure of smooth power became something far more overtly muscular, more brawny and raw. He stretched his arms out as the muscles grew, showing the incredibly deep valleys between the peaks.

Then it was Joe's turn, and he decided to take himself somewhere between the two extremes. Rather than mimic Stan's fat-muscled form of hairy bulges or Bobby's incredibly detailed display of raw bulging strength, Joseph morphed into an incredibly beautiful young man who possessed the best of both extremes. His body did not grow so

much as perfect itself, and instead of Stan's black forest of curling fur he sprouted a soft, light brown coat in just the right places, accentuating his display of might. His squared jaw was left clean-shaven, but a well-trimmed mustache and goatee sprouted on his upper lip and chin. His eyes, even in the gloom, sparkled bright and blue, and when he smiled Stan felt something hot and hard stab into his groin, zeroing in on the point of his desire.

"Fuck, Joe, you get any better looking and I'm not sure I can look directly at you."

"Tease," he said, laughing lightly. For Joseph, this sort of awesome, overwhelming, superhuman physical beauty was second nature. When he was Transformed, he was still in the midst of puberty. Bobby, and of course Stanley, were already past that developmental stage – in Stan's case, well past – so their genetic make-up had been improved substantially. Joe, however, had been Transformed before his body had fully matured, so the serum worked more intensely on him, more completely, pumping his genetic structure past puberty and adulthood and not only cleaning up his shortcomings but completely erasing and remaking them. He was ordinarily beautiful in the extreme, anyway. It was just a question of what form that beauty would take.

But Bobby agreed with Stan, evidently, because his monster cock was stretching longer and thicker as Joe's transformation ceased and the final product, seven feet high and impossibly gorgeous, stood before him. "C'mere," he said, his voice a dark rumble.

Joe turned and took two steps forward, standing chest-to-chest with his friend. Bobby's stiff tool throbbed hotly on his belly. "You wanted something?"

"Only you," he answered. They stood the exact same height, now, as Bob reached his hands around Joe's perfect frame and pulled their bodies even closer together, kissing his mouth and reaching down to cup and knead the firm meat of his ass.

Joseph, bred for this, reached down to grasp Bob where it counted and slide his talented touch along his lover's plump prick. Stan folded his arms and watched the two coming together in the gathering darkness until Joe looked over and then reached over and pulled him inside the group grope, and it wasn't long before the three were again tangled together in the wet grass, this time tonguing assholes and sucking cock and stroking each other to ecstasy.

Stan was getting used to this, to his body's ultimate and unstoppable need for sexual pleasure. He used to chalk up the boy's unending lust to their age and the hormonal imbalance that came with it. But now his own body had been recharged to their level – well beyond it, in fact, and he, too, fell easily into the embrace of sensual abandonment. His body would do what he asked of it, and he was more than happy to do what it asked in return.

Namely, to fuck and be fucked well and often.

He pulled Bobby's dick into his ass and pleased him fully, feeling his wet heat fill him up inside again and again as the Texan pumped his full, sweet loads of cum into his guts. He swallowed Joe's lengthy wonder and sucked eagerly against his hard heat, wrapping his tongue around the shaft and holding the fat helmet in his throat, massaging him to heaven with his muscular talent until more thick sticky cream was being shoved down his throat. His own cock was planted fully inside Bobby, then, as he ate out Joe's rosebud, shoving that same long, slick tongue inside to lick him clean.

Bobby and Joe had been together long enough to exactly what the other wanted, with or without the mindspeech. But they would touch each other's pleasure centers to heighten the sexual bliss to absurd levels until they were virtual cum machines, their dicks growing longer and fatter and heavier to manage the constant flow of cream erupting from their super-sexual bodies.

Now, with three of them, the effect was magnified again. Stan was like an empty vessel that needed filling. His hunger was insatiable, now that he allowed himself to feel it, and he dove into the pool of ultimate joy with eager lust.

They fucked will into the night, pulling apart only when Bobby's attention was distracted by something else and he sat up, looking across the field. "Lights," he said softly.

The other two naked forms slowed their thrusting and rose from the mists, casting their eyes toward the darkened trees to see a set of wavering beams emerging from the inky blackness and setting the fog alight.

"Shit." Bobby stood up, hands on his hips, head cocked sideways. "You were making too much noise again, Joey. Spooked the neighbors."

"Me? You were the one shouting, `fuck me, my beautiful stallion! Make me a man!'" The two started laughing but Stan wasn't amused.

He was looking up, but the skies were clear of clouds and now the moon was overhead, acting like a beacon on the earth below. "Too late to take off and no cover anyway. Fuck!"

Joe knitted his brow. "What's the prob?"

"Well, let's see, where should I start? Three naked men in the middle of nowhere, no clothes, no ID, no sign of a vehicle that could have brought us here. We're over eight feet tall, have two foot-long hangers each and look like we were sculpted by a god. I dunno, what could be wrong with this?"

"Well, we can fix the physical shit, no prob." Which Bobby then did, shrinking himself to about six and a half feet high and lessening the effects of his masculine beauty to near human terms, looking only strikingly handsome rather than blindingly beautiful. The other two followed suit, scanning each other to make sure they could `pass' in a crowd –

except for the naked part – and stood there waiting until the lights neared them and a group of four broke through the fog and stood a few yards away, their flashlights dancing across the naked, muscular forms of Bob, Joe and Stan. There wasn't much they could do to hide their nudity, they had nothing to be ashamed of anyway so they merely stood there.

A voice came across to them, a gruff sounding male voice speaking another language. The three looked at each other, all looking confused and clearly not understanding the words. "You recognize any of that?"

Stan shook his head, saying, "Sounds vaguely Russian, to me." He turned back. "Hello. Do you speak English?"

There was mumbling from the other side. The three men could see nothing with the lights in their eyes. Then a voice in a thick accent said, "I speak English."

Stan smiled, trying to look friendly. Then he could think of nothing to say, so Bobby, in his Texan drawl, said, "Could you tell us where we are?"

"You do not know where you are?"

He shook his head, "Sorry. Is this Germany?"

The voice sounded amazed. "You do not know what country you are in?"

"Um."

The light lowered off Bobby's face and he could see the face of the man speaking. A twinkle came to his eyes because even in the darkness, the man was clearly quite strikingly beautiful. His blonde hair, cut short and trimmed very neatly, practically glowed in the moonlight, and his clean-shaven, creamy complexion was likewise iridescent. "This is..." But another of the people – and it was clear now that these were all men – put his hand on the speaker's chest (what was he wearing, anyway?) and there was some discussion before the man said, "What is your names?"

"I'm Bobby. This is Joe and Stan."

"I am Wolf." Bobby's smile grew. "Wolfgang, but I am called Wolf. Where did you come from? Where are your clothes?"

Bobby looked at Stan, the `adult,' for answers. He stepped forward, the dark curls of his naked form glistening in the harsh white light. "We are American. We have no clothes," he answered honestly.

"Why?"

"Why are we American?"

Wolf huffed out a laugh, cutting the tension slightly. "Why you do not have clothes is my meaning."

Stan shrugged. "Don't need them."

"And how did you come here?"

"Could you tell me where here is, please? I want to answer your questions – and could you lower your lights? I'd like to see who I'm talking to."

The lights were lowered together, and the three were looking at half-a-dozen tall, broad men dressed in matching sets of shirts and shorts. The men, as well, were almost a matching set. They all had blonde hair, all were uniformly muscular with very wide shoulders, very narrow waists, arms hanging off rounded shoulders with fat bulges of muscle. The tops of their heads were at an exact height, and although the expressions they wore varied from curious to angry to amused, the faces themselves were so similar that they looked like carbon copies of each other.

Stan's face registered his surprise, and Wolf obviously knew what the reaction was likely to be, but he simply stood there looking ready to pounce or run or anything involving sudden action. Stan cleared his throat, exchanged a look with Bobby and Joe, and said, "We flew here." Bobby choked slightly and a wide smile wiped across Joseph's lips.

"No," answered Wolf.

"Well, yes, actually."

"It is not possible that you did."

Stan shrugged. "Fine. We walked here."

"Also not possible."

"Why?"

Wolf's face was no longer amused. "You must tell."

Bobby spoke up. "He told you the truth! We flew here. If you want, we can..."

"Where," interrupted Stan, "is here, exactly?"

"Will you come with us, please?"

Stan looked again at his compatriots, shrugged, adjusted himself and said, "Lead on."



The men had, in Stan's untutored opinion, perfect asses. Following them was like following the bouncing balls, their plump and solid muscular bubble butts lifting and flexing and settling in a harmony of movement that was almost disturbing in its perfection. They walked alike, they moved alike, they did everything but speak the same language – but listening to their voices when they did converse amongst themselves was like hearing one man speaking to himself in several differing tongues.

In the gloom of night, he could now see that the clothing they wore was also matching. Some sort of one-piece jumpsuits in a light gray or blue color that clung to their contours almost without a wrinkle. There was something distinctly odd about the men that Stan could not quite finger. Aside from the fact that, other than the usual questions, they seemed not at all surprised that Stan and his friends were stark naked.

They approached a small cabin, it looked like, set at the edge of the woods. Maybe these guys had been watching them play in the sky for hours!

Wolf – Stan could tell it was still Wolf only because he'd kept his eye on the man – opened the door and held it, smiling in a friendly manner and gesturing the three inside. Stan nodded back and went into the candlelit interior. It was extraordinarily ordinary, with a stone fireplace, an ugly round woven rug, dark wood floors and walls, high ceilings with log beams, a couple of paisley couches and worn, brown leather chairs and it smelled distinctly musty.

The five matching men followed them in and moved around the room, two of them leaving and returning with bottles from what Stan assumed was the kitchen. They wore smiles matching Wolf's toothy grin and they moved in that alarmingly similar fashion. They opened the bottles and each took a swig, their adam's apples bobbing on their long muscular necks, and handed them forward. Bobby and Joseph each took one, lifted it in a toast of sorts and threw back deep draughts, huffing out sighs after and wiping their mouths on their arms. Joe looked at Stan and said, simply, "Good beer."

There was a moment when the two sets of unearthly men simply looked at each other in the flickering candlelight. Then Wolf said, "You are American." It was a statement. Stan shrugged and nodded. "You have been... changed?" Now Stan looked at his two new friends – as much to see if they were going to clue him in to what, if anything, to say, as to look at the source of his own changes.

Joe smiled his beautiful smile, moved the sweating bottle along his well-muscled frame leaving a gleaming path of wetness on his bronzed skin and said, "You could say that."

Wolf looked at his friends. One of them said something in a language that might have been Arabic. Wolf nodded and asked, "But you are complete."

Joe said, "Whuh huh?"

"You are complete," he repeated, and his eyes dropped down Joe's body and looked pointedly at his crotch.

Joe sort of laughed. "More than, actually," and he grasped himself, lifting his heavy length of cockmeat and letting it fall, slapping his thick thigh audibly.

It was then that Stan suddenly realized what it was about these men in their matching outfits that was weird. They looked smooth. Too smooth. Like living Ken dolls.

Now that he looked at each of them more carefully, he saw that although their bodies were obviously well muscled and very strong, they displayed no sexual characteristics. No nipples poking up at the material, no bulges in the crotch throwing off the line of their pants, no facial hair at all.

"What are you?" Stan could think of nothing else to say.

"We are escaped," answered Wolf.

# 15

Maddox led Jason back to his own quarters rather than Tipton's, thinking that Jerry was not the most security-conscious guys in the world and it was likely that the confidential files were still spread all over the place. He was a little surprised when he found Jerry waiting for him there, but not as surprised as Jerry was when he saw the beautiful Lieutenant following Scott into the room.

"Well, hello." Jerry's voice was a sexual growl of desire.

Scott grinned but said, "Rein it in, Jerry. We're here to talk."

"Just talk?" His eyes stayed locked on Jason's youthful beauty. Scott glanced over and had to admire the lad's steely resolve to remain at attention under the obvious scrutiny.

"Just talk. Jason, take a seat. Jerry, maybe you should sit over there," he said, gesturing at the bed sitting opposite the desk where Jason was now sitting. Maddox remained standing. He crossed his arms and sighed, heavily. "Let's get one thing straight right now, Lieutenant. I'm your superior officer but not your superior. What I want now is the truth. Truth takes trust, and you can't totally trust someone you think is above you, am I right?"

"Fuckin' A!"

"I was speaking to Jason, Jerry, but thanks for your vote of confidence."

"Any time, Scott."

"Lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please call me Scott."

"Yes, sir."

Maddox shook his head. "Okay, I see we have some deprogramming to do – but that can wait. Tell me about your roommate, Jason." The copper-skinned youth pursed his lips and his almond eyes narrowed. "I can make it an order, but I don't want to. If it's easier, you ask me a question and we'll share information."

Jason glanced instead at Jerry, who smiled sinfully. "How do you do that?"

Jerry's eyebrows wiggled. "Which `that' in particular?"

"You grew. Back there. I saw you."

Jerry nodded. "I'm an improved model. Special effects included." To demonstrate, he lifted his arm to swell the bicep into power – and then allowed to continue to swell. More and more massive it grew, filling the entire space between shoulder and elbow. He looked at Jason and lifted the other arm, performing the exact same feat. Then he bent his head back slightly and his chest began to swell as well. In a matter of moments, Lassiter looked like he had gained dozens of pounds of solid muscle all across his upper body. His chest swelled out into two massive balls, the nipples pointing straight down. "Impressive, huh?"

Jason's mouth hung open, and his crotch was showing definite interest as well, but he said, "You haven't answered my question."

Jerry nodded. "I've been genetically altered to an extreme degree, due partly to a formula I developed with a partner of mine. I am much older than I look, and if I were to grow to my full height neither of you handsome gentlemen would be sharing these quarters with me, now."

"How big? You looked about eight feet tall back there with Jay Lee."

"Quite a bit bigger than that."

"Dr. Lassiter can reach eighteen feet in height," Maddox answered. Jason's mouth immediately quirked into a frown of doubt, but Lassiter nodded.

"Fuck."

"Now?" Lassiter leaned forward, his heavy dick showing its own growth potential as it began to swell and lengthen along his muscled thigh. Maddox wagged a finger at Jerry as Jason's eyes widened – as did the smile on his youthful face. "Save it, Doctor. Jason, you understand the final... Jason? Earth to Jason!"

"Sir! Yes, sir!"

"At ease," he said, glancing at the kid's crotch, "if you can. As I was saying, you understand what The Program is, what's going on with your body?"

"I have suspicions, sir, but I am not allowed to know everyth..."

Jerry spoke up. "The Program is an on-going investigation concerning the building of the human body, specifically the male human body, with the ultimate goal being to create a fighting machine capable of being placed into any situation, no matter how dangerous or volatile, and managing not only to survive without weapons of any sort but also to take control of that situation to the benefit of the United States."

"In a nutshell," finished Maddox. "And to that end, Main Office has been assigned the task of recruiting likely candidates and performing a series of tests and experiments on said candidates, a.k.a. you, to see how they adapt, function, perform, and otherwise evolve into bigger, better, stronger specimens of the human male."

Jason simply nodded. "I figured as much. I know enough about biology and anatomy to know that I should have stopped getting taller after turning 18. I had a growth spurt in High School that shot me up 4 inches in a year. I've been at Main Office about 8 months and grown another half a foot in that time, not to mention getting a whole lot bigger... in every department." He grinned and his dick seemed to swell a bit in his trousers.

"A very happy side-effect," Jerry added, cupping his own ample cock in his huge paw. Jason's wide, white smile returned and he raised an eyebrow.

"Gentlemen, I understand that the level of testosterone in this room is probably higher than on the USS Enterprise under full battle conditions, but time is of the essence. Lieutenant, tell me about Jay Lee."

"Sir?"

"What happened in your room?"

"Oh. Well, we were... That is, Jay and I were just... We were..."

"Fucking."

"No sir. Not yet. I mean, I don't mean, oh, shit."

"Go on."

"We were horsing around, sir. He'd been ordered off post and I had some time to kill and, well, one thing lead to another and then Jay, sir, he started acting a little more crazy than usual and pounding me into the walls."

"More crazy than usual?"

"Uhm yes. Permission to speak frankly sir?"

"By all means."

"We're big guys, Jay and me. And Jay, he's got lots of excess... energy. And me, well, I kind of like things... a little... rough. In general." He looked at Jerry who smiled broadly. Then so did Jason. "He's pretty damned strong, as you may have noticed. Usually he makes things challenging, this time he made things almost dangerous. He said something before things got out of hand, something about a feeling he'd been having or something. I

thought he was just, you know, making playtime more interesting. But I guess it was more than that."

He was looking at Jerry intently, which made Scott divert his attention, too. Jerry had been developing quite a bit over the course of Jason's explanation. He looked to be nearing his eight-foot height again and muscle was swelling everywhere. His body looked like bread dough rising, what with the two round mountains of his chest swelling and separating, his bi's and tri's bulging, his legs growing longer and thicker and his cockhead pushing hungrily against his now skintight pants. He'd allowed his face to take on more masculine beauty and his smile made him look sexy and dangerous.

Scott looked back at Jason, who was now sweating profusely. The kid's body looked like it was straining to remain where it was, the muscles bulging, veined and striated. His neck looked tight and his eyes had narrowed. He remained at ease, his hands clasped behind his back, but a guard dog straining at his chain would look less anxious than Jason. His uniform was growing dark with sweat and he licked his lips slowly, letting his mouth drop open to suck in deep breaths. Scott heard Jerry say, "Something wrong?" His words were saturated with the Voice so that even Scott felt it shake his bones and make his cock swell and stiffen.

"Jerry," he warned, not looking over.

"What?" His tone was innocent, but again the deep baritone shook Scott's whole body, it was a tongue on his ass, a mouth on his dick. "I'm just laying here." Scott heard movement but he was almost afraid to see what Jerry looked like now, but his curiosity got the better of him – because Jason's eyes were saucered and his breathing was growing quick and ragged.

Jerry was naked and beautiful. His body was overwhelmed with brawn as he leisurely stroked the huge prick lying full and ripe across his muscled thigh with the back of his huge right hand. His skin was golden and glowing with a silken sheen, begging to be touched. His body was developing as Scott watched, the muscles swelling with more and more striated and deeply etched power. Veins, some as thick as fingers, appeared and were swallowed up by the growing strength lining his limbs and torso, the cables of vascular beauty multiplying and blooming across his form.

Maddox was amazed by two things; Lassiter's abilities to develop himself into the godlike vision sprawled across the mattress looking so close to perfect that Maddox himself could feel the tug of need as he scanned the bulging muscular beauty growing still bigger as he watched, and the kid's sense of duty, the sheer discipline he was able to command to keep standing where he was – even as his own hard dick was stretching his pants to the limit – rather than surrender to Jerry's ample muscular artillery and jump the man's bones here and now.

Maddox pulled his eyes from the superman on the bed and said, "Attention, Lieutenant!" Jason obeyed immediately, his eyes looking in front of him and not at the sex machine

developing on the bed. "Dr. Lassiter, could you curtail your activities until I get my answers, please?"

"I bet," he answered, his deep tone saturated with sexual desire, "we could do both." He moved forward on the bed, his sinuous movements promising deeply sexual satisfaction, and then stood up and moved into Jason's line of sight. "Jason," he growled, stepping inches away from the kid, towering over him now so that the powerfully-built young man was staring a hole through Jerry's immense and darkly furred chest, "tell Scott about Jay, please."

"Yes, sir." Jason licked his lips as Jerry's hand moved onto his hip. "I... Jay Lee and I... oh, holy fucking Jesus." Jason's eyes rolled up in his head and he arched his neck, his whole body stretching and flexing as if in total ecstasy. Scott could not see what was causing the reaction, but he had a good idea.

"Dr. Lassiter? Could you extract your touch from whatever orifice you may be exploring, please?"

Jerry let out a deep rumble of a laugh. "Just another moment, please. I've almost... ah, there we go." Jason's whole body shuddered and a dark, wet patch appeared and began to quickly spread across his crotch. He pulled in several sharp, deep breaths and then leaned his head into Jerry's massive frame. The smile on his face was unmistakable.

"Impressive," Scott admitted.

"After all," Jerry said, turning slightly to show Maddox his perfect and beautiful face, "I am a doctor." He leaned down and kissed the top of Jason's head. "I know how men are put together."

"And apparently how to pry them apart." Scott was looking at Jason, wondering absently how he felt and feeling a twinge of jealousy. The boy seemed to come back to his senses and he pulled himself off Lassiter's body, his hands moving down to cover the dark stain on his pants. "You were saying, Lieutenant?"

"Ah, excuse me, sir. May I be excused to change?" His eyes gazed up and he seemed mesmerized by Jerry's unavoidable countenance.

Jerry answered first. "Why don't we just get you out of those right now?" And his powerful hands, moving very swiftly, simply ripped the clothes from Jason's lower body exposing his stiff, red, glistening tool. His thick load dripped down the shaft and onto his smooth, heavy nutsack. The muscles of his legs were bulging and tensed. At this point, Scott was ready to give in.

"All right, guys, why don't we all get around this little roadblock before we get down to business, then?" He stripped his shirt off and began unzipping his pants. Jason and Jerry were naked and lip-locked before he had them off.

Jay Lee stood at attention inside Sherman's office. He was a mountain of raw power, his body still massive with the muscle he'd pumped to hugeness during his fight with his roommate. Tipton sat behind his desk, his eyes scanning the screen to his left. Jay Lee could not see what the General saw, but he could guess at the contents.

He was sweating through his uniform, his body still overheated and now the added fear of what might happen to him, that he might get booted from this place that accepted him and he might never see Jason again, coursed through him like lava. He steadied his breathing but it still felt like the seams of his shirt were going to split any moment. The thing had been tailored for his massive physique specifically, it wasn't supposed to be tight like this. The last time he felt this way was...

"What do you have to say for yourself, soldier?" The voice was calm but Jay heard menace in it.

"Sir. I apologize for my behavior. I have no excuse, sir."

Tipton's bushy eyebrow arched. "What came over you?"

"Sir. I... I felt..." He was unsure how to answer, afraid the question was loaded and anything he said would just dig a deeper hole. He felt something give slightly under his right armpit, heard a tiny tearing noise to accompany the sudden rush of coolness on his skin.

"Spit it out, Lieutenant!"

"Sir. I had no intention of hurting Lieutenant Fortaleza. We were... engaged in... hand to hand combat training. Sir."

Sherman Tipton remained motionless as his eyes flickered to the replay of that 'combat' on his screen. His brain was thinking what a remarkable pair these two young specimens were, how agile and strong their bodies looked, how very... lively their combat was. "Go on."

"Sir. I felt something. Inside." He felt something outside, too. Another tear was opening on the opposite arm, on the shoulder blade. He could feel his chest press against the shirt. His nipples felt hot and hard and tingling. The fire of madness was gone, but something else was still there, trying to get out. Something filled with passion and strength and power.

"Describe it, please." Sherman watched as Jason swallowed Jay's prodigious and extremely long penis. He seemed to have a talented throat, for whatever that was worth in the battle field.



"Sir. It was like I was – hungry. As if I couldn't... could not control a need." Sherman looked over. "Sir."

"A need to do what, Lieutenant?" He looked more closely at the young man. "Are you feeling all right, son?" And were you aware that your neck is stretching the shirt all to hell and those buttons on your chest are about to burst off like over-anxious seed pods?

"Sir, yes sir!"

There was something to be said for military programming, but Tipton needed some truth. "Lieutenant Curtis, report your current state!" Tipton could bark when he needed to.

And he always got results. "Sir. I think I'm growing, sir!"

"Explain your statement, Lieutenant!"

"Sir. Based on the feeling that my clothing is shrinking and I am becoming more uncomfortable each second, sir! I believe that my body is growing bigger, sir!"

"At ease, Lieutenant." The lad was getting bigger by the second. Already the rips in his uniform had split the seams along his lats and across his shoulders, and the muscle appeared to be rising like bread dough.

"Yes, sir."

"Take your shirt off if you'd be more comfortable."

"Sir?"

He looked down, noting that it wasn't just his muscles developing. The zipper was nearly burst apart. "Pants, too, if that will relieve your discomfort."

"Sir, thank you sir." He began to disrobe, but his body was going to beat him to it.

Tipton looked at his now nearly naked form and figured that what had taken six hours them looked be happening in a space of minutes. Already the young man's chest was much larger – he could almost see it growing heavier, the rounded globes of muscle filling out under his burnished skin, the fat, round nipples pointing toward the floor. His belly was rippling with growth, and his shoulders bloomed wider with thick power. Tipton pointedly avoided looking at Jay Lee's crotch, but even peripherally the growth occurring there was nothing short of amazing. "Lieutenant, report immediately to Lab One."

"Sir?"

"Now, Mister!" Tipton picked up the phone as Jay Lee left his office, nearly naked and getting bigger with every step.

Jay Lee sat upright in what he thought of as a fancy-ass Lazy Boy. His legs stretched out in front of him, his arms resting on the chair's arms, his ass seated firmly against the fairly cold plastic. Sensors adhered to his body at various places and he could hear the soft whirr of the air cycling unit and not much else. He was alone in Lab One, left there after some small guy in a white coat hooked him up and left.

He sighed, looking down at the muscle growing along his thighs. He'd sat up to watch the growing because when he sat back, his huge chest now hid everything from him. He wanted very badly to grab his dick and start jerking. It felt hot and heavy and hungry for his touch, or someone's. He thought of Jason and it jerked in response, a happy little monster with one eye that was also continually swelling larger. He left his hands where they were, though, because he'd been told to relax, and although that could be interpreted in a variety of ways he sort of doubted that the military considered whacking off one of them.

He closed his eyes and concentrated on the feelings his body was delivering. He could feel himself growing heavier, getting stronger, swelling larger by the second. How big was he now, anyway? This morning he was 7' 2", but when he entered this room his head brushed the entryway, which he knew to be an even 8 feet high. He weighed closed to 400 lbs, all that dense muscle hanging off his bones added up, He knew what that felt like, and now he felt twice that heavy, but he doubted that was true. Still, as he moved his blue-eyed gaze to his right arm and the swelling cables of power, twisting it slightly and watching the muscle swell with sudden growth, he smiled and thought that maybe 550 wasn't out of the question.

The feeling was like electricity inside him, but not sharp or uncomfortable. Instead it was like the hard, erotic thrum he felt after a strenuous workout, like all his muscles burned with power, as if he were hard as iron and stronger than almost anyone – except maybe that guy who pulled him off Jason.

Whoever the fuck that guy was. He'd had some serious shit done to him. Had to be. No one was that big without... and then he chuckled softly as he considered how others might look at him.

He felt a sudden deep pleasurable shock erupt inside him, and his dick jumped again. He lay back down on the chair to allow that sexual power to coat him, as all his muscles kept on getting bigger, and his dick kept begging for his touch. He could feel it, this time. He could feel himself getting bigger and stronger. He never wanted the feeling to stop.

In another room, that small white-smocked man was reading the results of the probes on Jay Lee's body, and talking into a phone. "No, sir, there is no sign it's stopping. In fact..."

Tipton waited. But not very long. "Spit it out, Doctor."

"It appears to be accelerating. As if the more muscle he develops, the faster it develops as well. As if it's feeding on itself."

"This is the result of the testosterone overload?"

"Can't say for sure, General. I've never encountered anything like this."

But Tipton knew someone who had.

Scott was licking Jason's ample prick while Jerry was plowing his ass when the phone on his desk went off. He knew who it had to be, that man's timing was amazing. He'd decided some time earlier that he would be taking Jason along on whatever the mission turned out to be no matter what. The boy was seriously talented, and that dark skin was smooth as silk over his hard, bulging muscle. Jerry was nothing short of perfect in face and form, and his lovemaking lesson were certainly paying off now. They'd been going at it for half an hour, all stiff as boards and huge as trees, but no one had come yet.

Scott growled and shot a glare at the insistent ringing. He tuned to gaze into the camera's lens, knowing full well that they were being monitored and recorded like everything else in this place, but at that moment the monitoring was being done in person, and the phone wouldn't stop ringing until he answered it.

Jerry moaned in his deep baritone and said, "Ignore it."

Scott grimaced as he felt the good doctor fill him up deep and full and said, "Can't. Duty calls."

Rather than disengage, Jerry grew bigger and reached over, his huge hand swallowing up the entire phone and brought it to Scott, who picked up the receiver as his body spasmed with incredible jolts of sexual satisfaction. "This is Maddox."

"Stop fucking around and report immediately to Lab One, Major."

Jesus, Scott thought, this must be serious. He couldn't remember the last time Sherman had used the 'F' word – and so creatively, too. "We aren't exactly dressed for anything other than..."

"You and the doctor. I mean now, Mister!"

"Immediately, sir." The line went dead.

Jerry, however, was very much alive and showed no sign of stopping. "We gotta go."

"Don't you mean `we gotta come'?"

"Something serious must've happened, and I have more than a suspicion that it involves Jason's friend Jay Lee." Jason's face immediately registered the stun he felt, and he was already getting dressed by the time Jerry and Scott had stopped fucking.

"I'm going," he announced.

Jerry looked at Scott, expecting him to deny the request. Instead he merely shrugged and said, "Why the fuck not."

Scott frowned but then remembered the General's orders. "Don't bother with finding a shirt, kid. Apparently, it's a come as you are party." Jerry merely grinned. "My favorite kind."

Jay Lee was still expanding when the three men met the General in the observation deck. Below them, in the pit, the lone human subject looked now more like a gorilla, although he was the handsomest and most well endowed gorilla any of them had ever seen.

Jay Lee's muscles continued to develop to superhuman proportions. Additionally, a shining forest of golden blonde body hair was sprouting in the crevasses and spreading thick and soft above his huge male appendage. His chest was capped with large, dark nipples that stuck out an inch, at least, and the smile on his still boyish face displayed that his was certainly in no pain.

His cock was fat and long and thick. It complemented the size of his muscles, which seemed to be – as they watched – unfolding out of some hidden source, billowing outward in heavy brutality. He was muscle everywhere, and it just kept coming.

"Shit," said Jason, summing it up for all of them.

"Must you take my orders so literally?" The General was pointedly not looking at Scott and Jerry, both completely naked and coated in a sheen of sweat, the smell of their coupling (and he thought, absently, if three are involved, is it still called coupling?) and their physical pursuits hanging in the air rank and feral. The good doctor stood a head taller than Maddox, his perfected body barely breathing even though they'd run here (naked? Didn't that hurt?) from the other side of the complex. At least Maddox had the decency to look winded.

"You said immediately, sir," Maddox responded, clearly happy to be putting the General ill at ease.

Jerry was looking intently at Jay Lee, seemingly oblivious to his nudity. "What did you give him?"

"Nothing, Doctor. It began in my office. He simply started growing." Jerry glanced at the stats. Maddox did too, and whistled. The young man on the table below, whose legs now extended so long that they hung off the end of the 8-foot long bed, whose shoulders were now so wide that the 5-foot wide table was entirely hidden, now weighed in at 628 lbs. and was gaining about a pound a minute. "Amazing," Scott said.

But Jerry was shaking his head. "We have to stop it."

"Which is why I called you here," Tipton said, turning to meet their eyes. Then he approached Jerry, who towered over the fat man, his perfectly developed collection of golden brawn a ridiculous contrast to the older man's folds of fat and wrinkled flesh. "What can you do?" Jerry raised a slender dark eyebrow and turned from the cascade of figures on the monitor. "I can think of one thing I can do that will immediately stop it. However, it will invalidate our agreement."

"There's nothing else?"

The doctor sighed. "Given time, probably." He nodded at the wide window, beneath which the young man continued to swell with increasing bulges of hard muscle. "Which I'm afraid we don't have."

Scott looked at each man, measuring their composure. Jerry looked confident, but he had a face on him that probably looked confident given any set of circumstances. Major General Sherman Tipton was starting to sweat. He knew he only had one ace to play against the perfect man beside him, and he was about to tip his hand. Jason wasn't even paying attention to anything but his friend and lover on the floor below. He was clearly stuck on a fence between feeling scared shitless and feeling horny as hell.

"All right," Tipton said finally, "but this does not invalidate anything. You understand that?"

"Only too well." Still, a slim smile slipped across Jerry's sensuous lips.

Maddox found himself smiling as well. He would finally see the process he had been dreaming about.

The only bad part was that it wouldn't be happening to him.

Wolf introduced the other men to Bobby, Joseph and Stan. They were mostly Slavic, with a couple of Arabs and, most unusually, a Tibetan of all things. But although they had different backgrounds and varied genetic origins, they now looked almost exactly alike.

Their skin was smooth and without a mark, almost plastic but with a sheen of health. At Stan's request, Wolf had disrobed and, true to his suspicions, the man had no sexual organs or sexual characteristics at all, even though his musculature was heavy and perfectly formed. He was definitely a he, with thick biceps and wide lats and two heavy globes of meat on his chest. But even the muscles had a uniform smoothness that made them look almost fake. They were too perfect. Even naked, he did not seem naked.

As he studied the faces around him, other than his two young companions, he noted that they looked somewhat elastic. The features were featureless, without wrinkle or crease or blemish. The skin was smooth and hairless, and there were no discernable differences between the men. No dimples, no depressions at the corners of the mouth or the eyes, no areas of softness. Just smooth perfection, but an absence of distinctness. No humanity.

"What do you mean by the Escaped?" Stan could hear the capital E in the word. It was a title they called themselves.

Wolf nodded. "There are others. Not Escaped. Some wish to be, others not."

"But... escaped from what? From who?"

Wolf's head tilted slightly as he considered his words. "There is a place. I do not know where. We were in the military. I was Sergeant. These were my men, in army. We are Escaped from there, but what they did to us we cannot undo."

"What did they do?"

Wolf glanced at the others of his company and then moved toward the fire. "We knew of you. The transformed men. We also were experiments. They wanted men to fight and be... un... not..."

"Undefeatable."

Wolf nodded. "Yes. To fight and be fighting and not be conquered. But they knew of the United States men, of you. The decisions."

Stan's brow furrowed and he looked at Joe and Bobby. Their eyes were wide and astonished and they looked like puppies. These had been military experiments? That explained much, but not everything. "Decisions?"

Wolf's featureless features looked a little uncomfortable. "You like... other men."

"No, we're not like other men at all."

"No, that is not my meaning. When you become the transformed men, you are turned backwards. You seek pleasure with... men."

Stan smiled. "Ah. That." He looked again at the beautiful young boys and then down at his own furry muscled perfection. "What's not to like?"

Wolf seemed to smile slightly. "We were not given. We were taken away."

"You lost me."

"Our decision was not to make sex. Our decision was to be nothing."

Stan knew what he meant. He could see the reasoning. His own government, someone somewhere, made a decision. Or maybe there was never a decision and they simply could figure no other solution. Men are made into supermen. Men are joined together into an unbeatable fighting force, given the strength and amazing capabilities he now owned. But what happens to a man when everything is pumped up so high and so hard? What about his other needs and capabilities?

His own government's solution was to make the men be with each other. Wolf's side had another solution entirely, an unthinkable one as far as Stan was concerned. They took it all away, made supermen that were no longer men at all. Beautiful, perfect, exactly the same – but with one important part stolen away.

"Shit," he answered. Wolf nodded. The other men of his company shifted slightly.

"What?" It was Bobby's southern drawl. "What happened?"

Stan looked over. "We're into guys. Into each other. These men... aren't into anything. Because they can't be."

Joe perked up. "Is that all? Hell, we can fix that." And without warning, he was pumping the room full of Male Scent, flooding the space with his essence in olfactory form, and inside it the magic of Transform. Stan felt it wash over his body and watched its effect on Bobby, whose dick and balls inflated, and found himself similarly effected. Then he looked at Wolf's Company.

And nothing was happening. They simply stood there as they had before, apparently oblivious to what was happening in powerfulesilence. Joe's brow furrowed, and he looked at Stan for an answer. "Pull it back, Joe. You're gonna have Bob and me fucking like rabbits in a second but I don't think Wolf and his guys are getting any benefit.

Wolf looked at Joe and asked, "What are you doing?"

Joe shrugged. "It's something we have. Usually it'll change a guy in an instant. Honestly, you should be plumping up with muscle and sprouting monster cocks right now."

Wolf said, "Ah. We cannot be swayed by your powers. It is part of our changing. Transform does not affect us. It is for combat."

"Makes sense," reasoned Stan. "You would have to be immune to resist us. Otherwise all we'd have to do – assuming we were fighting – was touch you and we'd have you. You'd be like us, and the fight would be over."

"Yes. Or any other transmission method. We heard of many types. Touch, scent, and sexual contact. We cannot be affected."

"Too bad." Stan stroked his fat cock luxuriously. A soft bubble of lube pumped out and he started to coat the head, rubbing his thumb around the smooth, sensitive skin.

"Perhaps."

Stan crossed his arms and took in a breath as he felt himself calm. Joe's immense transforming power sank back from the room and his own unstoppable sex drive was tempered by his ultimate control. "So you escaped. And what are you looking for?"

"It is not clear?" Stan shook his head. "We want to be like you. We want to be transformed."

"But, you can't be."

Wolf considered his answer before speaking. "We are understanding that there is a facility that is not... official?"

"I'm not sure I understand."

"IGE!" Bobby was standing next to Stan now and acting very excited. He tugged on Stan's muscled arm like a small boy wanting to see Santa Claus. "Yeah! Dude! We could totally take them to IGE!"

Wolf's eyebrow arched. The other Wolf clones around the room perked up as well, some standing now, as the impossibly beautiful young man explained. "It's where Joe and me got changed. Well, I guess, that's not totally true. We were both changed before we got



there, only not totally. Like Stan here? He's never been there, but he's changed. And if we took him there, we could maybe meet Michael and Carlos and whoever's left and... and I bet Carlos could do something! What do you think, Joe?"

His friend and lover shrugged his huge shoulders. "Dunno. I'm not sure how it all works anyway. But it sounds like a better plan than sitting on our asses, however fine they might be. Besides, I really want to fuck Wolf, and if the only way that's gonna happen is if we get these dudes changed, I'm 100% for that."

Stan considered something. "So, um, if you got something taken away, what did you get in return?"

Now, finally, Wolf smiled. "We are invincible. Invulnerable. Powerful beyond anything else. We are perfected and absolute. Nothing can defeat us."

Stan arched a brow and smirked. "Really?" He began to grow. He allowed his muscles to expand larger and larger, filling with brawn. He stretched toward the ceiling as his chest expanded ever outward and his arms grew fat and hard and amazing and his legs swelled with cables of innate strength. His cock arched forward proudly, his balls drooped, swollen with seed that would turn any other man into the perfected, ultimate, amazing specimen that he now was. His voice dropped two octaves and emerged soaked with power and strength. "What's that like?"

Wolf was still smiling as he gazed up at the muscular giant. "It rocks." Then he was growing, but in a distinctly alternate method. His body was remanufactured in a different way. He did not change at all as he grew, but remained essentially the same Wolf in a bigger dimension.

Stan could not see his muscles grow as he did in his own body. Rather, Wolf simply got bigger everywhere. He continued to display the odd, inhuman perfection of his form, the lines of his body remaining sleek and smooth and flawless, but he looked unreal as well. There was nothing out of place at all, no wrinkles on the skin, nor hair nor blemish. If Stan were a more fashionable man, he might have thought, "Jesus, clothes will hang perfectly on this guy." Ultimately, he was neither as large nor as muscular as Stan was, but it was clear that nothing was going to penetrate his flesh.

Because he looked as if he were composed of steel. His limbs and torso and all the sleek angles of him gleamed with smooth perfection. There were no veins that networked his bulging physique. Instead, his rounded wedges of brawn intersected and folded against each other in a perfection of form that was abnormally perfect. He looked not so much like a man, but like someone who had been given a set of instructions to build a perfect man might make.

He was smooth and sleek and hard and polished. When he moved, his muscles bulged and flexed but showed no sign of the physical aspects of muscle. No tendons, no cables, no fine intersecting fibers. Just fat, hard, perfect lobes of power.

Stan reach forward tentatively and placed his hand against Wolf's form and found it unyielding. The skin was warm, certainly, but felt artificial. The muscle beneath was rock hard, or harder than that. Wolf's tensed his pec and it swelled outward, growing inches larger and remaining as perfectly formed and perfectly hard. "As you see," he intoned, "we are perfect."

Stan huffed out a soft breath and looked down between the man's legs, where there was nothing but a smooth plane. His hairless body showed no signs of anything sexual at all. No nipples to suck and twist, no balls to play with, no cock to welcome inside the white hot sex of his ass. "Not entirely," he answered.

Wolf's face reflected a sudden sadness. He said nothing.

Stan felt the environment cool and began to shrink to a more manageable height and girth. He glanced at Joe and asked, "So, where is this place?"

Joe shrugged again. "Like on a map? Couldn't tell you. But I know where it is. I can feel it."

"Feel it?"

Stan heard Joe in his head. ::Can't you? Right here?:: Something inside him, deep inside, seemed to warm and swell. Something that tugged at him, pleasantly, like a scent from his childhood or a sound he could hear very faintly and not yet recognize, but knew it meant something. ::That's them. The others. Before we left, something happened. Something huge. We all shared it, and whatever that was left this, like, echo or something. You'll always feel it, now that you've been changed, and if you follow it, you'll be home.::

Wolf noticed their silent exchange, observing the changing expressions on Stan's face and the beatific smile that lit his lips. He observed them in silence until Stan turned back to him and said, "We can take you."

"When?" The entire Company was on their feet now, clearly anxious and excited.

"No time like the present."

Finding IGE was surprisingly easy, once Joe and Bobby had Stan zoned in on the unique feeling that seemed part of him now, like all the other changes. These men, and him now as well, were joined in a way deeper than anything he'd felt before. Not love, exactly, but something like it, with a physical manifestation that grew stronger as they approached the island.

They had to look like an odd band. In order to bring all the members of Wolf's Company to the island, the Transformed grew to their full heights and became human transports, carrying the others on their backs as they flew through the cool night wind and watched the sun rise as they traveled. None of them were affected by the cold or the wind, of course, but Joe and Bobby had to restrain their natural desire to spin and live and play so none of their passengers fell off. In all, there were eight of the Escaped. Wolf said he could not be sure how many more men were still in the compound, but he estimated there were dozens, but probably not more than a hundred. "And the others – they were happy with what they had been made into? What they had become?"

Wolf had to shout over the wind to answer, bending his mouth next to Stan's ear as they flew. "There was not much talking between men there. These others and I, we were in the same Company. I am their leader. Or was."

"I think to them, you still are. Judging by their unquestioning loyalty to you."

"Perhaps."

By now, Stan knew them all by name. There was Wolfgang, of course, and the three Slavs, Bannik, Polevic and Yarilo, Tenzin the Tibetan, and three Russians, Lev, Piotr and Sergey. Bobby and Joseph had already mangled Piotr into Peter and Bannik into Benny. Yarilo they called Butch because the guy had a perpetual scowl on his face. The others they had not managed to get to, and heaven only knew if any of the other men even spoke English because it was only ever Wolf who spoke for them all.

Beneath them, the azure seas unveiled a small green plot of land with a wide bay and several small white buildings. Something seemed to ring inside Stan, like a clarion call, and he knew instantly they had found it.

"Thar she blows!" cried Joe with great joy, a wide white smile on his face. And with another cry of "Hang on, dudes!" he was diving at great speed toward the island, followed closely by Bobby. Stan sighed deeply, rolled his eyes, thought `kids!' and tailed after, feeling three sets of legs grip onto his waist more tightly as he leaned into the dive.

Wind whipped across his naked form and he maneuvered the pockets and pillows of air his new senses recognized, using the strength of his form to use the invisible power of the sky to his own ends. The green prefect beauty of the small island magnified, turning into forests and glades, wide lawns and flowered meadows. Rocky outcroppings along the coast showed great cliffs that circled around, and the small buildings at the center of the island formed into a kind of campus.

He was still several hundred feet up when he saw the other two slowing and, looking ahead, noticed two figures quickly approaching. They were others like him, obviously, their tanned bodies gleaming like copper in the sunlight, hair of red-gold and chestnut streaming from them like pennants. The four met and one of them, Joe, pointed upwards and one of the men from the island pushed through the sky, sweeping his arms in wide arcs as if swimming through the levies of air to where Stan now floated.

"Hello!" The man had a perfect body, of course, and his smile was warm and friendly. He moved through the sky with a grace as if born to it, and Stan figured the man spent as much time in the air as on the ground now. He did not wonder why.

"Hello," he answered back. "I hope we're not intruding. I'm afraid Bobby and Joe were a little enthused about..."

The man hovered next to him and waved his hand as he floated, his huge and powerfully muscled body flexed and adjusted to remain effortlessly there, in the sky, like a miracle. His skin was almost porcelain white, but deeply freckled everywhere. His hair was copper red, a wealth of soft curls that wrapped about him like seaweed in the tide. His face was animated and the smile was perpetual. "No problem, Stan. No problem. My name is Reggie," he said, performing a slight bow, "and the ugly guy down there is Justin. We're known affectionately as the Greeting Squad, which I guess is self-evident." He looked across Stan's wide shoulders. "And welcome to you, my friends! Welcome to IGE!"

Once on the ground, the Transformed men adjusted their size to that of the Escaped and more introductions were exchanged. Still, the only member of the eight to speak was Wolf, who mentioned each identical man's name as they slightly nodded in acknowledgement. Neither Reggie or Justin seemed to take note of this behavior at all, keeping up their jovial banter and obvious joy with which they went about their jobs.

One feature was, of course, very hard to ignore. "Boys," said Justin, "you're about the most beautiful set of octuplets I've ever set eyes on."

Reggie nodded his agreement, but had to add, "Pity about the whole no-dicks thing, though."

"Yes, a rotten dirty shame. But you've come to the right place."

"At least, it's the right place when you want to come."

"Jesus, Jus, that was awful."

"I know, but it looks like it's been a while since any of these good gentlemen have cracked a smile, so I thought I'd try something a bit predictable."

"You might have just tickled them."

"That does seem to work very well on you," Reggie admitted.

"Sometimes too well."

"I know all your vulnerable spots."

"How well I know."

"And we'll revisit them later, but right now we need to take care of our visitors. Gentlemen, if you'd care to follow me?" As the man turned, Stan suddenly thought he'd follow that ass anywhere, and almost as if he had heard him, Reggie turned slightly and winked at him, mouthing 'see you later,' as they all trailed off into the trees toward the campus of buildings.

Stan thought he really was home, now. He was again, and most potently, struck by the differences between the Transformed and the Escaped. Each man he met who had been gifted with Transform was unique, but equally beautiful. Justin and Reggie were as different from Joe or Bobby as he was himself, yet they all possessed the same swollen muscular power and incredible masculine beauty. They could, at will, look like any other man and then become themselves again. They were powerful, miraculous men with nearly limitless capabilities, but each one was himself.

The Escaped were undoubtedly beautiful, as well, but their sameness and sexless appearance rendered them inhuman, in a sense. You could touch them, but you felt nothing. Wolf spoke for them all, as if they had but one voice. They may be as powerful as he was himself, but they were also somehow helpless and pitiful.

Then he caught site of that amazing ass bobbing and flexing and all he could think was, 'damn, I need to fuck that.' They walked through a shadowed glade along a well-trodden path, this small group of impossibly beautiful, incredibly powerful, entirely naked gentlemen of varying ages and background, now drawn together because they had been genetically altered to such a degree that their ages had become indiscernible by sight and their bodies improved so vastly – but in vastly different ways – that had they chosen to there was every possibility that between them they could rend the very island in two.

Stan's head was spinning. Unfortunately – or perhaps fortunately – he was about to see something that would make that spinning increase tenfold and make his groin tingle and throb and swell with desire and hunger and lust. As they emerged into a wide open space, a deeply green meadow under the bright, hot sun, Stan saw dozens of men, perhaps a hundred, all as uncompromisingly beautiful and powerful and physically perfect as he was himself. Everywhere his eyes looked, there was another man, his great muscles bulging, his prick hard and thick and proud, lounging in the sun or fucking another man as beautiful as himself or being fucked or sucked or stroked or kissed, in duos and trios and foursomes and moresomes, tangled limbs arrayed with fat bulges of brawn, shoulders like bowling balls, chests bloated with power, dark fur and tanned skin, perfect asses and perfect dicks, moans of pleasure and pain and everything in between, animal grunts and rhythmic thumping, and everywhere that intense smell of men, thick with power and need.

He found himself growing almost painfully aroused. He had been with just two of these men all this time, never imagining he could feel more powerfully sexual until this moment. Everywhere he looked, there was another man of incredible beauty. There was a man with dark skin and eyes like coal and thick curls cascading down his broad, muscled back. There, a man with a thick beard and a chest overwhelmed with fur, the dark rubies of his nipples poking through the carpet of curls like invitations, his back arched and the bright smile on his face showing both pleasure and satisfaction as another man with crimson hair close-cropped against his head sucked on the furry bear's huge manhood.

Glancing left, a knot of at least a dozen muscular teens (everyone here looked no older than twenty, surely, but these, judging by their devastatingly beautiful faces, could not yet be 17) were going at it with gusto, whooping and groaning and shouting their pleasure as they moved effortlessly between each other, groping and stroking and sucking and caressing in a non-stop orgy of love and worship. They glistened in the sun, coated with sweat and cum, their skin like liquid copper.

"Jesus," he whispered.

Justin and Reggie paused and as Justin sucked in a deep breath of the heady scent of mansex that permeated the air, Reggie said, "Yeah, it's like this pretty much all the time. The guys arrive almost daily. We sort of expected to have an extended vacation here on the island but it turns out that, eventually, they all come here."

Justin continued, "Some stay, some leave. You can spend your life here if you want, there doesn't seem to be any limit to our, um, drive. So to speak. I think Willy over there – that big brute licking the ass of that blonde fellow? There under the broad oak? He's got an enormous..."

"We all have an enormous, Jus."

"Of course, Reg. I meant that at the moment, he's rather more engorged than... well, no I suppose not. Anyway, he's over there. I'm sure you'll meet eventually. He's our current record holder. I think he's been going non-stop for 27 days. Is that right?"

Reggie nodded, throwing his arm across Justin's shoulders and gesturing in the general direction of two men, one of whom Stan figured to be Willy. "I think he's compensating. Spent a good deal of his life not getting any. Kind of not, well, the most attractive of fellows? And he's, I think, 63 years old? Is that right, Justin?"

"Think so." He shrugged. "Not that it matters anymore. Still, 27 days straight. One would think it might grow just a bit tiresome."

"Conversation is over-rated, Justin."

"Speak for yourself."

"Oh, ha ha, lover." They kissed passionately.

Justin glanced backwards. "This is kind of like a minefield, gentlemen. Getting through, you're liable to disappear without warning and not come up for air for hours."

"Or days."

"I'm sure Wolf and his friends will find the passage rather easier than the rest of us. We'll completely understand if you decide to take your leisure here. Michael and Carlos are waiting at the lab, but I'm sure they'll understand if we lose one or two of you along the way." He looked pointedly at Joe and Bobby, whose dicks were already drooling and whose bodies seemed to be swelling with desire as well as muscle.

"But it would certainly move things along if you could manage to keep up with us, Stanley. Michael said he wanted to speak with you, in particular." There was no response. "Stanley?" He tapped the man's shoulder, but Stan kept staring at Willy, whose body seemed to evidence his extended stay here in the sex grove by being more exceptionally muscular and beautiful as Stan looked at him. "Stan?" Willy looked up and over and their eyes locked for a moment. A shock of something deep and powerful shook Stan, something like electricity, something animal and hungry and pumped full of sex. "Earth to Stan."

"Huh? What?"

Reggie chuckled. "Uh oh. I think the bug has bitten our friend here." Justin was looking over at Willy, who for the first time in 27 days had managed to disengage himself from his unending sexual exploration and was striding with determination and purpose toward where the group still stood. "He doesn't seem to be the only one." Willy's body radiated masculine sexuality. His fat-muscled body pulsed and throbbed like a huge dick. His face, an angular collection of defined perfection, was set with purpose and his tropical

ocean eyes, blue like warm water, were focused exclusively on Stan. Justin smiled and said, "Hey, Willy, what up?"

Willy's talented hands moved leisurely across Justin's form, caressing and coaxing his flesh to fulfillment, and he stopped inches from Stan, his chest heaving for breath, his skin slick and shining. "Hello," he said. His voice was drenched with sex.

Stan nodded back and swallowed.

"I don't believe we've met," Willy continued. He had a British accent, well-heeled, sounding like wealth and leather. "My name is William, but my friends call me Willy." He pulled his muscled arm upwards and softly cupped Stan's chin, stroking his skin with a deft fingertip caress. Then he leaned forward and pressed his mouth to Stan's, yielding a series of tender kisses on the other man's warm lips which grew progressively deeper, lingered a bit longer, until they were kissing and tongue wrestling without reservation, body against body.

"Willy," said Justin sharply, "I'm afraid Michael is waiting for us and we don't have time to tarry, much as it appears Stanley would love to sit down for a lovely chat. Perhaps his friends Joseph and Bobby could keep you company until we're all done with business matters?"

"Fuck yeah," agreed Bobby. Joe's hand had already grabbed hold of Willy's muscled butt meat and was beginning to explore deeper. Much deeper. Willy's body reacted with instant ease and finesse, flexing to allow all the men to do with him and to him as they desired.

He and Stan broke the kiss after some time and Willy said, "So nice to meet you, Stanley. Please do come back soon. There's so much we have to... discuss." Then he and Bobby and Joe simply fell to the grass where they were and started exploring each other with intense and obvious interest.

Through the entire episode, Wolf and his brothers merely observed and were unmoved. They did not seem to find this masculine sexual paradise either involving or objectionable. They simply stood there almost like the trees and bushes, part of the scenery but not part of the scene.

"Okay then," Reggie concluded, and the remaining members of the group started across the glade.

The minefield description turned out to be entirely apt. Stan felt hands reaching toward him often, and once or twice as he looked down he was so taken with the beauty of the man or men asking him to join them that he felt his heart skip a beat and the breath catch in his throat. They were all perfect, all sexy as fuck and they all wanted him. It was like a torture, not to be able to stop even for a moment and sate his insatiable appetite for pleasure and sex. His dick throbbed and his balls ached to release gallons of cum. His



body tensed and flexed and he swelled with more muscle as he crossed the glade, emerging on the other side looking nothing so much as a god of sex, his tool swollen huge and red, his whole body bulging huge and powerful as if he had soaked in extra masculine power crossing the orgiastic glade.

He sighed and tried to contain his desire to simply yield to the overwhelming need he felt burning both inside him and against his skin. He felt a touch on his arm, and Reggie said, "If it's any consolation, it never gets easier." Stan looked up and, indeed, Reggie and Justin seemed to be existing in the same agitated state of denial and disappointment as he was himself. He wanted to jump their bones and fuck them into the ground.

"There'll be time. Later." Then Justin and Reggie took Stan by the hand and the trio, followed by Wolfgang and the Escaped, traveled down another shaded path toward the Lab.

"Where... Where'd they all come from?" Stan was still trying to catch his breath.

Reggie smiled. "Same as you, I'd imagine. Most of our friends left and they're out there in the world having fun. The results eventually find their way back here, for a variety of reasons. Some say they feel a sort of tugging and are drawn without explanation. Others are merely curious and want some answers. We get two or three a day, usually. Sometimes none, sometimes a lot more. Sometimes the guys are already paired up with someone, like our delightful innocents Bobby and Joseph. Others are exploring, finding out about their new selves. Some stay for only a day and feel the need to get back to where they came from. Others stay here, not many, but a few."

"What about you two?"

Justin looked at his partner. "We're already home, Stan. This is who we are and where we belong. That's a powerful realization. Have you ever felt like that? That you know you truly belong?" Stan thought for a moment before shaking his head almost sadly. "It will happen, Stan. It may not be a place you belong. It may be with a person. It may be doing something." He shrugged his huge shoulders and looked at Reggie with evident love. "You just never know."

A large building revealed itself in another open area of the small island. It was surrounded by gravel and there were more men here, though only a handful. Again, some were enjoying each other to a variety of intensities. Others lounged or seemed to be intent on duties, striding with purpose from the building into the surrounding woods. Again, Stan was struck by the variety of men's appearances but in their similar levels of muscular development and intense physical beauty.

Dark skin and light, blue eyes and green eyes and gray eyes and brown eyes, some with hair everywhere, others with less, some with almost no hair at all. Faces that all evidenced the same youthful perfection that his own did, but the eyes told a different tale. That was what it always was, he realized, how you could tell the experience of a man's

life. Everyone here might look like they were barely old enough to vote, but one look in their eyes and you knew those who had lived a life, and those who were just beginning to.

They were strolling toward the Lab when someone shouted Reggie's name, and then Justin's, and everyone stopped as one of the beautiful and impossibly powerful figures started to jog across the quad, his pec meat bouncing and the wedges of brawn in his legs stretching and bulging with each stride. The man seemed to exude health, strength and confidence and his body was raised to another level of perfection beyond even what Stan had grown used to.

Reggie smiled and raised his hand in greeting, saying, "Hey, Todd! How they hangin'?"

Todd slowed to a stop and grabbed both his old friends in a huge embrace, his well-muscled arms easily encompassing both of the other's huge torsos in what was obviously a warm and welcoming hug. "God, it's great to see you! And they're hanging exceptionally well."

"By design?"

"Of course." He hefted his fat balls in his hand. They overwhelmed even his augmented grip, huge and round and perfect in their furred sack. Stan was overcome momentarily by the mere presence of this man, whoever he was. His goggled look was evident enough that Todd's face registered an amused and concerned look as he said, "And who is this beautiful man? Some new progeny of Chuck's?"

"Nope. This is Stanley. Stan, may I present Todd. He's Number One for those keeping score – the first man ever to be Transformed."

Todd offered his hand in greeting as if this were any other business meeting and two associates were going to discuss the last quarter's profit statement. It apparently escaped his notice that they were all naked, and he was perhaps the most beautiful human being and most imposing and powerful man Stanley had yet encountered. Todd laughed slightly and leaned forward, his 10-pack swelling, and pulled Stan's hand into his warm, friendly grip. "Very pleased to meet you. Want to fuck later?"

"Uh, sure."

"Great! Great, I look forward to it." He placed his hand on Stan's bicep and said, "I'll just find you, how would that be?"

"Uh, yeah, okay."

"Okay? Okay! Well, I see you guys are on your way to something important." He looked at the Escaped and an eyebrow arched curiously, but whatever he was thinking he kept it to himself. "Okay, so, catch you later than, Stan. I'm really looking forward to it!" Without preamble, he grabbed hold of Stan's prodigious tool and passed a strong dose of

The Touch into his grip and Stan found himself weak-kneed and swooning, his prick swelling and arching like a happy snake, squirting a plume of slick, clear precum all over Todd's strong and talented hand. Todd grinned and slowly gave Stan a couple of smooth, slow strokes to stoke the fire of anticipation even higher before releasing his touch, raising the hand to his mouth before all the honey had been absorbed through his skin and sucking a thick wealth of the sticky sweet fluid into his mouth, licking it from his full and sensuous lips before saying, deeply, "I love the taste of men."

Stan nodded, words escaping him again.

"Ooh, the strong silent type." Todd tilted his beautiful face slightly and narrowed his sparkling gaze. "Can't wait." And with that and a slap on Reggie's ass, he was bounding off in the direction of the orgy glade, his ass muscles bouncing almost as much as his chest had done on the way in.

Justin was looking at Reggie's butt and the red hand print thereon, his brow knitted together. Reggie seemed to blush and then he shrugged. Justin just shook his head as a smile crawled across his face.

Stan was still watching the man disappear when Reggie voiced an answer to his unasked question. "He looks that good because he's probably shared more men than almost anyone else who's been Transformed. There's something in the system that inherits all the best traits of any man exposed and then amps that up, giving it back again to the man who gave it in the first place. So the more men a Transformed man fucks, the better he looks." He sighed. "Todd's just lucky that way, it's not a contest with him. But pretty much anyone who meets him wants to do him, as you can imagine. And fucking is his way of meeting someone, although he seemed to go out of his way to meet you – just like Willy did." He looked more closely at Stan. "You have some secret we don't know about, Stanley?"

"Not that I know of," he answered truthfully. "Jesus, he's beautiful. I mean, even more beautiful than... all the other beautiful men here."

"Yes, he's not bad. But you haven't met Michael yet."

"Michael?"

"Head honcho," interjected Justin, "The Main Man. Mr. Perfect."

"But in a good way."

"Oh, hells yes! A very good way." They both smiled knowingly and seemed to swell slightly larger before turning again and leading the troop across the gravel to the large white building with the open doors.

"May I ask a question?" It was the first words from Wolf in a long time. Stan almost forgot he and his men were even there.

"Of course, Wolf," answered Reggie brightly. "Anything at all!"

"Mr. Todd was the first subject of the experiments?"

"Todd, ducks. Not Mr. Todd. But, yes indeedy, he's the first horse out of the gate."

"I am also the first." He gestured at the others. "That is why they look as I look. My seed was the initializer for Peremnyaats."

"Pair of men what?"

"Russian. It means to change."

"Ah. And so..?" Their bare feet made no sound as they walked down a long hallway.

"He was a soldier?"

Justin laughed out loud. "Toddles? No, no, no. He was a... broker?"

Reggie shook his head. "Mortgage sales. Worked in a bank. Dreary sort of job." He said it with the voice of experience.

"So, that explains all."

"All what?" Reggie opened a door and held it open for the others.

"The others here I know were men not in service. Their manner is understood to be from that."

"Manner?"

"Fraternization. I believe that men in service could contain themselves. As we will do."

"You're planning on getting Transformed but not... enjoying the benefits?" Wolf took a moment before answering, and Reggie spoke into the silence. "Listen, Wolf. I don't know who you are. But you have to go into this with both eyes open. It's true that this will change you utterly, inside and outside. You'll have complete control of yourself and all your capabilities at all times. But I think you should also know that you will find that the things you considered important before may disappear, and the things you consider important afterwards may never have occurred to you before."

"Sex," Wolf grunted.

Reggie nodded. "And love." He smiled. "Anyway, we don't make judgments here. You'll do what you want to do, just as we all do. I just wouldn't get too cozy believing that you'll be the same person after the procedure that you are now. And that goes for all of you, too. Not that I have to tell at least two of you that, judging by the twinkles I see in a couple of eyes back there."

To Stan, they still looked the same, but it did seem as if two of them – possible Lev and Piotr – were blushing ever so slightly. Wolf blustered. "We will not change."

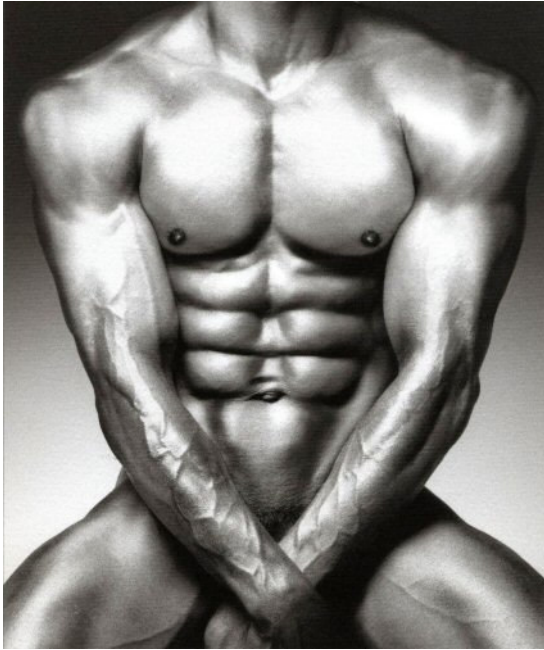
"Possibly. But we're keeping our hosts waiting, so if we could all just move along?"

The room was clean and white and virtually empty. Except for two figures standing approximately at the center of the room, of approximately equal height and stature and, naturally, entirely naked. The taper of their upper bodies shouted out their masculinity in stark obviousness, as if that were necessary. And as Stan approached, his attention was almost entirely drawn toward the man on the right.

The man on the left had creamy coffee skin and eyes that glittered like gold. His body was overwhelmed with proud, bulging muscularity, arranged in a manner of perfect symmetry suggesting not just hours at a gym, but lifetimes. He stood with a slightly relaxed stance but one that suggested capability and a self-confidence that practically filled the room. His Latin roots became more and more clear as the group approached, and he had a smile on his beautiful face that spoke a welcome without words.

But that man could not dominate this space, no matter how superhuman his appearance and brawn. Because next to him stood a man that put every other man – even the amazing and unbelievable Todd – into a shadow. This man seemed to radiate sex and power. He defined perfect masculine beauty. It shone from his flawless skin and lasered its way across the room from his eyes. Justin and Reggie approached this god and embraced him, and Stan watched the man's muscles flex and swell and bulge and stretch in a dance of erotic promise and powerful brawn that reached out to him and stroked his fires to hellish proportions.

He felt this man on his flesh and deeper down, inside himself, to his core. And as the man reached forward his hand and said, "Welcome, Stan. My name is Michael." Stan's world tilted sideways and he was in love before he knew what hit him.



## 18

Five men stood in the glass-walled enclosure overlooking Lab One at the headquarters of what was referred to as Main Office looking down on a sixth man below. Major Sherman Tipton stood next to a white-smocked doctor. Of the six men there, they were the only two wearing any clothing.

Jerry Lassiter, genetic scientist and radically altered superman, stood – towered – next to Scott Maddox, special agent and covert lead on an as-yet unspecified project involving that huge naked man next to him, as well as an unknown number of similarly improved and radically altered genetic masterpieces

resulting from an experiment of Lassiter's and his partner's gone horribly right. Slightly behind them and to the left stood Lieutenant Jason Fortaleza, who until a few minutes ago had been enjoying a passionate and powerful three-way with Maddox and Lassiter. Jason's eyes grew dry as he watched in unblinking wonder at what was happening to his roommate on the gleaming metal table below.

Lieutenant Jay Lee Curtis, 21-year-old Army recruit and test subject in an on-going experiment concerning the alteration and perfection of the human male, was growing. His body was stretching, his bones were lengthening, his skin was expanding, but all of those feats were only the side effects of the most remarkable and amazing development occurring – because his muscles were growing at an increasing rate, the lobes and cables and balls and fibers of power expanding and multiplying before their eyes.

For Lassiter, it was nothing new. Even Maddox had seen something like this occurring as he sat in Jerry's room, because the man's capabilities concerning the control he could manifest over his highly improved body included, impossibly, an ability to control his own size and muscular development, to an extent that far outshone the young man on the table.

But that looked like it was changing quickly.

"700 pounds," said the smocked doctor quietly.

"Rate of growth?" Tipton kept his eyes on Jay Lee as he asked.

"10 pounds per minute, but it's exponential. As he grows bigger, he adds a bigger percentage of muscle onto his frame."

“This isn’t Transform.” Lassiter looked at Tipton. “Is it?”

“It’s an improved version.”

“Improved by whom? And how?”

“The ‘who’ isn’t important. The how... you can probably guess.”

But it was Maddox who did the guessing. “Aggression.”

“Succinct, but essentially true.”

“It’s not hard to put two and two together. Particular when the military’s involved.”  
Maddox drew in a breath. “Containment?”

“Unknown.”

“Slow down a second and explain this please.” Lassiter turned slightly and looked at Scott for answers, though his suspicions would soon be borne out.

Maddox shot a look at Tipton, who nodded, and then he glanced at Jason with an arched eyebrow, wondering how long it would be before the other young man started to grow. “You fucked something up, Jerry. They’re trying to unfuck it, with typically mixed results. Your brew succeeded beyond anyone’s dreams, but it lacks one essential component – rather, it makes a trade-off that the military cannot abide. You rechanneled the aggressive behavior, but you did it too well.” Maddox thought back to the supporting docs, the overview, the project’s original intent. “They feared what men like you might become. Would you be so powerful that you’d simply overthrow your masters? Would you grow too strong to control? So they entrusted you and your friend Carlos and your knowledge of the human genome to come up with an answer – and you did.”

“You’re not telling me anything I don’t know,” the immense man said.

“This is for the benefit of our friend Jason, for whom this information will soon be very important, I’m sure.” Jason looked away from Jay Lee at the mention of his name, and devoted his attention now to the conversation at hand. “Your answer, doctor, was to pump up their sexual aggression to attempt to replace overt violent behavior. Your mistake, as you now know – and so does Main Office – was that Transform was much more powerful than you ever designed or imagined. You’re feeling the results of that choice now, I would imagine. While the Major here and probably the good doctor and perhaps even Jason are feeling some measure of fear regarding the imposing figure below us, and that fear may result in a natural fight or flight decision, you’re feeling...”

“Sexual attraction.”

“Which, on a battlefield, wouldn’t be very helpful, I’m sure you agree, unless you intend on fucking your opponent into submission.” Lassiter’s handsome face lit into a smile at the thought. “And you know all that. And you probably also know that Main Office needed you.”

“They want my knowledge of the process.”

“No, sir. I’m sorry. They needed you. They needed a Transformed man. They needed your DNA. They needed Transform back. So they could alter it.” Maddox looked down on the still growing man below. He was absurdly powerful, overwhelmed with muscle, growing stronger and bigger by the second. “They needed to create Transform 2. To correct your error.”

Lassiter turned toward the Major slowly. “That,” he said softly, “was a foolish mistake.”

Jason spoke up softly, asking “How big are you?”

Lassiter grinned proudly. “Never actually measured, but I’d estimate that at full strength, so to speak, I’m around 18 feet tall.”

“Holy fuck.”

Tipton bristled, though it was difficult to tell if it was at the conversation or the Lieutenant’s breach of military etiquette. “A mistake? No, Doctor. A correction.”

“You don’t understand what you’ve done. You don’t understand what you’re doing.”

“I can understand your egotism, Lassiter. Your accomplishments are quite extraordinary. But I assure you that you are not the only genetic specialists on staff at Main Office.”

“We never designed the emotional responses. We didn’t rechannel anything. We built the perfect man, and I am part of that result. Aggressive behavior wasn’t removed or redirected, Major. It, like everything else, was augmented.”

Maddox started grinning. Tipton looked slightly stunned. “What?”

Now Lassiter was grinning, too. “You’re not creating an improvement, Major. If you wanted different results, you needed to start with a different recipe. Transform is what it is. All you’ve done is…”

“Pump up the volume.” Maddox started laughing.



Jay Lee felt amazing. His blood boiled. His muscles expanded. He felt powerful beyond measure. He stood slowly up, feeling his body overwhelming the size of the table, and stretched to his full height. He brought his gaze up the shining white walls of the room to the glass above and the figures standing there.

He closed his eyes and pulled in a breath to cool his body, if that was possible. Closing his eyes only focused his attention inward, however, and he could suddenly feel the growth that was taking place with an intensity that was difficult to fathom.

It was everywhere. It was shining inside him like a sun. His body swelled with new growth and wherever it was happening, it felt like he was being stroked to orgasm. Everything felt good. The pain was gone, the anger was gone, the only thing left was power, swelling enormously, multiplying effortlessly, building within him and manifesting as muscular development at a rate and in dimensions never seen or experienced before.

He opened his eyes and grinned and started to laugh. He looked down as his chest expanded and watched the muscle growing. He could see it happening under his skin, watch as the muscle split and stretched and swelled, feel the immense strength building. His physique was changing every second. His skin tingled, his balls throbbed, his cock felt massive and hard and hungry.

He lifted his hand to his left pec and placed it on his flesh and felt his body swelling with power under his touch. He felt the muscle expanding, the heat of that growth and the warmth of his skin. His cock swelled in response and he sucked in another breath and watched his gigantic chest grow.

He closed his eyes again and stretched his head on his muscled neck and moved his touch down his body, over the swelling masses of strength, feeling himself expanding, along the thick cables of brawn, across the bulging muscles on his belly and through the soft, thick, warm curls of fur above his prick.

He felt massive and alive and hypermasculine.

He opened his eyes and looked directly at Jason.

“Fuck!” A sudden wet sound erupted against the glass and a thick gob of something creamy white was slowly dripping down the glass. The men in the observation room turned at the sudden exclamation, glanced at the ejaculate and then turned to see the lucky man who’d released it. Jason looked stunned, his body was as rigid as his dick. “Anyone else feel that?”

“Uhhm, I think I speak for all of us when I say unfortunately not.”

“Fuck!”

“What, pray tell, was it?”

“Something shot through me and it was like... like...”

“Like?” Lassiter walked over and stood next to Jason, but Jason’s eyes remained locked on the figure below.

“Something made me cum.”

Lassiter laughed slightly. “That much is apparent.”

“Oh, Jesus.”

“What?”

Jason was suddenly surrounded by heat, but a heat that suffused his skin and seemed to climb from the inside out. It felt to him, at first, as if he had been splashed with warm water, then the water flamed up and sank inside and was sucked into his lungs and shot through his muscles and found its way, quickly, into his groin and then intensified and built on itself and licked him with its long, wet tongue and sucked his cock and balls inside its mouth and sucked and moaned and stroked and caressed and sucked some more until....

“Here it comes again!” His cock sprang upward and his body arched and a second thick volley of cream erupted from him, plastering the window again. “Man! What the fuck?”

Lassiter looked down at Jay Lee, who was smiling broadly. “Can you describe what...?” But he didn’t finish the sentence before another fat fountain of cream sprang from Jason’s red, shiny prick, followed shortly by another, and another.

Jason was breathing hard, unable to catch his breath. His face looked beatific, absolutely overcome with pleasure, overwhelmed by sex. His skin was ruddy and a sheen of sweat was dripping off his gleaming flesh. His cock was raging hard, red and angry and covered with veins. He came again, shoving another thick load from his throbbing balls.

“Hmm,” observed Lassiter. Maddox turned and looked at the still developing mass of muscle below.

Jay Lee made Jason cum again. And then again. It was so simple. He felt stupid that it had never occurred to him how to do this before. It was like thinking it and then throwing it and then watching it happen. Sex was in his grip. Raw, hard, unbridled, passionate, wild fucking sex. The fire of it was in his control. It was bottled up inside him and he

could unleash it on anyone he wanted to. He saw Maddox looking at him and he obliged the man with another wish.

“Whoa. That was... interesting.” Maddox found his cock instantly hard, but he didn’t manage to paint anything. The rush of sexual release washed his body in warmth, flowing across his skin and sinking inside his balls, tickling them like a hot tongue. “Dr. Lassiter, it appears our little friend is testing his wings.” Major Tipton took a step back from the window. “I doubt that will help, Major, but more luck to... oh, holy Jesus on a pogostick!”

Maddox suddenly released a torrent of hot creamy cum that sprayed the Major’s medaled chest. He’d turned his back on Jay Lee’s swelling form and suddenly a hot flash of hard masculine sex thrust itself up his ass and exploded inside him. He turned around, stumbling, nearly falling, and caught himself on the glass, his hand meeting the hard surface and bringing him back to reality.

Jay Lee considered for a moment why he hadn’t made Maddox cum the first time. “Harder nut to crack,” he thought with a smile. But not an impossible nut. He set his sights on the biggest target available.

“Incoming!” Maddox said it lightly, and looked at Jerry.

Dr. Lassiter felt something, that much was true. His body grew slightly warmer and his cock grew slightly heavier. “Interesting,” he observed, and he turned and looked down at Jay Lee. “Something new has already been added to the mix, Major. Congratulations.” He felt another wave of sexual heat infuse him, stronger than the first. “And he’s definitely a fast learner.” Another, stronger wave hit him. His secondary prick erupted into the open. “My, my, my. And such power too.” Lassiter was a Transformed man. He had complete control over his body. Things like that weren’t supposed to happen.

Jay Lee grimaced. Damn it! Cum, motherfucker! I’m going to make you cum! You’re going to cum harder than any of them. Cum! Now!

Jason shot another load, as did Maddox. This time, even the Major found his pants had suddenly become a soggy mess, and the other doctor’s white smock was noticeably darker. “Sorry, gentlemen. I’m afraid that was meant for me. A little bit of a ricochet, there. Interesting, though, don’t you think?” He stood at the window watching the growing man below, who stood in concentration as his body continued its development.

Jay Lee thought, Fuck! God dammit, cum! Cum you motherfucker! Cum!

Another wave of erotic bliss erupted in the room, and all the men save Jerry Lassiter found themselves orgasming again. Maddox swooned against the glass with the power of the wave, Jason fell to his knees and the two other men simply passed out completely.

“Needs a bit of finessing,” observed Jerry. “Maybe the Major has developed an effective weapon, after all.”

“Jesus, Jerry, can you get him to stop. This is... ooohhhh, fuck!” Scott’s steel-hard cock fountained again. “My balls are starting to hurt.” He came again.

“Very well, though it is a very interesting experiment. Scott, Jason, I wonder if you wouldn’t mind accompanying me down to have a chat with our little over-muscled imp.” Lassiter, Scott and Jason approached a door to the side of the room and started down a stairway to meet with the newest Transformed man and discuss terms of surrender.

# 19

Mornings after are a bitch. Chuck awoke tangled up in the arms and legs of quite a few of the young men who'd been suddenly Transformed by Adam's wild spur-of-the-moment muscle dance, and immediately realized that what had happened was right up there on the same level of potential disaster as the last White Snake concert tour.

::Adam? Frazz?::

Adam's voice entered his head, filled with love as usual. ::Hi, Chuck! Good morning!:: Frazz was slightly less energetic. ::Fuck, what was the number of that truck?::

::Truck?::

::The one that shoved its cock up my ass last night::

Chuck began to disentangle himself. He was naked, which wasn't unusual, and he was horny, also not outside the realm of any other morning, and he was surrounded by about three dozen young men, also naked, probably also horny, who all managed to look like an open call for the next Hot Stallion Studios gay muscle porn flick. Everywhere he looked, all he could see was bulging muscles and long, fat, delicious pricks. He stroked his own mammoth appendage and grinned in spite of himself. "Damn."

::What?::

::Nice work, Adam. Don't know about you guys, but I am standing in the midst of about the most beautiful collection of overripe, overmuscled, overengorged naked dudes this side of IGE::

Frazz's grizzled voice echoed his own wonder. ::Hells, yes, bro. There's so much naked male pulchritude on display around me that it's a wonder I'm not erupting a volcano of cum::

::Yes, Chuck, I am with many new friends, too. They are all beautiful and want me to be with them some more::

::You're not doing anything to them, right Adam?::

::I am fucking them::

::Well, of course, but I meant you're not building them bigger bodies than they've already got or... anything else like that?::

::No, Chuck. I am making love with them. Do you want me to make them bigger?::

Chuck looked at the display of naked bodies around him, some of whom were starting to rouse in the morning light, rubbing their muscles or stroking their hardening cocks or simply sitting up to welcome the first day in their new bodies. ::I don't think that would be a good idea just yet, Adam. Hang in there and just keep having fun for a while until I figure this out. Frazz, where are you?: Chuck's handsome black buddy sent a mental image of his whereabouts and Chuck homed in on him. ::Stay put, I'll be right there.::

::Then what?:

"Fuck if I know," he answered aloud. He scrubbed his hand through his sandy hair and took another look at the scene, with several thoughts popping into his head all at once.

First, how would these dudes explain why they were suddenly gifted with porn star pricks and bodybuilder muscles? Hell, better than porn star pricks and bigger than bodybuilder muscles! Second, did it make sense to just accelerate them all through the process of Transform and let them make their own decisions instead of leaving them all like this? Third, did he have time to do any fucking of his own to several of the most prime pieces of ass he'd ever seen, not to mention suck on a few of these huge cocks before making any other decisions?

"Chuck?"

The big man turned and came face to face with Moose. The young man was grinning from ear to ear as he stood there, butt naked, built like a brick shithouse, armored in huge bulges of fat muscular glory and sporting a hard-on big enough to choke a horse. "Hey, Moose." Chuck moved his hand onto the man's hard, hot prick and gave it a couple of friendly strokes.

Moose closed his eyes and let out a feral growl of pleasure. "So... not a dream, I guess." He looked around and laughed slightly. Chuck watched the bicep mounted on his upper arm swell massively as he raised his arm to scratch his head.

"Not a dream," Chuck verified. He swelled himself larger while the kid's back was turned, just to have a bit of an advantage over the guy. "How do you feel?" Moose's answer was a smile and a kiss, one that lingered and grew increasingly passionate as they tongue-wrestled. "So, good then?"

"Excellent. Thanks, again for... everything."

"No problem." It looked like they were in a city park somewhere near the downtown area, and the air was still and quiet. Chuck figured it was still fairly early, probably around five or six. "So, Moose..."

"Yes, Chuck?" The guy looked hopeful, probably expecting Chuck to take him by the hand and spin him around and start drilling his ass all over again. A Transformed man was nothing if not predictable.

“Any suggestions?” Moose raised an eyebrow questioningly. “For explaining all this to... well... everybody.”

Moose shrugged. “Are there any explanations that are going to make any sense?” He looked down at himself as he said this, inwardly marveling at his amazing new collection of muscular perfection.

“I don’t know if they’ll make sense or not. I can only tell you what I know.” His gaze fell along the young man’s bulging masses, and a fleeting memory of their coupling the night before flew through his brain. His dick responded with a gush of precum and he sighed contentedly. “Damn, you are one fine specimen.”

Moose kissed his mouth deeply. “You ain’t so bad your own damn self.” He looked around at the dozing mass of muscle surrounding them. “Fuck me, but this is about the nicest wake up call ever.”

“I’d agree with you, but I’ve had some fairly amazing wake up calls over the past few months.”

“No doubt. So, what’s the plan?” It was Chuck’s turn to shrug. “I gather that this isn’t the first time something like this has happened.”

“Well, yes and no. We usually try to be a bit more...”

“Subtle?” Moose chuckled.

“Contained, I guess would be a better word.” He started walking and motioned for Moose to follow. “Let’s go meet up with my friends and see if we can put our brains together and figure out what to do next.”

“Why do we need to do anything?”

Chuck looked at Moose, his brow arched. “What?”

Moose glanced back at the tangled mass of naked muscle. “Well, it’s not like anyone was complaining, right? And none of those guys is exactly a virgin or holds down a job where they need to worry about what the boss will think if they don’t turn up. These are clubbers, remember? They stay up all night, they work weird hours, and they pretty much are friends with each other.” He looked over at Chuck. “The weirdest part is likely to be trying to explain why they’re all naked – and even that doesn’t really verge on unusual behavior.”

Chuck laughed softly. “Yeah, but...”

Moose stopped him. “Look, I don’t know where you came from or how you do what you do and I guess I don’t care.” He rubbed the fat nub of his nipple and moaned. “Well, maybe I care a little, just out of curiosity. I mean, how is this possible? What the fuck happened last night?”

Another dozing group of nude young men with perfect muscular bodies came slowly into view. A very large, very wide, very naked black-skinned man was leaning against a tree nearby. Frazz raised his arm and waved a good morning to the duo as they approached. His skin sparkled with dewdrops that had fallen from the leaves overhead. He looked almost like some woodland pagan god made real.

Chuck and Frazz greeted each other with a kiss and an embrace. Frazz reached down and stroked Chuck’s mammoth cock and Chuck grinned. “Missed you,” Frazz said, his deep voice a welcome rumble against Chuck’s chest.

“You too, fucker.” He looked over at the other group of gorgeous bodies. “So, my friend Moose here has a suggestion about this latest development, no pun intended.”

“You mean dealing with a couple dozen or so newly developed bodybuilder porn studs with horse-hung cocks and enough muscle to fuel several dozen fantasies? That development?” He looked over as Adam approached, bringing with him the recognizably perfect forms of Jeff and Tommy, the two dudes that Chuck and Adam had Transformed before Adam released himself on the clubgoers. He waved again at Adam who bounded over like a huge, powerful puppy and threw his arms open to embrace all three men at the same time.

“Good morning! I’m so happy! And look, I found Tom and Jeffrey!” The other two grinned at Adam’s obvious glee and nodded slightly in greeting. Unlike the rest of the men that morning, somehow the two young men had managed to remain partially clothed – although they were only wearing underwear, they at least managed to look somewhat presentable, all things considered.

There was a stirring among the gathered naked bodies and Chuck motioned for the group to move a little further from the sleeping orgy to continue their conversation. Frazz said, “Apparently, your friend here – Moose, is it? – Moose has a suggestion concerning an agreeable denouement to our little accidental dilemma.”

They all looked at Moose. “Why do anything? Like I told Chuck, none of these guys is exactly a pillar of society here in town. Mostly they all hang out together, they have shit jobs that pay them just enough so they can buy new clothes to impress each other and they spend every night trying to get laid at the clubs. What, really, has been changed except now they have a much better selection of fuck buddies to choose from?”

Jeffrey wrinkled his brow. “And we just leave it like that? No explanation? No reason for what happened?”



Moose shook his head. "Any answers will probably just raise more questions. And I'm thinking our friends here aren't exactly prepared to answer them, am I right, Chuck?"

"Well, I mean, I'm not completely stupid about the why's and what's and who's, but if you guys want, like, scientific methodology or some shit like that, I'm not the dude to ask." He looked at Frazz. "But I know someone who knows." Frazz nodded, and Chuck looked back at Jeff, Tommy and Moose. "And... you're not really fully cooked, so to speak."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning that there's quite a few more tricks up our sleeves besides what you've already experienced." Chuck's gaze drank in the well-muscled forms of the young men in front of him. The massive chests, the chiseled bellies, the fat cables of brawn along their arms and legs, and the sculpted perfection of their faces. Damn, this stuff was amazing. He watched as his careful ogling of their bodies caused their fat cocks to stir. Moose's was exposed and started to pulse and rise. He watched the other two dicks, sheathed behind thin layers of cotton, start to stretch and swell, pushing insistently for release. "You've only had the slightest taste of what's available. If you want it."

Chuck allowed his body to swell outward slightly with more muscle. His entire form expanded and bulged like the cocks he saw before him, his muscles growing fatter beneath his golden tanned skin. He stood still and tall as his body changed. His arms grew thicker with power, veins appeared along the muscle to feed its growth. His chest widened and solidified with more brawn, the rows of strength swelling and dividing and swelling again. His intercostals, the fingers of muscle along the edge of the ribcage, fattened and lengthened. The incredibly defined six-pack on his belly and the two thick cables of his obliques swelled huge, deeply increasing the valleys between.

He smiled as he watched the faces of the trio witness his development. He was becoming closer to his true appearance, touching the masculine perfection of his actual Transformed self. His face was changing in subtle ways, his brow more pronounced, his jaw more square, his eyes clearer and darker.

Frazz covered his smile with his hand as he watched his lover change and the reaction of the poor young men forced to stand there and witness it. Their dicks showed ample evidence of their feelings. Moose's was already at full attention, and the other two guy's cocks had pushed their ways over the waistbands of their tightie whities and glistened with precum. Frazz could have joined in, but he knew his lover got off on this part – plus, he loved watching Chuck grow into his actual perfection almost as much as Chuck loved doing it.

Bigger and bigger he grew, the muscles fighting for space beneath his glowing flesh. Moose grabbed onto his own throbbing hard-on and started jerking off with slow, concentrated strokes. Tommy ripped his underwear from his body and joined in, while

Jeffrey was merely rubbing the head of his cock with his thumb, greasing it up with the flow of precum now streaming out.

Chuck grinned as he watched their reactions. He had pinpoint control over his body. He was #2 of the Transformed men and had been doing this longer than almost anyone. He'd probably been with more of the other guys than anyone, too, and had realized the benefits of receiving Transform filtered through dozens of different men, each adding their own uniqueness to the brew and giving it back to him, adding to his male perfection. This was the easiest part of it all, this was release. He was simply becoming his true self, in all his impossible and remarkable glory.

He didn't grow much taller, not nearly to his full height, but he towered over them now. His body exhibited a reflection of his fully realized form, a mini version of his colossal body. Every inch of him, every individual muscle was defined and bulging. His cock hung fat and firm and long between his legs. His balls, round and heavy and ample, hung low in their furry sack. He was an anatomical map of masculine perfection. His skin glowed, his nipples gleamed, even his fingernails looked shiny. He was, in a phrase, the most fuckable man on Earth.

"And this, dudes, is only the visible part." He moved into a most muscular pose, swelling his collection of brawn into stark relief, pushing his muscles to their swollen and perfected glory. He smiled, and they all came.

Gushing cream splashed across the lawn and Moose moaned a deep, guttural sound of pleasure. Chuck relaxed into a less impressive state of muscular power and laughed slightly, saying, "Sorry, dudes."

Frazz laughed, too. "That's hardly fair, Chuck. The least you could have done is prepare them."

"What, like saying, 'Okay, guys, now I'm going to reveal my actual appearance and it's so blindingly beautiful that you're going to cream just looking at me'?"

Frazz shrugged. "It's a start."

Chuck looked down at himself, at his smooth flawless skin and the array of powerful muscle beneath. Every movement highlighted the extent of his strength, the size of his muscles, the sheer magical and miraculous reality of his body. He moved his touch along his naked figure, feeling the remarkable sense of his sensual form and all its masculine glory. It never failed to amaze him, the intensity of feeling, the depth of sexuality, the way every cell of his body was attuned to making him feel good. Better than good. Better than great.

He looked at Frazz and they shared that connection. Frazz knew, too, that feeling. And how it never diminished. He looked at Adam and wondered if he realized what this gift was, because he was born to it.

Then he looked at the three young men before him, who had only just tasted the true essence of Transform and the changes it brings. They stood there naked, glorious, and so fucking hot that he wanted to take them all and fuck them hard and lick their asses with his long, talented tongue and stroke their cocks and swallow their loads and show them the meaning of raw, manly, powerful sex. “I think we’ll need a bit more privacy for this next step.” He looked up into the morning sky and added, “Plus, it’s a lovely day for flying.”

# 20

The day-to-day activities at the Institute for Genetic Research, better known by its members more simply by its initials, IGE, did not vary greatly. In the weeks and months since the release of the serum called Transform by those lucky enough to have realized its many powerful and increasingly numerous benefits, the number of new men arriving remained somewhat steady.

There was an initial surge just after the event that some called The Joining, others The Becoming, and for some of the more jovial simply The Big Ass Orgy. Transformed men had left the island to pursue whatever goals or dreams they had in their new bodies and, as they traveled and coupled and experimented, they sent those they had shared the gift with back to IGE to receive the answers they sought, or to meet the others like themselves.

But that phase was short-lived. As their numbers slowly increased, each man eventually found their way back to IGE as if it had become their home, which was not far from the truth of it.

A Transformed man in the wild did not become some sort of Superman, performing heroic acts or swelling to enormity in public or showing off their gifts for fame and money. They managed to “blend in” to society at large, for the most part. Perhaps they were abnormally large, or unusually handsome, or remarkably muscular, but for the most part they could, as they preferred to, simply appear in some city, come on to a couple of men that interested them, Transform them utterly and return with them to IGE.

They didn’t wish to go back. They no longer found pleasure in some of the things they had before.

The need for acquisition to prove one’s standing, for example. Buying more expensive cars or houses or clothing was meaningless when you needed none of those things. And they also found that the friendships they had before grew cold for them without the intensity of the mind link, or the shared sexual appetite for each other and the desire to draw others into that need.

They had been changed more dramatically than they realized. Physical needs simplified. Sex, basically, was the driver of almost everything. They didn’t need food, they didn’t need basic comforts, they needed only another man, or men, and it was only satisfying to be with other men who had been Transformed.

Certainly they could Transform other men and certainly they did. With an almost childlike glee, they would disguise their true appearance and saunter into the places where other men congregated, and they would entice those who showed more than a passing interest in having more than a conversation with them like a spider and their prey.

And inevitably, they managed to pick out only those men whose transformations would be welcomed and unquestioned.

It was so simple, and so easy. A kiss could be filled with a flood of Transform. A brush of a hand against a cheek could send that man's muscles bulging and swelling and ripping through their clothes. You could easily be invited back to a room and strip naked, displaying your ample and amazing assets and start drilling away at any number of willing and hungry asses and start pumping their bodies full of your seed and your beauty and your power until you were both physically perfected by the serum's awesome strength.

But at last, what every man wanted was to be back on that island, surrounded by dozens of others who understood, and who wanted to be with you, and who could manage to take all that you had to give and ask for more. Your sexual drive overwhelmed you, and the hunt became less attractive than the prize.

It was as if Transform did not want to be released. It wanted containment. It wanted to choose who was Transformed, based on rules it alone knew. The men who came to the island did not feel that they had been changed in these more subtle fashions, that they had become lovers more than anything else, that their physical transformations were a sort of reward, and that the sex they were having, if they stopped to consider it, wasn't merely anonymous fucking but served some kind of higher purpose. It brought them closer together, and allowed them to experience other men more deeply and honestly than any two people had ever done before.

Most, if asked, would deny this. "No fucking way," they might say, "I just love me some ass!" Those words were true, undeniably so. But there was another truth below the surface, and that truth had no better personification than the one man made entirely of Transform.

Adam.

Adam loved every man he was with. He made no judgments that any man was better or worse than any other man. Every man he was with was perfect. And he loved them all, and could love them all, unconditionally.

If anyone on the island recognized this fact, it was Michael. He could not, probably, put this truth into words, but he knew it for a fact. A Transformed man was Transformed in ways much deeper than the surface appearance of their perfect physical forms. A Transformed man needed other Transformed men not because they craved sexual satisfaction, but because they craved each other wholly and without measure.

Michael and Carlos stood before Stan and the group of physical anomalies headed by the man called Wolf. He and his seven companions, his soldiers, stood in silence. To the eye, they were identical. Each stood as precisely tall as the other. Each had the same face, the same chest lacking nipples, the same crotch with nothing dangling from it. They had been

altered in a similar fashion by another government, but they had been changed into invulnerable similarities of men.

In a way, these eight were the polar opposites of all the men who had been Transformed. While a man exposed to the American serum realized a libido so pumped up that it was never satisfied, along with the equipment and capacity to do something about that, the Escaped, as they called themselves, had all of that stripped away leaving them with the power, strength and force that the Transformed had...

"...but none of the distractions." Stan summed up all he knew about the small group and looked at Wolfgang. "Wolf, here, is their leader."

"Why do you need a leader?" asked Michael.

"For at war."

"Ah. And are we at war, you and us?" His eyes twinkled with mirth and a slim smile lit his lips.

Wolf's already erect stance became even more stiff, if that was possible. "We are not, sir. We are seeking help, for us and for others."

"Yes, well, let's concentrate on you for now and worry about the others after we've solved your rather unfortunate problem. Carlos? Thoughts?"

The striking Latino at Michael's side, his body sheathed in creamy coffee skin, his dark eyes flecked with gold, smiled slightly. "Of course, but none that are particularly helpful." He approached Wolf and placed a hand on the man's shoulder, showing camaraderie with the band of men. "How was this accomplished? Were you given something to take internally? Were you placed in a chamber of some kind?"

Wolf stared forward. "We were..."

"Wolf, it will help if you look at me while we talk" Carlos said gently.

Wolf turned to face Carlos and bowed his head slightly. "Apologies. We were given a series of injections."

"No operations? Nothing was done to you physically to remove the portions of your anatomy now missing?" Wolf shook his head. "And after each injection, what changes did you note?"

"I was... we were made... unawake."

"So you did not observe what was happening to you?"

“Dreaming only.”

Carlos smiled. “How do you know, if you were unconscious, that you were not operated on?”

Wolf blinked. “I suppose I do not know. There is no pain. There is nothing.” He placed his hand on his groin and moved it across the smooth plane.

Carlos kneeled and put his hand on Wolf’s crotch. He passed a strong dose of the Touch and Transform into his fingers and moved them across the surface. “Nothing at all?”

“No, sir.”

Michael observed in silence. The other men of The Escaped remained motionless and quiet through the process and Carlos’s examination. Stan had his own questions – several dozen of them, actually – but chose to wait. It wasn’t his time to speak, yet. He couldn’t help but keep looking at the countenance of Michael, though. He had never met anyone so... attractive, in every sense of the word. Charismatic, beautiful, powerful and magnetic, it was as if the man was glowing.

“Thank you.” Carlos stood up and turned to Michael. “We need to do some other tests, obviously. I need to determine what properties are preventing Wolf and our new friends from absorbing Transform into their altered systems. It will also be helpful to know whether there’s anything of their sexual organs that can be reclaimed, or if they have been removed.”

Stan gulped hard at the final words, imagining what his life would be like without his dick dangling between his legs. He reached down and grabbed hold as if assuring himself that it was still there. A strong, quick, deep tingle of erotic bliss rocketing through his muscled body in reaction to his touch gave him his answer. He wanted to further explore the strength of that thrill with one or two of the men he’d met outside, and rather soon, but he returned his attention to the task at hand.

Michael was watching Stan with a smile on his lips, but he spoke to Carlos. “I don’t suppose all our guests need to accompany you to the lab. Wolf, would you be good enough to follow Carlos?”

“We will stay together,” he answered.

Michael looked at Wolf for a silent moment and then nodded. “Of course.” He waited for them to leave the room and then turned to Stan. “So, I hear nothing but good things about you, Stan.”

The voice and the attention made Stan feel dizzy, suddenly. “Good things?”

Michael tapped his forehead. "Mind speech. Justin and Reggie are very curious about you. And it appears that Todd went out of his way to meet you."

"Oh, yeah. I mean, I guess so."

Michael's grin lit into a smile. "Please tell me you're shy, Stan. I would so love to meet at least one of us who could maintain that demeanor." He sighed. "It seems like every man here knows exactly who he is and what he wants and is so self confident that they practically sweat ego." He laughed slightly. "Myself included, of course." Michael approached Stan and took his hand, pulling their bodies closer together. Michael's scent entered Stan's head like a spicy aphrodisiac. He smelled sexy and funky and sweet and smoky. The flesh of his palm felt warm and smooth and soft. The muscles of his arm wrestled under his skin. "May I kiss you?"

It was Stan's turn to laugh. Michael cocked a perfect eyebrow and Stan said, "You're the first man to ask permission since... well... ever."

"Mmm, excellent. I do so love to be the first." He started to lean in, their mouths drawing closer together. "But you haven't answered my question."

Stan could feel Michael's breath on his skin, against his lips, warm and moist. "Yes, of course," he said quietly.

Michael's kiss was slow and soft and gentle. Their lips pressed together and Stan could feel the other man's strength and utter command in their kiss. No other parts of their bodies touched saved their hands, but a wave of heat caressed Stan's body and he could feel the overwhelming strength of the other man's body as if it embraced him. When Michael broke the kiss and leaned away from him, Stan felt like he would cry from its absence. "My God," he said.

"Oh, no," answered Michael. "Just a man." He laughed again. "So, my shy friend, what shall we do while we wait?"

Stan's dick was already inflating.





## 21

Jerry, Scott and Jason opened the sealed door that lead out to where Jay Lee was still swelling with muscle. The behemoth turned toward them and sent out a shockwave of erotic bliss, like a sexual blast from a water cannon. Jason felt it first and most powerfully, dropping sideways and nearly losing consciousness as his rock hard cock erupted again. Scott Maddox felt it as strongly but managed to keep his feet as his own ample dick sprayed out another fountain of hot cream from his overburdened balls.

For Jerry, the experience was like being doused in hot water that somehow all coalesced and zeroed in on his crotch, making his nuts swell and his cock feel suddenly a couple of pounds heavier. “Whoa there, son. Take it easy! You’re going to cause your friend Jason to blow a nut, and I’m not sure that Scott can take another round of that ammunition, either.”

Jay Lee grinned and prepared another assault. “I’m going to make you cum, motherfucker! I’m gonna drain your balls!”

Jerry smiled. “Easier said than done, but let me walk over here first so these poor gentlemen don’t take any of the excess.” He walked to the opposite side of the room, circling around the swelling mass of muscle. “You really need to learn some control if you’re going to use that thing, you know. It’ll be much more effect... holy Jesus!”

Jay Lee’s next sex missile hit its target dead on. At last, Jerry found himself losing control and his secondary cock was suddenly swelling to full glory from his groin. Both fat dicks sent out thick sprays of hot, creamy Transforming cum that splashed onto the floor. The action surprised Jay Lee – another prick? – just enough that Jerry had time to try reasoning with the young man.

“You certainly are a determined sort, aren’t you?” Jay Lee met Jerry’s gaze but was otherwise unemotional. His hands were balled into fists, and the huge cables of developing muscle on his arms twisted and flexed like angry snakes. “Can we call a little truce and discuss terms of surrender?”

Jay Lee’s response was a lopsided smile.

“Oh, fuck.” Another white hot wave of sexual power battered Lassiter’s body. He found himself cumming another thick load, and his cocks were swelling larger. Jay Lee’s power seemed to be increasing at the same rate as his muscles. “Okay, that’s really not fair, you know. How are we supposed to carry on a civil conversation if you insist on... insist... oh, fucking hell!”

Jay Lee sent his biggest onslaught yet. It encased Jerry’s body in a throbbing, tingling, overwhelming sexual thrill that licked his asshole with warm, sloppy wetness and then thrust inside him and filled him with ecstasy and then shoved his creamy load from his cock with enough power to drop Jerry to his knees. Even Scott and Jason felt it as it filled the room with the soldier’s powerful erotic detonation. “Feel that?”

Jerry sucked in deep breaths, overwhelmed with feelings of sexual fulfillment and erotic bliss. “Uh, you might say so.”

“Want some more?”

Lassiter raised his gaze and met the growing man’s fierce determination. “Actually, yes.”

Jay Lee’s smile broadened. “I have to give it away,” he said. “I can’t keep it all inside me.”

Realization dawned on Jerry. The lad wasn’t just thrusting these sexual blasts on him and the others. He was sharing the overwhelming tide of erotic pleasure building inside him. Releasing it to others. Unburdening himself as it built upon itself and threatened to crush him with its power. He had no idea how strong these waves were, or what they were doing to others not prepared for their awesome strength. “Give it to me, then,” Jerry volunteered. “Let me have all you can give.”

“It’s too much,” the young man said. His body was shaking. He was trying to contain it within him, but it was an animal too powerful to be so easily caged. This was something new that Transform had manifested, and of all the men in the entire building, Jerry alone could understand what that meant.

He straightened. “I’m stronger than I look.”

Jay Lee’s face was turning red. His growing muscles pulsed and throbbed with the strain of his constraint. “The others...”

Jerry looked at Jason and Scott. “Perhaps you should leave.”

Jason looked struck. “But...!”

“Leave. Now.”

Scott's confidence overcame his common sense and he shook his head. "No way, doctor. I'm staying." Jason gulped and nodded an agreement. He wasn't going to abandon his friend and lover, nor did he want to look like the one chicken in the group.

Jerry looked at Jay Lee then. The lad was using every shred of internal fortitude he had to contain the swelling flood of sexual bliss that was building inside him like a nuclear explosion. "Very well. Now, listen to my voice, Jay Lee. Listen to me. You can control this. You have the power within you. You can control it."

"Can't."

"Yes, you can. I know it feels like it controls you, but it doesn't." A sudden wash of orgasmic intensity passed through Jerry's body. The dam inside Jay Lee was leaking. Jerry felt the shower of pleasure pass through him, driving his balls to tingle and his whole body to heat up. "Let it out, Jay. Let it out slowly. You are the master. You can control it."

"So much," he said from behind clenched teeth. "So much of it."

"Control..."

The beast ripped free of its chains. The swelling tide of erotic male sexuality broke through the dam all at once and erupted fully into the room and expanded outward like a swelling explosion.

It was a silent but powerful eruption. It had no appearance, no smell, no warning at all as it struck Jerry full force and sank into his flesh. He gasped and felt himself swelling as he lost control of himself in the attack of complete and ultimate male sexual power. He was blinded by it, and his cocks gushed floods of cream that sprayed in wide arcs across the room. His entire body was encased in an orgasmic shock of intense sexual release and there was nothing he could do to mitigate the concentrated dose of erotic power that assaulted him.

For Scott and Jason, who were standing outside Jay Lee's main wave but hit with its powerful ripples that expanded outward and through them, it was like achieving the perfect extended orgasm. It was that moment just before and during the first sizzling release of cum, but it extended out for minutes.

Scott's well-trained body shook with the power. He sucked in air and felt his balls swell and throb and his cock grow steel hard. Every muscle tensed to bulging glory. His skin heated up and a sheen of sweat broke out everywhere. He could feel the wave of Jay Lee's sex sucking on his nipples and licking his neck and shoving its tongue into his mouth and stroking his skin and rimming his asshole and pushing its firm, fat, long, hot prick inside his guts and prodding his prostate and squeezing his balls and swallowing the thick, creamy streams of cum that came and came and came.

It was a beast made of hot, wet mouths and soft lips and long tongues and talented hands and firm, bulging muscles and huge, hard cocks and cum-swollen balls and massive furry chests and fat, juicy nipples and firm delicious butts and long, powerful legs wrapping itself all around him and thrusting itself inside of him again and again and pulling him under its flood of absolute erotic ecstasy.

For Jason, Jay's explosion of uncontained male sexuality was the catalyst that broke down his own thin wall and helped the beast that was Transform 2 to break its chains and escape captivity. He felt what Scott did, the same overwhelming blast of sexual release, but his body's reaction was to suddenly explode with muscle and start to quickly swell and develop.

He was being sucked and fucked and kissed and stroked and licked and he was sucking and fucking and kissing and stroking and licking all at the same time. And he was growing, his muscles suddenly multiplying and swelling all across his body as he felt himself experience Jay Lee's sexual discharge.

No one witnessed his sudden transformation. No one held him as he grew, no one touched him, no one marveled at his amazing new collection of brawn as it bulged out across every inch of his frame. But he couldn't care about any of that, Jason was too lost in the torrent of Jay Lee's hypersexuality to be aware of much more than the sensations of erotic ecstasy flooding his senses.

But for him, the feeling was two-fold. His transformed senses were awakened by that clarion call of male sexual power and they echoed the unrestrained shout of power with their own swelling tide of masculine energy in return. His body, swelling with muscle and capacity, swallowed Jay Lee's torrent and then poured gasoline on the fire, and moments later Jason's rushing flood of Transformed male sexual might detonated inside the room as his body exploded with muscle and growth.

Scott felt it first. He was standing next to the furnace of Jason's potency when it exploded. To anyone observing from outside the blast radius, it would have been a curious spectacle. There was no overt physical manifestation of the effect at all. The men would appear to be in the throes of some unseen force, and it would probably have appeared that they were incapacitated by pain. They didn't slam their hands over their ears to shut out some intense aural attack, or hold their stomachs, or bleed. The only bodily result was a sudden and powerful orgasmic release of creamy cum shooting full and fast from their shining hard-ons.

Scott's body looked as if someone had grabbed hold of his cock and pulled. His pelvis shot forward, his arms flew back from his chest, his head fell so that he faced the ceiling and his entire muscled form swelled into full power as his cock gushed out thick streams of cum without apparent cause.

Jay Lee stumbled, caught unaware as his still developing form impacted the swelling bubble of Jason's sexual detonation. A tide of white hot male potency coated his muscle-

bloated flesh and the shock of it shut down his own fire hose of pleasure, cutting it to a slim trickle that shut itself off. The effect on him was much less pronounced than on Scott, and it felt to Jay Lee like a warm wash of a comforting orgasmic release.

It hit Jerry lastly, while he was still undergoing the full-on blast of Jay Lee's assault. The resulting double-explosion temporarily unhooked his control of his body and he was suddenly expanding and swelling up into his full Transformed glory. All his Transformed capabilities were thrust into full power, and the room was becoming saturated with his scent and the power of Transform 1 within it. His body was practically glowing with the Touch, his moans of ecstatic bliss were drenched with the Voice and his 18-foot-tall, hyper-masculine, twin-dicked, utterly perfectly beautiful form was quietly floating three feet off the ground.

The unconstrained power of Transform 1 washed through Scott's body on the other side of the room and he began quickly to realize the benefits of Jerry's invention. While Jay Lee's assault had disappeared, and Jason's sudden explosion was also quickly diminishing, Dr. Lassiter's unexpected and uncontrolled release of Transform 1 into the room had its most potent effect on Scott Maddox's body.

Jay Lee and Jason had already been exposed to an altered version of Transform, so although some of its benefits hadn't manifested yet, the seeds were already planted. The unadulterated version of it passed into them and through them, leaving its scent behind. Scott Maddox had been physically upgraded in baby steps over the years through a variety of methods, but Transform was an utterly new condition for his body. He had been wracked by the double explosions of Jay Lee's and Jason's blasts of male sexual intensity, and now he was being Transformed with an undiluted and uncontrolled rush of the stuff. The urgency and suddenness of the ambush on his body and senses knocked him flat to the ground.

Jerry recovered quickly, but not quickly enough to do anything about what had already happened. In the center of the room stood Jay Lee. He was breathing slowly, eyes closed, standing now in his fully Transformed body. Overwhelmingly powerful, muscular beyond belief, he looked like a bulging, compact version of any of the men at IGE. Somewhat shorter than a man changed by Transform 1, but more muscular and powerful.

New muscles had manifested across his frame, he had muscles on top of his muscles. His biceps had biceps. His pecs had pecs. Folds and masses of new muscle had developed everywhere. Whoever had cooked up this version of Transform has obviously amped up the muscular properties past 10 on the dial. Jerry wondered, idly, whether the man could even move. Musclebound didn't begin to illustrate what had happened to Jay Lee, but even so the man made Jerry's dick throb. His frame was stretched tall and wide to accommodate all the extra meat now packed on his form, and while the new muscles looked odd, they didn't look wrong or deformed.

Movement on the other side of the room drew his gaze to what was happening to Scott's body, and he realized all at once what he'd done. He whispered, "Shit," and crossed the

room in two strides to pull Scott's body into his immense embrace. Scott's face, as it was changing, showed that he was in no pain. Jerry knew firsthand that the Transformation process was far from unpleasant, but the rate of change occurring for Scott had to be confusing and difficult for him to adjust to.

"Just relax," he told him. "You're being Transformed."

"God, it feels..." His words were drenched with the power of the Voice. His muscles grew fat and hard and swollen, developing at a non-stop rate. "It feels so good." His secondary cock sprang out from his groin. His balls enlarged and dropped in their sack. His entire frame stretched and expanded, trying to keep up with the rate at which his muscles were growing.

For the men watching, it was an astounding sight. Even for Jerry, who'd helped to originate the serum and had watched himself change and then watched as his assistant, Kevin, was Transformed as well. He'd been to IGE and seen the men there, witnessed the unbelievable heights of masculine beauty and muscular power and size they possessed. He'd shared what he was with them and they shared with him and he knew what Transform did to men, but nothing before could compare with what was happening to Scott Maddox.

His body was developing at an astonishing rate. Perhaps all the small genetic changes he'd already been exposed to were fractionally hastening the changes, adding to his capacity to accept all the muscle and power being packed into his body by the pound. His arms swelled outward with round, hard bellies of brawn, growing fatter by the inch. His chest bloomed with muscle, bands and cables of it, multiplying as they watched. His skin was stretched thin across all that power, but continued to accept the growth that would not stop and hold all that strength under the glowing, silken flesh.

Scott's body was expanding in all directions. Bigger, wider, taller, and everywhere they looked more muscle was growing across his frame. His legs pushed against each other even as they grew longer, pushing his feet farther and farther from his torso. His thighs and calves divided and swelled, every muscle group growing distinct and separate and then flourishing with more growth, more power, bigger muscle everywhere.

Scott moaned, the sound like a deep well of sexual passion, and the men shook with it. His face was resolving into an ultimate expression of male magnificence. Every detail perfected by the combined strength of Transform 1 married to Transform 2, not struggling for dominance but joined now inside him and pushing the man's body to another level beyond what had already been achieved.

His face was stunning. Dazzling. Almost too beautiful to comprehend. Something more was taking place along the lines and angles of his brow and jaw, his full lips and glittering eyes and silken hair. Not only the physical appearance but something more, something unnamable, that lent his countenance a sense of magnificence that compelled and attracted and made the men feel instantly hard, their balls swollen with cum.

Scott pulled Jerry's face to his and pressed their mouths together and sucked Dr. Lassiter into a passionate tongue-wrestling kiss. He wrapped his swelling arms around the other man's enormity and shoved himself against Jerry's masses of muscular beauty. Jerry could feel Scott growing ever larger in his arms, feel the man's cocks pushing against his asshole, feel the soft forest of fur spreading across his developing chest.

Scott needed to fuck someone. His system was overwhelmed and his body was overheated and his cock – cocks – were hard and hung and hungry for ass meat. He pulled Jerry to him and felt himself growing stronger and bigger, his skin sliding across the other man's body, their muscles shoving against each other, and his head was filled with demands of sex, sex and more sex.

Transform 1 and Transform 2 had both rushed into and through him and now he was trying to catch up. If he could have, he would have fucked the whole world of men into muscular dominance and ultimate masculine beauty. He was saturated with power and muscle, every inch of him, every cell, burned with developing male force that swelled outward and bulged with desire for more, more, more.

Scott Maddox was the keeper of everything that Transform 1 and Transform 2 had to offer. He was becoming the ultimate Transformed man.

When Chuck, Frazz and Adam touched down at IGE again, they were accompanied by three brand new Transformed men. And although the rate of new initiates had slowed down, it didn't stop the Greeting Squad from doing what they did best.

Justin and Reggie appeared as if by magic, but the three newcomers now understood that there was a deeper connection between Transformed men that mere appearance. The mind link was a form of that, but there was a feeling that ran more subtle and more true beneath that communication that somehow linked them all together.

Reggie was a freckled redhead, an ivory-skinned beauty with mischievous eyes and a ready smile. Justin was his opposite, with olive-toned flesh and dark hair that flowed from his head and waved in the gentle, warm breeze like a pennant. They stood hand in hand at the edge of the broad, white sand beach and watched the group descend. Justin's mouth was touched with a slim, sideways grin as he looked at Chuck that spoke volumes. "Why, if it isn't Chucker the Fucker! I thought we were rid of you and your sexy shenanigans."

"Fuck you," he answered playfully, gifting them both with deep, tongue-wrestling kisses.

"Time enough for play later, Charles. And Frazz, too! Looking ever so dashing and lickable." Frazz beamed at the pair and posed his collection of dark-skinned brawn into raw muscular beauty. Adam rushed forward and took Justin and Reggie into his loving embrace, and was rewarded with kisses in return. "Hello, Adam."

"Hi!"

"But who are these lovely new friends you've brought with you! Greetings, gentlemen, and welcome to paradise. My name is Justin..."

"And I'm Reggie. I do hope you're not too tired from your flight, I'm sure there are a few dozen men here who will be just too excited to see such handsome young things to be able to avoid fucking you into next Sunday."

"What a friendly place!" said Moose, smiling brightly. "My name's Moose."

"Not really!"

Moose nodded. "At least, that's what everyone calls me."

"Well, it's quite lovely and apropos. You're as big as a moose and I'll bet you're quite..."



“Don’t say it.”

“What?”

“Horny.”

“Silly boy. Mooses don’t have horns!” Justin face scrunched up. “It is ‘mooses,’ right? Or is meese?”

“Moosi.” Reggie stepped forward and kissed Moose, Tommy and Jeff in order. “Well, Chuck, I can see your talent for picking out the best ones is still quite perfect. I may just have to claim the first fuck with this one for myself,” he said, poking Tommy’s meaty chest with his finger. “And he blushes! My god, I haven’t seen a man blush in months. You, my young pup, are definitely mine for the next hour or two.” He kissed him again, pressing his well-muscled form forward against Tommy’s firm body and grabbing his hardening dick in his capable grip.

Moose and his friends had been fully Transformed by Chuck and Frazz in a rather extended and enjoyable 5-way back in town. The logistics of which would be very difficult to describe, but just as entertaining to observe.

Start with five incredible beautiful, highly sexed, overly horny men. Each stands in excess of six feet tall, most nearing six-and-a-half, with bodies that look like they’ve each been enjoying daily workouts at the gym since they were twelve years old. Fat muscle bodies line their limbs, chests uniformly wide and thick, some coated in dark curling forests of man fur, others smooth and clean. Looking down from their well defined torsos and yard-wide shoulders, one would observe that each man was also somewhat overly endowed by nature with a huge, thick, long, vein-covered prick overhanging a pair of fat, round, low-hanging balls. This set of equipment would be utterly unbelievable due to its size and unusually beautiful appearance if it were not hanging off these well-muscled and incredibly flexible bodies.

The action would begin as the men began to kiss and grope each other, exploring their powerful muscles and silken flesh with large hands that twisted nipples and caressed butts and dug fingers into moist, hungry holes. Those muscles would flex and twist and bulge under that tanned and flawless skin as they moved together and entangled each other in a series of increasingly demanding embraces, pushing into each other and pulling hard to command the attention of another man’s lips, arms, hands or dick.

And those dicks would be inflated to engorgement beyond even what one might have imagined possible, given their incredible size to begin with. “They couldn’t possibly grow any bigger,” one might think, but those words would prove untrue as soon as the brain conjured them as each man’s immense cock swelled fatter still, grew even longer and stretched bigger than imagination could dream.

Then something else impossible would fill your vision, and for a moment you would think that perhaps your eyes had become cameras and you were zooming in on the action, but what was really happening was that these men were growing larger before your eyes.

An arm would suddenly swell with increased muscle mass. A chest would spread wider, the fur growing more dense, the deep cleft darkening as it developed. Necks would thicken, with new cables of brawn stretching from shoulder to ear. And the shoulder it was attached to would also begin to swell, expanding with bands of raw strength, the very muscle stretching and growing and splitting.

The definition of these bodies, so clear and distinct before, would grow incredibly refined. You would watch as each muscle made itself stand out stark and powerful. Training your eye on any single part of any of the men would reveal to you that their bodies were swelling with new muscle, and indeed their frames were growing larger, their very bones extending, and the tangle of muscle and sex and fat cocks and long limbs would be expanding outward as each second passed.

Each man larger now than any normal human male, both in size and in muscular bulk, their development would continue as they sucked and fucked and licked and groped each other. Fountains of white cream would erupt from mammoth cocks, spraying in wide, high arcs again and again, only to disappear as if the bodies were soaking the cum inside. Deep masculine moans of pleasure, low as thunder and strong as the sea, would reverberate through you and shake the ground.

They bodies would grow sleek and shiny with sweat and cum as they tumbled together and grew larger and larger. Impossible, now, to tell just how big they were. An arm would crawl from the pile and stretch for the sky, and you would witness its entire length swell with power, the muscles doubling in size in the space of your heartbeat. Another fat fountain of cum would erupt accompanied by another profound groan of ultimate pleasure. Cocks plugged into asses would pump load after load until it sprayed out and soaked the ground.

And on and on it went, until the five of them achieved the ultimate glory of a Transformed man, super strong, super sexed, super powered and ready to admit you into their fold.

Moose was ready to go along when Chuck asked, “Don’t you think they should be allowed to see the entire storewide selection before settling on the leftovers?”

“Oh, Chuckles, what a horrifically mixed metaphor. But you’re right! How callous of us. Thinking we could keep such delicious servings of fresh meat to ourselves.” Justin pulled his expert touch from the two young men and slapped them on their asses. “You two run along, now, and see what there is to see! If you head off in that direction, you’ll come to

The Glade and you're sure to find someone interesting there. If you're more in the mood for conversation than connubial bliss, the Labs are off in that direction."

"Or feel free to wander about aimlessly – you're sure to run into some randy old thing without too much trouble." Reggie grinned good-naturedly. "Not that you're going to find anyone as handsome as Justin and I, of course." He plumped up his ample muscular frame and ran his hands down the amazing curves of his brawn.

"I think, if you don't mind, I'll escort my friends to meet Todd and Carlos and anyone else still hanging about the place." Chuck looked at the young men. "Believe me, I know who's worth fucking around here."

"Well, that's very true, I must admit. No one's fucked around as much as you have!"

"I'll take that as a compliment."

Justin looked at Reggie. "Well, how else would one take it?"

Wolfgang Amadeus Sarkov was a victim of his own name. Born to parents who dreamed of a son who could fulfill their grand musical ambitions purely through the strength of a moniker, Wolfgang was a man devoid of artistic talent, let alone a musical bent that might be able to shove him into the limelight.

Ironically, it wasn't music but muscle that was his innate endowment, so he only missed music by a couple of letters.

His genetic make-up aided his nearly non-stop muscular development through his teens, but his strength of will and sheer discipline is what molded him into the perfected model of a man that entered the Russian army at the age of 18. At that point, Wolfgang stood 6-foot 4-inches high, weighed 284 lbs. and could lift cars by their bumpers and move them forcibly in cases where the owners would not do so themselves. Everyone who encountered him agreed that he was a formidable and amazing specimen of manhood, and that he would progress quickly through the ranks of the military, assuming they could find a uniform that fit his amazing muscular form.

Wolfgang was the first to cross the line in competitions, the first to volunteer for any mission, and was beloved of those he served with and over during his stint with the army. When the corps called for volunteers to undertake a dangerous experimental process, Wolf was first in line.

Cold Wars heat up. Superpowers contend with each other for domination. Regardless of what may be read in headlines or celebrated when walls come tumbling down, old adversaries remain suspicious. If the American government was continuing its advanced genetic research concerning the development of a race of supermen, the Russian government had little real choice in the matter.

Nor did the Chinese. But that's another story.

Wolf and the handful of similarly muscular male specimens were given a battery of tests as if they were going to be launched into space. What diseases had they had? Was there a history of blindness, cancer, infectious disease or debilitating illness in their immediate family? Their bodily fluids were sampled and resampled, their physical capabilities and limitations tested and retested, they were observed under extreme stress and deprived of food and sleep and Wolf took it all in stride.

His body was a perfect machine. He had made sure of that. Everything worked absolutely perfectly.

They never told him what he would sacrifice in the cause of Russian glory.

The American scientists worked at their solution with one main assumption – they were creating Supermen. Men better than men. Take a man, multiply what he is by 1000, stir the mix, you get a pumped up, super strong, super large, super everything dude. Just watch out for the libido, because no one knows what happens to the head when you start playing with the body that much.

The Russians took a different path. The brain is a conduit of instruction. The body is the source of action. Perfect the body and break the other connections. Let nothing interfere with perfection of form. And eliminate anything you cannot predict.

The consequences of those two paths bring us now to the two men standing in a small room on an uncharted island in the Pacific that houses several large buildings and several dozen fantastically beautiful, powerful, muscular behemoths pretty much spending all their time making love to each other's perfect, genetically enhanced bodies.

“Interesting,” said Carlos. He stared at a computer screen that displayed a variety of numbers, a couple of colorful fields, some words and an ever-changing display of charts, graphs and measurements that, pulled together, equated the total physical summation of the smooth-skinned, featureless, sexless, hyper-muscular specimen looking over his rather impressive shoulder.

“What is?”

Carlos looked over, meeting the other man's gaze. “Well, everything. I can see here,” he said, pointing at the screen, “where they've attempted to subjugate masculine sexual properties, but they couldn't quite succeed. Not entirely. They wanted to sort of siphon out part of your manhood but keep other aspects, and though theoretically it's possible, there's something else here that prevents it from being 100% successful.” He turned and smiled. “So there's something to work with, Wolf. Something very promising.”

“You are about to say ‘but’.”

Carlos nodded and sighed. “They were very thorough. They made some assumptions about my work with my colleague – some of the paths to perfection are obvious, of course, but the serum that has become Transform made a few of its own modifications along the way. I'm still not entirely sure how or why they occurred, these strange but agreeable anomalies, but the result is what you see before you. Your own mutation, on the other hand, has not progressed at all. You're locked in a sort of stasis, as if you've been Tupperware'd inside a freezer.”

Wolf's look of confusion made Carlos smile. “Sorry. What I mean to say is that my mutation invites further mutation, in fact thrives on it. I need to be with others, I need to change others, to keep growing and improving. Each successive coupling with another man inflates and augments my own masculinity. We feed off each other and become

more. Bigger, stronger, more powerful, more sexual, more everything. It is like a perfection stream, and every drop increases my strength.”

“But you are not perfect,” Wolf observed. “You are a slave to your drives.”

“An interesting perspective, but not one I share. At any rate, your own mutation isn’t evolving. It’s not programmed to, because it’s been artificially stopped in its tracks. And this,” he said, placing his warm hand against Wolf’s utterly smooth groin, “is the ultimate consequence of that action. You have been altered in mind and body to ignore sexual drives and desires. Obviously it would be the height of cruelty to create soldier with a libido but no manner in which to satisfy those drives, so it appears that you have also been programmed – sorry, that’s not quite accurate but it will suffice for now – programmed to find sexuality and sensuality distasteful as well.”

“They have taken it away?”

Carlos nodded. “I assume that before this mutation, you were not what one might call a eunuch?” Wolf’s look of confusion prompted Carlos to clarify. “You had sex.” Wolf nodded, but a look of distaste crossed his handsome visage. “So you see? What you have lost is not only physical, but mental and emotional as well. They cut it all out in hopes of creating a single-minded super soldier without any distractions at all. But what they created is, you’ll pardon the bluntness, an impotent shallow nothing of a man. It is as if they built the most beautiful car on the lot, but there’s no motor inside.”

Wolf remained stoic as he asked, “What is solution?”

Carlos sighed. “I’ve only just diagnosed the problem. I’m not close to a solution just yet.”

Stan waited outside the main building at IGE with his new friend and lover Michael. The two had wasted no time at all becoming acquainted and Stan’s world was rocked on its foundations after only a few minutes alone with Michael.

He’d only been Transformed for a few days, and had experienced sex in his new body a handful of times with Bobby and Joseph, two of the most incredibly beautiful and capable young men he’d ever seen. Sex with them was beyond incredible, and he was still getting used to the joys that his new augmented body delivered in unending abundance but nothing in his life before or since the change prepared him for the overwhelming presence, intimacy, sexuality and authority of Michael.

First, there was the man’s body. It was unstoppable. It was perfect. It was sublime and colossal and powerful and sexual beyond measure. The first kiss they shared got both his dicks rock hard, and it never let up from there. Was sex supposed to feel like that? And last that long? And be that satisfying? Was it supposed to get better with every passing minute, with every touch and caress and suck and lick bringing him higher and higher levels of lustful abandon and sexual release?

Michael seemed to sense innately what Stan wanted and needed before he knew it himself. They were together in a sense he'd never knew was possible. It felt like something beyond sex, and he found his cocks swelling and pulsing and gushing stream after hot, thick, sticky stream only to feel his balls swelling again and another fat load would fountain from him and he'd sink deeper still into some new untapped well of masculine sexual power.

He felt his muscles swelling with power as they shared what they were. Michael was the ultimate conduit of Transform's never satisfied hunger for more, and he gave as much as he got and taught Stan more in a few moments of passion than he's learned in his entire life. Feeling Michael's silken skin was an exercise in orgasmic delight. Holding his muscled form in your arms made you feel needed and wanted and powerful and alive. Michael's deep voice whispering against your ear filled your head with sex that exploded out of every pore, every follicle, every fiber of muscle all over your immense and incredible body.

And now that they had concluded their sexual encounter, he could still feel Michael everywhere on his body. His mouth was still on one dick and his hand was still on the other. His cocks were firmly and deeply lodged in his ass. His mouth was on his lips, his tongue wrestling with Stan's own, their muscled chests pressed together, Michael's hands grasping his ass cheeks, kneading the flesh, Michael's cum flowing over him like lava. He could smell the man inside his head.

"Stan?"

Michael's eyes looking into his own as they kissed on and on and on. Michael's mouth sucking his balls inside, bathing them in spit as he skillfully jerked off both of Stan's hard, log, fat cocks.

"Earth to Stan."

Michael's body laying atop his own. The feel of his soft fur, the scent of his skin, the...

"Stanley!" The sharp slap against his butt awoke him from his Michael worship as much as the sound of his name shouted into his ear.

"Ow! Shit! That hurt!"

"Here, this'll help." Todd placed his hand against Stan's ass and a flood of The Touch passed between them. Stan could feel the sexuality of the other man like a hot shower drenching his body. He felt his cocks firm and rise. Todd huffed out a laugh and removed his touch. "Wow. You're certainly... responsive."

"I've been with Michael."

“I thought you looked different. And you still have some feeling left in your ass? Aren’t you the remarkable dude. I remember my first encounter with Michael, and that was a long time ago. I imagine he’s improved since, but even then....” Todd whistled and wiggled his eyebrows. “How long did you manage to last?”

Stan looked confused. “Last?”

“It’s kind of a test. Sort of a measurement of one’s energy level.”

Stan shrugged. “Dunno. An hour maybe?” Todd just stared. “Is that good?”

“Fuck, dude. I’m amazed you’re still standing up.” He reached down and stroked one of Stan’s still erect pricks and was rewarded with a gush of lubing pre-cum. It streamed down the fat shaft and coated his hand. Todd smiled with surprise and lifted the glazed palm to his face to breathe in Stan’s scent before licking his salty essence off. “Mmm, nice.” He circled around behind Stan and wrapped the man in his muscled arms. “So, what are you waiting around here for?” Todd lowered his mouth to Stan’s neck and planted several soft kisses across his skin.

Stan shivered with delight. Todd was using all his skills and Stan had barely recovered from getting fucked by Michael. “A few friends are inside. I’m just... oh, Jesus, that feels amazing.” One of Todd’s prehensile cocks was pushing its way between the muscled halves of Stan’s ass, rubbing its firm, glossy head against his hole.

“Thanks. And these would be your friends with the curious lack of...” His second dick joined his first to demonstrate Todd’s distinct abundance of what Wolf and his men were deficient of. Stan welcomed Todd’s twins inside with eager acceptance.

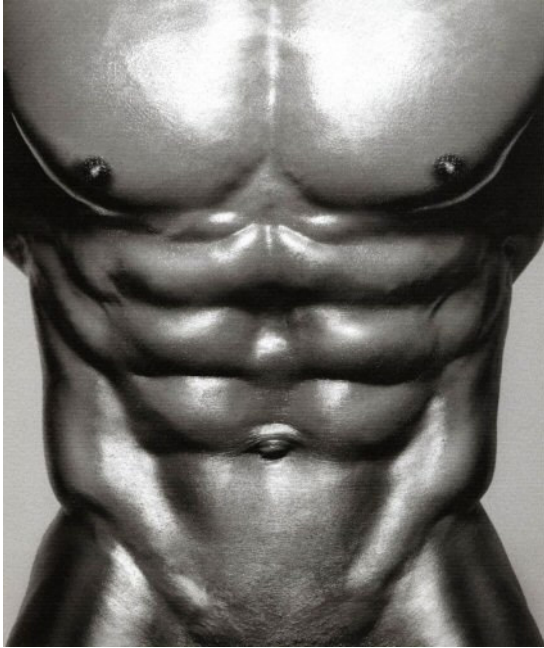
He gasped as the dual cocks attacked his prostate. “Yes.” Todd’s hands moved down Stan’s muscled form, across the rippled expanse of his belly, through the soft curls of pubic hair and passed floods of The Touch into each of his pricks. “Oh, fuck.”

“I believe I am, Stan. Unless I’m doing something terribly wrong.” Todd licked his earlobe and pushed his tongue inside Stan’s ear canal, slurping loudly. He whispered, “You’re amazing. I knew you would be when I saw you in the glade.”

“Thank you.” Stan’s knees were shaking. Pleasure was flooding into him.

“Don’t mention it.” Todd grinned and strengthened his embrace and launched them both from the ground. Stan felt himself becoming weightless as they lifted into the blue sky to continue their explorations of each other’s bodies and unlimited capacities for sexual ecstasy, twisting and turning in the warm breezes high above the treetops.





## 24

Scott Maddox had become something beyond superhuman. He had attained his ultimate form while fucking Dr. Lassiter. He had surpassed what any other man had yet achieved as a result of being utterly changed by the genetic enhancements brought about by Transform or any other formula or serum in any mode. These formulas had been designed by scientists and doctors and soldiers to substantially alter a man's biological make-up to increase muscular development and strength, augment physical control and produce drastic, supernatural changes to a man's physique and capabilities to an extent that was unbelievable or

impossible until it had been achieved and witnessed.

Transform in its original incarnation was a beneficial genetic mutation with viral properties that affected a man's body and mind to create a perfected form suitable for combat. That man would be the ultimate expression of human masculine perfection. Bigger and stronger and more powerful than anyone else on the planet. Capable of physical feats far beyond the scope of any dreams of muscular development. Unstoppable, undefeatable, perfected. But with one unforeseen flaw that prevented it from accomplishing that ultimate goal.

Transform did not produce soldiers, it produced perfect machines for its own expansion and development. A Transformed man's first goal was to produce more Transformed men. And each Transformation would augment and improve Transform, again and again, over and over, building its strength and power and therefore its host's strength and power and will to multiply and grow stronger still. Transformed men were gifted in every way possible to attract other men and Transform them. Hyper masculine, utterly beautiful, entirely perfect.

Transform 2 was the step-child of Transform 1. Using a sample of Dr. Lassiter's genetically enhanced blood, the scientists at the Center under the direction of Major Tipton were given two goals to accomplish; make it more powerful still, and take out the piece of it that made these men lovers instead of fighters.

Lassiter was forbidden from Transforming anyone he met at the Center so that there would be no contamination of Transform 2's hoped-for results. It had been dolled out to 'volunteers' in small doses and carefully monitored. There would be no mistake as before, when a non-military volunteer had been injected with the original serum and allowed to simply go home and 'see what happens.' Perhaps no one knew exactly how

that experiment would end, or that Todd would prove to be the catalyst of an entire army of giant supermen camped out on an island in the Pacific fucking each other into masculine perfection.

But Tipton was determined to have his cake and eat it too. None of those mistakes, and all under careful laboratory conditions.

But as Jerry Lassiter had suspected and as Scott Maddox now demonstrated, Transform was not a process to be denied its own goals. The human animal may have a fight-or-flight mentality in some situations, but the strongest drive inherent in the male animal is the sexual one. Transform was a breeder, and now it had found its own twin, a stronger, more demanding and perfected form of itself, and they had joined together and dove deeply into a welcoming host and together had created in Scott Maddox the ultimate form of a Transformed man.

The other men stared at him. Overcome by his awesome beauty and evident power. He radiated strength, pure and perfect and overwhelming. Merely standing before them in naked glory, he was irresistible. He had been drenched in the power of Transform 1 and flooded with the glorious strength of Transform 2 and now, within him and upon him, it had evolved into Transform 3, the most ultimate expression of masculine perfection.

No bodybuilder had ever built a body like his. No man was ever so large and powerful, so obviously erotically charged and sexually capable. His skin glowed, his muscles bulged with massive power, his face shone with a male beauty never seen before. For Jason and Jay Lee, the man was a mind-bending sight. They'd never before encountered a Transformed man or been Transformed themselves. They'd never dreamed such a behemoth of masculine power existed, or that their own development could advance to such a level. They had been told almost nothing about what was happening to them, and were unprepared for this reality.

But even for Jerry, seeing Scott was a staggering shock. The man was beyond even what his elevated sense of male strength and beauty could attain. He'd seen Michael and Bobby and Adam, all in their own ways perfected forms of masculinity. But the vision now before him was another step up – hell, several steps up that evolutionary ladder.

The swell of his chest was magnificent. The joining of each muscle to its neighbor was staggering and awesome. The bulging masses of brawn hanging from his arms seemed to broadcast strength that sang out in effortless power. Jerry's gaze fell along the perfect lines of his body and drank in the enormous muscular power and flawless arrangement of prominent brawn bulging from every inch of the man. Just standing there, just breathing slowly, softly, he seemed to radiate authority with such intensity and depth that it was flowing off him in waves of heat that sank into Jerry's flesh and dug deep into his cock and balls.

How big was Scott? Certainly bigger than Jerry at his utmost size. When he moved, even slightly, the arrangement of muscle along his frame flexed and stretched and bulged in an

erotic and sensual manner, evidencing the enormous reserves of strength flowing through every fiber. The lobes of his thighs would separate and expand, the full sweep of his lats would flare and stretch, his neck would provide clear evidence that even there, the man was ultimate muscular power made flesh.

Scott looked at Jerry and smiled and Jerry's knees went weak. He strode toward him on massively muscled legs and pulled him into an embrace, his skin as soft as suede and smooth as silk and his muscles as hard as stone and as strong as steel. He pressed his lips to Jerry's mouth and Lassiter was overcome. His entire body felt the power of Scott's new form, its innate supremacy, and he yielded to it.

Scott reached down and stroked Jerry to hardness, his touch yielding electrical shocks of erotic bliss that sank into Jerry's cocks and shook his massive body. The Touch had grown in strength as well, now erupting in sensual jolts that traveled like an earthquake to shake the core of Jerry's pleasure centers. Scott grinned in realization and pushed his extraordinarily muscled form against Jerry's and made the man swoon into his arms.

"I'm going to fuck you, again" he said softly, his voice saturated with sexual intent. It dug into Jerry's head and he felt like he was already being fucked. "I'm going to fuck you so good you're going to think you've died and gone to heaven. I'm going to fuck you deeper and stronger and better than you've ever been fucked. I'm going to fuck you with these," he whispered, and Jerry felt the hard, hot pulse of Scott's massive dicks suddenly swell against his belly and crawl up his body.

Scott released the full magnificence of the ultimate expression of his enhanced male sexuality. His cocks engorged with hot blood and pulsed with erotic prowess and throbbed with sexual hunger. They grew bigger and fatter, gushing with precum, pushing higher and longer and thicker with every heartbeat.

Jerry came a thick load, unable to withstand Scott's erotic onslaught. Transform 3 was so much more powerful than anything that came before. Scott was its vessel, its conduit, he had taken it all inside and made it new and strengthened it and now it wanted more, and so did he.

He turned Jerry around and pushed him over and leaned into his ass to feast. His augmented tongue dug in deeply, drenching Jerry's hot hole in wet heat. He pushed himself into Jerry's ass to open up the way for his immensity. He was voracious and absolute in his hunger, sucking against Jerry's asshole and plunging his tongue in again and again, fucking the man before truly fucking him.

Jay Lee and Jason stood in mute wonder as they watched, each stroking his own cock and overcome by Scott's sheer beauty and power and erotic need.

Scott stood slowly and rubbed his touch across Jerry's wide back and moved his hand down over the hard round bubbles of his ass and then pushed himself in all at once, all the way.

He pushed his pricks into Jerry's hot, moist, welcoming ass and shoved him to the floor and fucked him deep and hard and true. He sucked on Jerry's tongue and kissed his mouth and nibbled his lips. His hands moved across Jerry's enormity and drank in the other man's hard, smooth, muscular contours. He pushed himself into Jerry, tried to be part of him, overwhelmed with sexual power and capability and need.

Jerry nearly passed out from the joyous assault of erotic bliss that erupted through his augmented body at the touch of Scott's enormous pricks. He felt filled up with sexual ecstasy, more than filled up, it flooded his soul and lit up his insides. Being fucked by Scott was like falling into the embrace of God, knowing perfection, seeing paradise. He never wanted it to end.

And then the revolution began. Scott was giving him Transform 3. He was flooding him with it. And he started to change.

It was like the first time he'd been Transformed, but magnified and distilled. He began to develop new muscle, felt himself growing even more powerful, more masculine, more deeply and purely potent in all things male. He was expanding with brawn, his chest and arms and shoulders pulsing and throbbing and swelling with even more strength and size. The muscle pressed outward with insistent need, shoving against his skin. He felt tight and hard and strong, like a wire stretched to its limit and about to break.

But he didn't break. He kept growing. And Scott kept fucking him, and the pleasure grew stronger and deeper, and his muscles grew fatter and magnificent, and he was becoming more than he was. Again, still more.

Stars spun in his vision. His body was swollen with power. His cocks spurted floods of cum from his balls. He growled and moaned and it went on and on and finally as Scott came inside him, the ultimate sexual, muscular, masculine explosion occurred and he was delivered to the other side of Godhood. Absolute and perfect.

Scott fucked each of the men in the room and gave them all what he possessed in overflowing abundance. Now they stood in their naked muscular glory, bursting with power beyond power, Super-supermen. New muscle groups blossomed on their bodies. Their balls drooped with hot, thick loads. Their cocks hung fat and firm and hungry. A smile from any could stop a man in his tracks, the beauty inherent in their faces nearly too intense to behold. In their fully realized natural forms, these four men were Gods in mortal flesh.

"Well, that was fun." Jerry laughed at Scott's understatement and looked at the others one by one. Transform 3 did what it had been designed to do. Each was distinct in appearance, displaying the cultural inheritance of their physical presence in heightened and perfected glory. Maddox was a blonde, blue-eyed giant with golden skin and a pair of remarkably fat nipples rising up through a soft carpet of curls that spread like a forest

across that mountain range. His chest rose and fell as he breathed into his lungs and the 10-pack on his rippled belly was like a map of evenly-spaced bricks.

Jay Lee Curtis was a hulking brute of a man, his musculature bulging with fat, round bellies of hard brawn. He had a hard, square chin of remarkable power and his skin was alabaster and hairless. His shoulders were incredibly wide and incredibly thick, wider than a hand, even a Transformed one, could encompass. His torso narrowed to a powerful stomach and his ass was amazing. High, round and ready to be fucked all over again. The smooth skin that gripped his amazing set of muscles seemed to glow like liquid metal or sheen like silk.

Jason Fortaleza's skin was the color of coffee with just enough cream in it to make it sweet. He wanted, in fact, to lick him all over just looking at him. Fortaleza's Brazilian blood had pushed its way to the front of the line, and now his green eyes flashed in contrast to the wealth of dark waves that flowed from his head and across his shoulders. His body was the most lithe and aesthetically beautiful as far as Jerry was concerned. The curls above his ample pricks glistened like spun glass and the lines of his limbs was dusted with more fine curls that ran along the bulges of his muscles like dark rivers through a dusky landscape. His lips were full and moist and the perpetual smile on his face was filled with perfect white teeth.

They each towered hugely against the Lab's ceiling. Jerry estimated that at their fully revealed and natural size, they approached 20 feet in height.

"Now what?" Jay Lee's southern drawl was intact, but his voice was saturated with masculine sexual supremacy. He reached one super-muscled arm over his head, his shoulder bunching and swelling, and rubbed his fingers against the cold steel lining the ceiling. "This is... awkward."

Jerry said, "Not so much," and began collapsing his form like a closing telescope. It seemed much easier now than it had under Transform 1. Control over his body was absolute. "Just one of the many advantages you can now enjoy, my friends."

"How do you do that?" Jason's voice was as equally packed with sexual power as Jay Lee's.

"As Nike says, you just do it." Jerry looked up at the others from his reduced vantage point. He had easily managed to cram his 20-foot-high bulk into a more manageable six-and-a-half foot frame. He tucked up one of his cocks without thinking about it and resumed his former physical appearance, toning down his male beauty index from a 12+ to a mere 10 on a scale of 10.

The other three exchanged glances and then they, too, collapsed downward, shrinking their forms until they all stood at a like height. "Don't worry, you'll get the hang of it quickly. It becomes like breathing or blinking."

Scott lifted his hand in front of his face and stared at its perfection. “Jesus, it’s really comprehensive, isn’t it? I’m even turned on by my hand!”

“Yeah? Then I wouldn’t look into any mirrors for a while, Scott. The rest of you makes your hand look like shit.” Jason slapped Maddox on his perfect ass and darted away before the favor could be returned. He ended up on the opposite side of the room, managing the 50 feet in a split second. “Fuck me.”

“Love to, but we have other problems to attend to.” Scott looked up at the observation deck. “Namely, what are we going to do about Major General Stick up His Ass? I don’t think he’s going to allow us to just walk out of here.”

“How can he stop us?” Jay Lee walked over to the open steel door and grabbed it in one hand, easily crushing it into a mangle of metal as if it were paper.

Jerry’s prefect face took on a look of concentration. “I can’t leave.”

“What’s keeping you here,” Scott asked. “Surely not honor or duty.”

Lassiter shook his head. “For all our power and strength, we do have one vulnerability. It was the reason they developed the second strain of Transform, and it’s the reason I can’t... won’t leave.”

“What vulnerability?”

Scott realized the answer, and felt stupid that he hadn’t thought of it before. “We’ve developed an antidote.” He looked at Jerry. “You could be turned back to what you were before.”

Jerry sighed. “It’s worse than that. It isn’t an antidote, there is no antidote. The changes are permanent.”

“Then what...?”

“There is another formula. A different kind of Transform. It works in the same way on the human body, but has an opposite effect.”

“That’s not an antidote?”

He shook his head. “An antidote would change you back to how you were before whatever was effecting you started effecting you. This doesn’t do that. I’ve seen its work. I’ve watched it happen. A man exposed to this other formula, his body deteriorates. Fat cells go into overdrive. Hair falls out. Bones become brittle. Skin cells weaken and eventually the immune system starts breaking down. I’m not sure what happens to the brain, because afterwards he couldn’t... he didn’t...”

“Who’s he holding?” Again, it was Scott who realized what could keep a man who could only love and not fight from simply walking out a door and refusing to cooperate.

“Kevin. His name’s Kevin. He’s here. Somewhere. He’s alive, but captive. They did it to keep me like a caged animal. I couldn’t leave him behind. I couldn’t leave him.” Jerry’s hands were balling into fists, the veins and muscle stark on his arms. The strain of his desire to free his lover and friend was warring inside him.

“I don’t get it,” Jason said. “We can’t fight someone? We can’t just, like, punch his lights out and tear this place apart until we find this guy?”

Jerry shook his head. “Weird, I know. You can feel it. You want to do something. You can picture it, even. I know I can. But there’s a wall in place, a trade off or something. If you try to do anything violent to another person, anything at all to hurt them in a way that would damage them without their consent, from tearing an arm off to scratching them with a fingernail, you can’t do it. This... compassion takes over. An empathy for their situation or something. We’re invulnerable. No one and nothing can hurt us.”

“Nothing?” Jason grinned at the thought.

“Nothing. This muscle is so dense that bullets can’t penetrate it. The skin so strong that we could walk through flames and survive. Transform, even in its previous form, made a man impervious to pain and physical damage. Hell, we even cooked it up so that foreign entities can’t successfully attack the body.”

“Foreign entities?”

“Viruses, Jay Lee. Bacteria. Fungus. No more sores. No more infections. Hell, we can’t even have bad breath or body odor.”

“But... I can smell you. I mean, you smell really good, but...”

“Pheromones. All humans have them, we just have an amped up version, like everything else. Helps us attract others.” He gazed down at his recently improved form. “As if we needed more help.”

“And we can’t hurt anyone else.” Scott’s brow wrinkled. It was, he supposed, a fair trade. He gets this body, these muscles, this unlimited capacity for sex and sensuality and unstopable lust, and there’s no hate there. No violence. He was sick of it all, anyway. What had it ever solved? What did it ever bring but more violence? And more. And more.

Jerry nodded. “When I found myself in a situation like that, what I mostly wanted to do was fuck whomever I was facing into perfection. I want to Transform them. I want to hold them in these muscles arms and kiss their lips and bring them into perfection with me. It’s a drive like hunger or sleep. I suppose it’s what Transform does to our brains,

another change to perfect and protect itself. Why ruin a perfectly good body when you could make it into a lover?

“Tipton made me swear that I would cooperate, or I would be like Kevin. And I didn’t care about that, really, but I wanted to stall for time. I wanted to somehow find a way to...”

“Change him back.” Scott finished the thought for Jerry.

Jerry nodded. “I’m not sure we can be killed, I’m not sure what he meant by it, but I couldn’t leave him. I couldn’t do it.”

“You promised to keep yourself reigned in, right?” Jerry nodded to Scott’s question. “It’s funny, but I don’t recall ever making that same promise myself.”

Suddenly, all four men were grinning their wide, beautiful smiles. Jason slapped his hands together and rubbed them with glee. “Are you dudes thinking what I’m thinking?”

“We gonna have some fun!” Jay Lee’s exclamation echoed through the room as the ultimate Transformed men dashed back up the stairway.





## 25

For Chuck, being back at IGE wasn't so much a homecoming as a sort of requirement he had to do every now and again. Unlike so many other of the Transformed, what Chuck enjoyed most was being out in the world, spreading his seed and himself and the fantastic feeling of making another man sprout into a muscular sexual giant.

Certainly he enjoyed spending time on the island, and there were always new conquests to fuck and more incredible looking men to share himself with, but for Chuck, nothing

could compare with the feeling of watching another man's body suddenly bloom with muscle and expand with power and sexual knowledge and become more than he ever dreamed possible. Whether it was turning some 60-year-old dude who thought he was well past his prime into a guy who looked like he was barely out of his teens with an unstoppable body and an unquenchable thirst for mansex, or wrapping his strong arms around the formerly bony body of some poor little high school dude who's been picked on all his life and turning him into someone who could fuck the football captain and his gym coach simultaneously, leaving them both begging for more, Chuck got a charge out of being the Johnny Appleseed of Transformed men.

His talent for finding new blood was evident as he and Frazz strode across the island accompanying Tommy, Jeff and Moose. Chuck had decided to give them a personal tour of the place, and everywhere he went they encountered more and more men he'd personally Transformed – and subsequently fucked. Dozens of gorgeous, massive, well-hung men.

Frazz, for his part, loved this angle of his paramour. Any man who'd been Transformed knew that jealousy was a wasted emotion. One couldn't help oneself to the pleasures of another man, no matter if one considered oneself 'taken' or not. Love exists in infinite forms, and Frazz knew he loved Chuck for all his faults and all his charms. Frazz had certainly fucked enough other guys to compete, but he knew that for Chuck, there would never be enough ass.

Tommy and Jeff wandered the island with their eyes bugging out of their heads. Everywhere they looked, there was another beautiful naked man strolling the grounds with another perfect muscular ass and a perfect bulging chest with perfectly lickable nipples. Cocks hung in lengthy fat abundance and greetings were most likely to involve some sort of sexual exchange, whether it was a long, passionate tongue wrestling session

or a mutual hand job or, once or twice, they stood by while Chuck plugged the ass of some gorgeous slab of muscle he'd seemingly only just met.

To the boys, Frazz seemed equally at ease here, though evidently not as eager to engage in constant sex as his partner. Adam had bounded off with his usual puppy-like happiness when they'd passed through a glade that seemed to be a large outdoor non-stop orgy of muscled limbs and creaming cocks and talented tongues. They still weren't sure what to make of Adam, but he was impossible to dislike. He saw everything as a new adventure and a fun thing to try and he seemed to explode with unrestrained love no matter who he was with. Watching him dive into that sea of naked men was like pulling a thread in a sweater, as all attention turned gather around him and he was soon entertaining more men than either Tommy or Jeff thought possible.

Moose was in heaven. More than once, his thickly muscled form had been agreeably groped, and he had invitations from a dozen gorgeous guys to please come back any time and look them up and "Let's fuck" seemed to be the most common greeting. He was in a constant state of arousal, and found that his new body seemed to find that state completely agreeable. He wasn't quite used to the notion that he could cum buckets of hot cream and keep going, but he was quickly growing aware of his Transformed sexual capabilities and capacities as he wandered around this magical island. And he fucking loved having a hard-on that wouldn't quit.

"Dudes!" A shout in the deep, resonant tones that all the men here possessed called their attentions to the skies and they watched as two of the most attractive men on the island quickly descended and joined the men. Joe and Bobby had both been pre-puberty babies before Transformation, and what the formula did for other men it seemed to do at a higher, more concentrated level for these two.

Like every other man here, they looked 19 or 20 years of age, but their demeanor and playfulness illustrated that, unusually, they looked older than they were. Joe was a complete erection-causing beauty, and Bobby's slight drawl was sexy as fuck. They didn't hug so much as molest Chuck and Frazz, using their bodies like pleasurable assault weapons and putting their mouths and hands and firm, wet cocks everywhere they could manage. Chuck loved the attention, of course, and Frazz was laughing his deep booms until the two boys slowed down and turned to look at the other three new men on campus.

"Whoa," Bobby said, his muscled arm hanging across Chuck's wide shoulders. His other hand was busy pinching Chuck's left nipple. "And who are these dudes?"

Joe stopped shoving his tongue into Frazz's mouth to stop his laughter and turned toward Tommy, Jeff and Moose as well. "Oh, man! Fresh meat!" He immediately disengaged from Frazz and jumped on Tommy's surprised body. They were kissing deeply a second later as Joe reached down and played with his balls.

"Gentlemen, let us not forget etiquette!" Chuck reached over and practically peeled Joe off of Tommy. "Introductions first, then sex. Joseph, Robert, this is..."

“Bobby! The name’s Bobby. Or Bob.” He looked at Moose. “I hate it when he does that.”

“My bad,” said Chuck with his sideways grin evident on his lips. “Joseph, Robert, this is Tommy, Jeff and Moose. They’ve just joined our little family of musclehead sex addicts. Moose, Jeff and Tommy, this is Joseph and Robert.” Bobby growled as Chuck concluded, “to my knowledge the youngest and certainly the most potent pair of fuckers on the island. I’m sure you’d all like to get better acquainted.

“Fuck, yeah! Moose, is it?” Bobby walked over and planted a kiss on his mouth. “Fuck, dude, you are hotter than hell. Wanna fuck?”

“Before I lose your attention entirely, has anyone seen Todd? I’d just like to catch up with him.”

“Is that what they’re calling it these days?” Bobby asked. “Hell, we still call it balling.”

“Or banging,” added Moose.

“Boinking.”

“Boffing!”

“Bumping uglies!”

“Burying the bone!”

“The bed boogie!”

“Beast with two backs!”

“Okay, that’s the B’s. Crashing the custard truck!”

“Gentlemen!” Chuck’s voice interrupted the soliloquy of fuck forms. “I believe I was asking after our friend Todd?”

“There are two Todds now...”

“Three.”

Joe looked at Bobby. “Three?” Bobby made a gesture with his hands, as if he was gripping a very large dick and then he opened his mouth to an excessive degree and began mimicking a rather aggressive and noisy blow job. “Oh, right, three. But you mean the original, I guess? Have you tried BrainDraining him?”

“The what now?”

Frazz laughed. "I think he means the mind speech."

"That's old school, Frazzle Rock. Get with the program!"

"Sorry."

"I've tried," Chuck explained, "but he appears to be tuned out."

Bobby shrugged his massive shoulders. "Dunno. He's around somewhere. Probably fucking someone's tight, perfect asshole." He looked at Moose again, adding, "Speaking of which, weren't we just about to..."

"Dance the buttock jig!"

"Dip our wicks!"

"Drill for ass oil!"

"Uhhhh.... Do a lewd infusion!"

"Is that a D or an L?"

"Shut up and Do some dirty work at the crossroads!"

"Elaborate! But okay!"

Todd and Stan managed to spend the afternoon together, and neither one had anything to complain about. As pairings between Transformed men went, theirs was one that clicked.

Physically, they were perfect together. With Michael, Stan felt a bit like a passenger in a beautiful, fully-equipped limo. He had certainly enjoyed the ride, but he didn't quite feel he was in control of where they were going. With Todd, it was like they were co-pilots in the world's fastest jet, both controlling trajectory and speed and direction, both armed with weapons of mass destruction, both fully trained and capable of doing whatever they wanted to with the equipment.

Stan marveled again at the level to which his body could perform. He and Todd spent hours together in constant sexual congress, fucking and sucking and licking and kissing and caressing and then fucking some more, on and on, in extended ecstasy. For Todd, too, who had been with more Transformed men than possibly any other Transformed man, sex with Stan was amazing, revelatory, a complete surprise.

More than that, the two men found that they simply liked each other as people. Beyond the physical perfection, the person inside each of those perfect bodies liked the person

inside the other perfect body when they were just together, just talking, or just lying inside the other's strong embrace.

It was love at first fuck. Stan wasn't sure what to make of that. Love. With another man. Funny how the sex seemed so plausible but this felt a little bit odd.

Todd didn't fully realize it. All he knew was that he wanted to be with the other man as often and as much as he could be.

"Are you going to stay?"

"Stay?"

"Here. At IGE." With me, thought Todd, but he left that unspoken. He was holding Stan in his arms, their naked bodies lying beneath the spreading branches of a giant oak, caressed by warm tropical breezes. Stan lay against his chest, he could smell the man's unique scent. It was like an aphrodisiac to him. He could start making love with him all over again for more hours than there were in a day.

"I don't know. I guess... I feel sort of responsible for Wolf and those guys." Todd smiled. "It depends on what happens there. Do you think Carlos can do anything?"

"If anyone can, Carlos can. If Jerry was here, he could help, but he's been gone a long time now."

"Who's Jerry?"

"Dr. Lassiter. The other mad doctor who created us."

Stan sat up and twisted around to look Todd in the eyes. "And what are we? What is this stuff? How did all this happen? Will it wear off? How does it work? What happens if..."

Todd put his finger to Stan's lips. "Too many questions. Lay back. I'll tell you everything I know." Stan sighed and resumed his position against Todd's wide, thick chest. He moved his hand along Todd's leg lovingly as Todd started his tale. "Some months ago, maybe a year now, I answered an ad for scientific volunteers. I was a 24-year-old dude who acted like a 40-year-old."

"Careful. You're talking to a 40-year-old."

"Then you know what I mean!" Stan punched Todd's leg playfully before Todd continued to explain the history of Transform as he had lived it, the men he'd met, the Transforming of Chuck and Carlos, the origins of The Team, that original group of men who'd been Transformed earlier than anyone. He told him about the decision to start sending out invitations, how friends of Transformed men would be invited to join, sent samples of the serum to ingest, to realize a taste of the benefits the formula provided.

He told him of the day of The Sharing when everything changed and men began to leave IGE. He told him about Adam's unique birth and Dr. Lassiter's arrival and Michael and Carlos. He answered all of Stan's questions as completely as he could, he explained the process of Transform and how sharing it with other men made it stronger and better, could increase its power and the physical capabilities it would manifest. He told him of the powers he now possessed, of his complete control of his enhanced body, and about the island where they now lay under the shade of a tree in the middle of an ocean.

He finished his tale and remembered that he'd turned off his connection to the others and opened himself up to the world of Transformed men again, welcoming the feeling of openness and acceptance that came from the mind connection. He'd only had it open for a moment when the strong and undeniable presence of Chuck insinuated itself on him and he started to laugh softly.

Stan wrinkled his brow. "What?"

"There's someone you have got to meet."

It had been weeks since they saw each other, but it felt as though not a minute had passed since Todd and Chuck were together. "Toddski! You're looking exceptionally sexy." Chuck gathered Todd into his arms and they hugged each other tightly. They shared a love between them that was as deep as the one developing between Todd and Stan, but it was also different in a thousand ways.

"Chuckles, you too. Looks like you've been keeping busy."

Chuck stroked one of his cocks and grinned. "Got to keep the beast fed, you know how it is."

"And Frazz, excellent to see you as well. Though I'm shocked you're still with this loser."

Frazz grinned. "He has his charms."

Todd rubbed his butt. "Don't I know it."

"You give as good as you get," Chuck observed. "Maybe even better." He looked at Stan and raised an eyebrow. "And who is this fine young thing? I don't believe we've met – in fact I'm sure we haven't. I'd never forget a man who looks like you. I'm Chuck, and this is Frazz."

Todd smiled brightly. "This is Stan. I've just been regaling him with the rather long and boring tale of Transform. Chuck here is #2 in the line-up. I personally Transformed him into the vision before you."

Chuck took Stan's hand and then pulled him into one of his patented bear hugs. Stan noticed that Chuck smelled entirely too attractive. His body was an amazing collection of muscle and fur, and there was something about his lopsided grin that screamed trouble, but in a good, sexy way, as if any mischief he got into was bound to lead to carnal satisfaction. Chuck spoke as they hugged, saying, "Well, you stirred the pot, but I've improved the recipe quite a lot since then."

Todd laughed. "No doubt. And what have you been up to?"

"Oh, you know me. Same shit, different day. Frazz and I have just returned from a small town where the residents are going to have to quickly become accustomed to a small army of muscle-bound teen sex gods, courtesy of our friend Adam. We just left three of them in the capable hands of Joe and Bobby, who I'm sure can educate them in the finer points of being a Transformed man at least as good as you've been doing with my man Stan, here." His sideways grin positively beamed.

Stan actually reddened. "Does it show?"

Chuck's eyes grew wide. "Holy fuck! Did you see that Frazz? The man actually blushed! God damn, that's sexy." So Stan did it again. "Okay, you need to seriously stop doing that or I'm not going to be held responsible for my reaction."

"Chuck, when have you ever been responsible for anything?"

"That's not fair, Toddles! Just ask Frazz! I've been teaching Adam lots of important stuff, and... and... well, I could've fucked those young dudes silly yesterday and did I do it? No, I did not!"

"With the exception of Tommy, Jeff and Moose," Frazz pointed out.

"There are always exceptions," Chuck said.

Todd looked skeptical. "Moose? You met someone named Moose?"

"An unfortunate nickname, but one I think he's managed to grow into, nicely. I'll introduce you later. You'll like him. He's very... energetic."

"Speaking of energetic, where is Adam?"

Frazz motioned over his shoulder. "We left him in the glade." He shook his head. "Some men simply cannot say no to an orgy." Then he laughed. "Like me!"

"You headed that way?"

Frazz nodded. "Looked like a lot of fun to me. Care to join?"

They all began a slow walk across the island, four perfect specimens of manhood headed toward a sunny lawn populated by dozens of muscular supermen gifted with pornstar cocks and movie star looks all fucking the living daylights out of each other. They could smell the sex from yards off as they approached.

Stan stayed close to Todd as they approached the edge of the lawn. A sea of naked flesh was humping and flexing and bulging across the meadow. Strong moans and deep growls and a soft roar of phrases like “Yes, oh yes” and “Fuck, harder! Harder!” and “Jesus Christ, right there, oh God, oh yes,” moved across the field.

“I do love this place,” Todd announced to no one in particular.

“You should get out more,” Chuck advised, “but it certainly has its attractions.”

Frazz looked at Stan. “Shall we find something to amuse ourselves while these two catch up?” He reached out his hand toward Stan’s.

Todd said, “Go have some fun. If you run into Adam, tell him I said hi.”

“Who’s Adam?”

“You can’t miss him. He’s the beautiful man with the big cock,” Chuck explained.

Frazz took his hand. “I’ll introduce you. He’ll love you.” He kissed Stan’s mouth and they walked into the midst of the never-ending sex scene, sinking slowly from view somewhere in the middle of the tangle of muscular arms and legs and cum-glistening flesh.

“I’m glad you found him,” Chuck observed. “He suits you.”

“He’s... special.”

Chuck looked over. “Oh my God. You’re in love.”

“Takes one to know one.”

“What are we, in fourth grade again?”

Todd reached down to his two massive snakes and stroked them to erection, flows of clear lubing pre-cum began coating the plum-shaped heads and long shafts. The muscles of his arms flexed and bulged as he pleased himself, the bicep heads twisting around each other and the sinew amassed on his forearms expanding and contracting under his golden skin. “Hardly.”



Chuck looked down at his friend's pricks and sucked in a breath. "So, want to get reacquainted?" His own cocks were quickly inflating, fat and huge and hungry. "I think you'll find I've improved since the last time."

Todd grinned. "I thought you'd never ask."



## 26

Four super beings stood within the small, glass-fronted room overlooking the lab space below where they'd each been altered into the hyper-masculine specimens they now were. The power of their bodies poured off them in waves of heated sexual force, saturating the room with the strong, spicy scent of their naked forms.

Each was his own man, unique and perfected, but each was also exactly like the other, brought to a level of masculine perfection and absolute supremacy unknown before them.

On the floor at their feet lay two inert bodies. One was clad in a white scientist's smock, stained now with a wet puddle at crotch level where Jay Lee's sexual assault had caused his balls to empty. The other was a much older man, dressed in a dark green uniform, his chest arrayed with medals and a smear of white cream that Scott's previous body had sprayed onto him. That could not Transform the man, so it was simply soaking into the cotton of his Army fatigues.

Sherman Tipton was a single-minded individual with an absolute devotion to his country. He was a career army man, as his father had been, and his father's father before him. A graduate of West Point, he had served in military campaigns and distinguished himself as an intelligent, if unimaginative, hard-working, dedicated officer. He had been rewarded with medals and honors and appointments that lead up to his current post at Main Office, where his command included men who had been specially augmented and trained to be killing machines.

Scott Maddox was one of those machines. He was the best of those machines that the government could develop. His body and mind and heart had been honed to a state of perfect service. And he hated Major General Sherman Tipton because he represented everything that Scott Maddox had learned to abhor.

Efficient, ruthless, heartless and merciless, Tipton was a perfect officer. Maddox, by contrast – and perhaps the reasons why he was so successful in his role but why could never advance to the same level as the man on the ground before him – was passionate, intelligent, easily incensed, easily aroused and perfectly capable of entering into any situation and instantly becoming the person in the room that everyone wanted to be with. He was driven by duty in some of the same ways as Tipton, but his vision of the world was not necessarily regulated by any form of fanaticism to a central thesis founded in a

form of government, but rather that he believed the bad people should be punished, and the good people rewarded.

And bad people were the ones stripping away the freedoms of the good people – sometimes in the very name of freedom itself.

“Do you really want to do this?” Jerry asked. “Do you realize what will happen?”

Scott nodded. “Probably better than anyone.” Maddox proposed to Transform the entire base. Here. Now. Immediately.

“It won’t end here, you know. There are other Tiptons out there. Other labs and other scientists and other soldiers.”

“There always are. There always will be.” He looked at Lassiter. “And I’ll handle them when I have to. But for now, all I need to do is handle this one.”

Jason said, “What will happen?”

Scott raised his head and smiled. “Watch.” With that single word, he released the flood of Transform 3 that swam through every cell in his body.

It wasn’t a smell or a touch or a sound. There was no physical indication that anything was happening at all. Transform 3 had suffused every piece of Scott Maddox’s body and mind and soul, whatever that was, it was inherent in his every move and thought, it leached out through his skin and lived in his eyes. Male perfection made manifest. More powerful than any detonation, more subtle than the slightest breeze, Scott’s body erupted with a thick, warm blast of it from his pores and sweat glands and tear ducts and asshole and piss slits and nostrils and any other hole it could find.

It came from him in waves, traveling out from him in a broadcast of perfect male power, seeking the bodies of others it could sink into and change, seeping under doorways, circling air ducts, creeping through electrical outlets, infinitesimally small and absolutely powerful.

In the room with them, they watched Tipton and the technician swell with power. The general’s eyes shot open as his body was impacted with Transform 3 and his limbs shot out. He gulped in a breath of air and arched his back and balled his hands into fists. His uniform was ripped to tatters, not simply tearing along the seams but thrust off his body as if he’s exploded, and that wasn’t far from the truth.

They watched his ancient frame coalesce into a vision of perfect male power. His wrinkled, pale flesh seemed to suck onto his flabby, age-damaged body and then smooth itself out as if a hand was stretching material over him. The blemishes and war ravages faded and his skin began to darken slightly. His face looked skeletal for a moment, the lips drawn back against his teeth and the skin on his forehead growing tight and shiny,

but a moment later a clear calm settled over his naked form, and the magic of Transform began to truly manifest.

He was inflated with brawn everywhere. Muscle on top of muscle. Quickly, he passed from looking like a wizened old man to a middle-aged swimmer to a 30-year-old weightlifter to a 25-year-old bodybuilder to a 19-year old superman. Every muscle etched itself into perfection and then began to swell larger and larger. His entire frame began to elongate to accommodate the growing muscle, and it was then that the four men watching started to hear unusual sounds all around them.

“What the hell is that?” Jay Lee was looking at the ceiling. The sounds of metal bending and concrete cracking and wood splintering built upon itself like an orchestration of destruction.

“Muscle,” answered Jerry. “Men are growing. And some of the rooms around here aren’t exactly adequate to hold something as big as that.”

He pointed at Tipton’s enormity. Transform was developing him exponentially, constantly, and his body was now twice as big as it was and still gaining momentum.

“Jesus! Do you think this place is going to come down on our heads?”

Scott was grinning at the thought. “Maybe.” He looked at Jay Lee. “What are you worried about? You’re indestructible.”

“Still,” added Jerry, “it’s something to consider next time. Let’s plan on doing this where there’s some growing room.” The ceiling cracked over their heads and a soft rain of dust coated their naked flesh. “If nothing else, it’ll be a bit tidier.”

Tipton’s growth continued unabated. He was moaning now, seemingly overcome by sexual pleasure. It was one of Transform’s gifts, that while it was performing its miracles on one’s body, it engaged the pleasure center of one’s brain so that the entire process from beginning to end felt like the best, longest, most intense and complete orgasm you’ve ever experienced. Bones were distending, muscles tearing and rebuilding, tendons stretching to the tearing point but all Tipton was feeling was one long, unending, deeply powerful orgasm.

Moans of feral sexual pleasure were now joining the sounds of the underground facility attempting to cope with what was happening everywhere. The facility’s struggle to stay in one piece seemed to be winning. It had been reinforced to withstand earthquakes and nuclear attack from without, and the reinforced beams and thick metal walls seemed equally able to withstand a growing muscular attack from within as well.

“Oh, fuck.” The voice came from the floor, and the four men looked down to watch Sherman Tipton’s process of evolution slow as he resolved into his ultimate form. The other man in the room was also rousing from the process, pushing himself up onto his

hands, the bulging masses of his triceps standing out starkly on his upper arms. His back rippled with restrained power and he let out a low growl that shook the great glass window.

“Be careful,” Scott advised. “I wouldn’t stand up in here. You’re about 12 feet taller than the ceiling.”

The technician turned himself over and looked up at the four men, then down at his new body. “Jesus!” He moved his hands across his bulging form. He looked slightly dazed and his face and skin tone suggested that he had some Spanish or Mexican blood in him. The hair on his head was straight and pitch black, the same color as his eyes, and his gorgeous face was gifted with thick, moist lips and a prominent, aquiline nose. He had a very long, very muscular neck that exploded into high, thick traps and out to his fat, highly defined shoulders.

He was hairless across his skin, except for a treasure trail of darkness that traveled from his navel to his groin where the hair erupted into a thick glade of shining curls surrounding the magnificent majesty of his huge pricks. A set of hairless balls lay perched between his massive thighs and he simply sat there on the floor, exploring his new body.

Scott looked over at Tipton and found the man staring back at him. Nothing happened for a heartbeat until Sherman’s beautiful face lit into a smile and he said, “The word ‘inevitability’ springs to mind.”

Scott huffed a laugh out through his nose. He walked over to the gigantic man and crouched down beside him. He let his gaze travel along the old man’s new body, marveling at the array of muscular power bulging from every inch. He was a furry man, with a heavy forest of curls reaching across the expanse of his broad chest. The thickness of his fur narrowed as it traveled across his 10-pack stomach, reaching its dark fingers into the deep valleys between each muscle of his abdominal wall. The long, thick cables of his interior obliques pointed directly to the awesome beauty of his new cocks, fat and firm and perfect. More dark fur dusted his legs, accenting the lines of muscle arranged there in obvious power.

He was breathing slowly, causing his chest and abs to swell and contract, and the scent coming off him was strong and musky, sexy as hell. Scott placed his palm against the man’s augmented body and looked into his eyes. “Enjoy the ride?”

Tipton was still dazed. He closed his eyes and searched himself for feelings. “It’s very curious,” he said at last as he looked at Scott’s face, “but I have this overwhelming desire to kiss you.”

“Always go with your first impression.” He leaned forward and placed his lips against Sherman’s, tentatively at first until the man opened his mouth and pushed his tongue against Scott’s teeth, and they were soon tongue wrestling like old lovers. The result was

evident as Tipton's twin monsters started to quickly thicken and grow hard with desire. He was pumping thick gobs of precum that drizzled from the twin eyes and fell in thick puddles across his tight, furry belly before he knew what hit him.

"It would seem," Lassiter said, "that all is forgiven."

For all the muscular power and sexual capacity that Sherman had realized during his Transforming, none of that prepared him for the feeling of being with another Transformed man.

Tipton wasn't gay, but he wasn't exactly straight either. He'd been married once, but they'd divorced long ago because his mistress was the Army. He hadn't had anything approaching a sexual encounter in a dozen years, nor had he any internal desire to find one.

That's not to say that the man was frigid or impotent. He had simply placed the desires of his body second to everything else in his life. Sex was a weapon his underlings used when appropriate. It helped them to get the job done, and it helped them to stay focused.

He'd observed Scott and Jerry engaged in some Transform-enhanced man-on-man sex, and remained unmoved. He was neither attracted or repulsed, it was no more or less interesting than any other activities he observed in his underground compound. If that was what Maddox had to do to get information, Maddox would do it. He was cementing a relationship, gaining a trust, and relieving a captive – albeit a obliging if compelled captive – of some long-ignored and very powerful needs.

He'd also seen Jay Lee and Jason engage in some naked roughhousing that he supposed approached sex, although it didn't look exactly pleasurable to him. There was oral and anal and all the rest of it, but the young men looked more like they were fighting than loving, which he considered an altogether positive direction for the new formula to take.

It never occurred to him that sometimes, that was how men showed affection.

But now it was occurring to him very strongly, and the lovemaking between him and Scott Maddox quickly progressed into something like a battle, although neither combatant was likely to object to the fighting.

His new body performed at a level that even a formerly Transformed man like Jerry found amazing. And when two men Transformed by the third generation of the formula came together, the results were enough to blow the minds of anyone watching.

Sherman shoved Scott onto the floor, onto his back, and pressed his body atop him. He shoved his tongue deeply into his mouth and reached his hand to Scott's cock and passed a thunderclap of the Touch into it as he roughly stroked his hardness. Scott gasped and arched his head and grabbed onto Tipton's muscled ass and squeezed his buttocks hard,

opening the man's ass to his touch and pushing three, then four fingers inside his ass, erupting shattering amounts of the Touch through his skin into Sherman's firm, round butt.

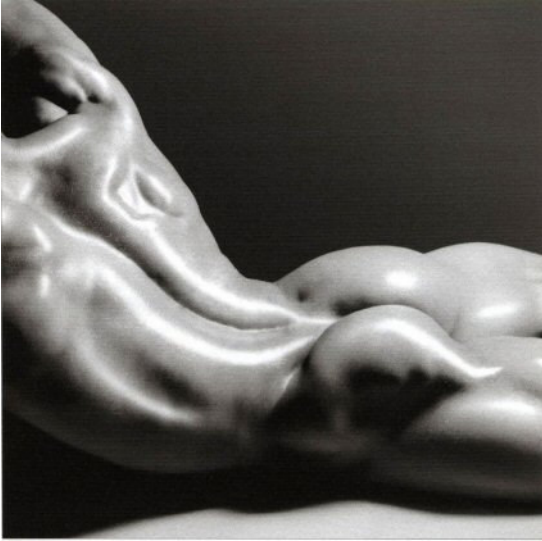
Tipton shuddered and moved his mouth down Scott's body, sucking a fat nipple into his mouth and teasing it to erection with his teeth and tongue. Scott grabbed hold of Sherman's thick waves of hair and pulled hard, causing Tipton to bite down on his nipple and send a shockwave of painful pleasure through his enormous muscular form.

Tipton positioned his ass over Scott's twin cocks and opened himself up, practically sucking the hard pricks inside. Maddox made his cocks fuck the general deep and hard, shoving against his super sensitized prostate and sending the man into a delirium of erotic bliss.

It was sex and revenge pooled together for Maddox. He'd wanted to figuratively fuck this man in the ass so many times, and now he could literally do it. This was how Transform channeled anger, not as violence but as sex. He was giving in to his feelings, and delivering incredible magnitudes of erotic satisfaction to his enemy at the same time. He felt glorious and powerful and utterly fulfilled.

Tipton was in heaven. God, it all felt so good, this man's tongue in his mouth, his cocks in his has, his hands all over his body. He leaned in and set his mouth to Scott's other nipple to torture him some more.

And similar sexual transactions were taking place throughout The Center. Men were discovering what their new bodies could do, what their new minds craved, what their new selves were capable of. Transformed men no longer needed food or rest or anything but the attentions and sexual aggression of another Transformed man. They could breed others with a touch, a breath, a scent. They had unbounded sexual capacity and unlimited strength and overwhelming beauty. Nothing could stop them.



## 27

Adam found Stan in the glade at about the three-hour mark. Frazz and Stan had started off as a pair that soon turned into a trio, then a foursome, and a five-way, then there were seven, and on and on until it was impossible to tell whose mouth you were kissing, and whose hand was stroking your dicks, and whose cock was shoving into your ass.

Hands and tongues and mouths were all over his augmented body. Muscle pressed against

him. His head was filled with the scent of one man after another, every smell distinct and beautiful and perfect.

Adam was amazing in his own way, just as Michael and Todd and Frazz had been. Fucking was fucking, but somehow every man he was with yielded a different experience. He never dreamed that sex could be so varied and so satisfying. Getting off was no longer his only goal, because he could get off continuously and just keep going, reaching out to pull in another pair of sensuous lips to kiss, or pushing his insatiable cocks into another tight, perfect ass.

But there was something different about this encounter, something deeper. He looked into the other man's eyes and a shock went through him. He kissed Adam's lips and Adam kissed him back in a manner that was so full and so complete and so obviously overflowing with masculine love that he reeled and swooned and lost his breath. "Who are you?"

Adam smiled brightly and leaned in to kiss him again. "I'm Adam!"

"Oh. Oh! You're Adam!" He nodded vigorously. His cock was squirting a non-stop fountain of cum all over the men who seemed drawn to him, and Stan watched in awe as it was instantly drawn inside their bodies, evaporating like water on a steaming sidewalk. "Chuck told me I should meet you."

Adam kissed him again, long and passionately. "I love Chuck! What's your name?"

"Stan."

"Hello, Stan! Do you want me to fuck your ass?"

"Uh, sure, I guess." He paused. "Only, I think someone already is."



“Don’t worry, I can fuck you, too!” Adam simply pulled Stan toward him and pulled his legs over his shoulders, disengaging Stan from whatever dick had previously been so happily drilling away at his overused, juicy, tight hole. Adam was on his knees, his huge cock still erupting a never-ending stream of hot, pearlescent cream, when he smiled down at Stan positioned the head of his cock at Stan’s asshole and shoved himself inside.

Stan was delivered into heaven. Adam’s cock was the essence of the sexual power of Transform. Because he was Transform. Not changed by it, but made of it. As he slowly bucked his hips to fuck Stan deeper and truer than Stan had ever been fucked, he leaned forward so that their massive chests were rubbing against each other, said very softly and with intense honesty, “I love you,” and kissed Stan’s mouth with his own again, as if completing some erotic circuit.

Stan’s body seemed to implode. Sexual pleasure of an intensity almost too thick to fathom filled him up entirely and shot out from him across the glade. Everyone felt it. Something was happening. Transform had found another agent for change, and the coupling of its truest disciple and this conduit exploded outward through every man present. Stan was a trigger, and he’d just fired the bullet.

He gasped and shook and shot a thick, hard load from both his augmented cocks that arced across the glade and splattered down across a couple dozen different men. He shot another one from his cocks, bigger still, shoving it from his balls, cumming like a fountain. And then another one, still fuller, each building upon the last blast, each one fatter and thicker and shot harder than the last.

His balls swelled. Adam was pumping his load into Stan’s ass as Stan was pumping his load across the sea of naked men. The Transformed bodies welcomed his hot seed inside, drinking it in like parched desert.

The change Stan’s triggering flood of cum manifested was subtle at first. No one who received his gift realized what was occurring, and no one bothered to stop what they were doing even as their sexual actions grew suddenly deeper and more profound. The eruption of sexual power that rippled outward merely drove them all into a deeper frenzy of fucking, as if everyone suddenly had their second wind and whomever they were with was even hotter and sexier and more beautiful than before. The rhythm picked up and the intensity ratcheted and the glade’s orgy was energized with a heavy torrent of male sexual energy.

But Stan realized what had happened, and what was continuing to happen as he looked at Adam and watched him change.

“What has occurred?”

Carlos looked at Wolf. “What do you mean?”

“Something has occurred. You did not feel it?”

“I’m not sure what you mean. Did something happen to you?”

They were standing in a small lab examining samples of Wolf’s DNA. The curiously sexless man closed his eyes and raised his hand to his chest. “I can feel it here. And also... and also here.” He moved his hand down to the smooth planes of his groin.

“You felt something down there? What did it feel like?”

Wolf smiled. “Like good.”

Carlos raised an eyebrow. “Something physical then?”

Wolf nodded. “From outside.” Carlos wrinkled his brow, so Wolf went on. “It was something from outside, passing through. Something has occurred. Something is changed.”

“Well then,” Carlos said, “let’s go see what it is.”

They rejoined the other Escaped and wandered out of the building into the bright afternoon sun. A strong scent of sex permeated the breeze, a scent so strongly spiced that Carlos felt his cocks grow heavy and his balls tingle. “My goodness,” he said, “isn’t that pleasant?”

There was a commotion among the trees that lead to the meadow, and shortly the branches parted and out of the shadows emerged a man who seemed to resonate with masculine sexual prowess. Carlos could feel it pouring from the man’s skin like heat, and it radiated outward without diminishing. Another man stood next to him, a man who seemed to possess some of that same sexual power in a slightly diminished capacity, or perhaps the main man was so potent that he threw any other man’s sexual supremacy into relief.

Carlos recognized the second man as Stan, who had accompanied Joe and Bobby back from the outside and brought The Escaped to IGE. He looked at the other man with interest and desire, for there had never been another man, Transformed or not, who had ever presented such a strong and undeniable sense of male sexual aptitude before.

The man next to Stan looked imposing and utterly commanding. Perhaps it was that indefinable sexual command that he possessed, or the fact that he was the most attractive man that Carlos had ever encountered. Was this some new arrival at IGE? Who had brought him, where had he come from, and how was he manifesting such a strong sexual energy that Carlos was having trouble staying where he was without dashing over to the man so he could fuck him senseless.

Stan was smiling continually. “Hello, Wolf. I brought someone I think you should meet.”

Carlos asked, “Who... who are you?”

The intensely beautiful man smiled. Carlos felt like falling to his knees in worship. He felt his heartbeat quicken and his cocks rose to attention. “Hello, father,” he said. His voice detonated against Carlos’s wall of control. He staggered backwards slightly, overcome with desire. “Oops. Sorry about that.”

“Adam?”

He bowed his head slightly and his smile grew incandescent. “In the flesh.”

Wolf said nothing, but it was obvious that he, too, was feeling something in an area where nothing existed. The others of his company looked aroused, confused, frightened and awestruck in equal measure.

Stan said, “Something happened to him in the glade. While we were... uh... he was...”

Adam laughed, it was a resonant warm sound. “I was fucking him. He’s a trigger. A very special trigger.”

“What happened?”

Adam spread his arms wide and began to grow, swelling with masses of power. The sense of male sexual potency grew accordingly, filling the space and stretching high and wide. “I am no longer a child,” he said. “I have matured.”

And it was true. Adam had changed. Not only his appearance, but his demeanor and his presence. The culmination of his process of development had reached its pinnacle, and he now stood before the man who had brought him into the world to display all that he was, and all that he had become.

“What does this mean?” Carlos asked.

Adam’s face was etched with knowledge and wisdom. “I am Transform. I am all men. I am with you, and of you, and for you. I am the instrument of change, the agent of perfection.”

“That all sounds nice, but what does that mean?”

Adam laughed again. “The chains are broken. The walls are destroyed. There are no limits.”

“Okay, but still...”

Adam's inhumanly perfect face took on a completely human look of frustration. "Perhaps if I show you." He smiled. A flash of heat seemed to erupt around each man present, silent and otherwise without form or agent.

And suddenly, they were all changing.

“Awfully cruel, if you ask me.”

“Look, I was just doing what I thought was best,” Sherman explained. “I mean, you know, at the time it made sense.”

“Maybe so,” Jerry said, “but it’s still pretty cruel.”

The five men were making their way through the semi-destroyed facility, traveling deeper into the underground levels. Electrical power was sporadic, but they were more than powerful enough to move aside the walls and columns that fell in their way. Tipton was leading them down to where he had placed Kevin, using Lassiter’s lover and companion as a tool to control the doctor’s powers while the general attempted to gain all he could from his Transformed body. “You really were a dick, you know that?”

“I said I was sorry, Jeez! I admit I was a dick, okay? Satisfied?”

“Would you two just shut up for a few minutes and keep moving?” Scott thrust an 8-foot section of 3-inch steel wall aside. “Let’s just find this guy and get out of here.”

“Dick.”

Jason snickered and Jay Lee stuck him in the ribs with his elbow. None of the men was particularly worried about the facility collapsing round them, but it was getting to be annoying listening to Jerry and Sherman argue back and forth about the general’s plan and the whereabouts of Kevin.

“You have to admit that it was sort of stupid in the first place, particularly given the current situation.”

“As if I could predict this was going to happen.”

“All you had to do was ask.” Jerry’s tone of voice suggested exactly how stupid he considered the general to be. “I could’ve told you, but noooooooo, you had be all Mr. High and Mighty and dictate who gets to be massive and beautiful and who gets to be shit.”

“You have to understand the bigger picture here. We were scared. I mean, look at you! Look at me? Look at this body! How is the human race supposed to continue to exist if men like you and me start wandering around changing everyone we meet into another gay, impotent Superman?”

“Hey! Who’s impotent? I’ll show you who’s NOT impotent!”

“No, Jay Lee, he means it literally. You and me and him and every other Transformed man are unable create children.”

“Exactly!” Sherman picked up a set of collapsed doors and moved them aside. They weighed a ton each. He did it without straining. “So now no one’s breeding. The world’s populated by invulnerable men who can’t – and don’t want to – be with a woman. All this sperm we’re creating can make all the other men into us, but not one drop of it is ever going to fertilize an egg.”

“Eeyoo, gross.”

“My point exactly.”

“You really think that Transformation logically leads to the end of human civilization as we know it?”

He turned and nodded, placing his hands on his narrow hips. “What other logical conclusion is there?”

Jason raised his hand. “I can think of one.” They all paused in their movement and looked at him. “Why don’t they create Transformed women?”

Silence fell. “What?”

Jason shrugged. “Why don’t they create a Transformed woman? I mean, it would work, wouldn’t it? Sure, they’d be all muscley and shit, I mean I guess they would, but wouldn’t that solve the problem? Maybe our junk doesn’t work on regular women because they haven’t been Transformed. I mean, what’s the big deal?”

“Did this ever occur to you?” Sherman asked Jerry.

“Well, no, actually. That wasn’t the assignment. I never really considered...”

“Plus, like, so what if they end up all being dykes or something? I’d fuck a hot, muscular, dyke. It’d be like, I guess, fucking Wonder Woman or something.” He smiled. “C’mon, what fag wouldn’t want to fuck Wonder Woman?” He started to laugh.

“That depends,” Tipton answered. “Are we talking the Linda Carter Wonder Woman or the Cathy Lee Crosby Wonder Woman?”

“Who the fuck is Cathy Lee Crosby?” Then they all laughed.

Hours passed. Main Office was a massive facility. They would occasionally come upon a pair or grouping of massive, muscular, naked men who’d been hit with Scott’s wave of

Transform 3, and inevitably these men would be fucking each other senseless. Jay Lee and Jason suggested more than once that they could take a break and join in the fun, but Jerry had a one-track mind and neither Scott nor Sherman, with his sense of responsibility, would slow.

Finally they came to Level 8, the lowest level in the compound. "He's here," Sherman said. "At least, he was before all this happened."

Scott looked at Jerry. "Would he have been altered by this?"

"I don't know. He was immune to Transform, I know, I tried." He looked at Sherman helplessly.

"It was designed to resist both forms of the formula, the one inside you and the one we were creating. But as I understand it, we've been altered by a third version. So I don't know, either. But I would suspect not. If one can not be affected by drug one or drug two, would combining the drugs create something one could be affected by?"

"Why are we standing here talking about it? Let's just find this dude and get out of here! I'm horny as hell and if someone doesn't start fucking this fine ass pretty soon..." Jason sounded honest, but he was smiling as he said it. "C'mon, dudes. Let's go get this guy. I'll fuck him into Superman if it kills me. Which, according to you, it can't. So..."

"So, let's get Kevin."

They found him in his room. He was lying half out of his bed. He had not been Transformed.

"You did this to him?" Scott stared at the form in front of him, recognizable as a man only because of the presence of a face and limbs. Kevin was otherwise a bloated, soft, blubbery pile of flesh.

"Oh, man." Jason looked at Sherman. "You did this? You actually did this to someone?"

Tipton nodded slowly. "Fear is a strict taskmaster. It can make you do horrible things."

Jerry sighed and approached the mass of ugly flesh that had been his lover. "Evidently, Transform 3 still isn't strong enough."

"Is it possible that Scott's sexblast didn't make it to here? Maybe if we try to..."

Scott said, "I'm pretty sure my little release was more than enough to get into every crack and crevice in the place. But there's no harm in trying."

Jerry lifted the body back into its bed and moved his hand against Kevin's soft forehead. The man's eyes looked glazed and unfocused. His breathing was shallow and sounded as if his throat or lungs was filled with fluid. Jerry set his hand against the mountains of fat that encased Kevin's chest and flooded his body with Transform 3.

Nothing happened.

"We thought of that, of course." They turned to look at Sherman Tipton. "Of course we did," he said sadly. "I'm so sorry, Jerry. I'm so very, very sorry."

"We have to get him to IGE. Maybe Carlos and I can... maybe something can be done. Maybe the process can be reversed. He doesn't deserve this. Even if he can't be Transformed, he should be given his life back."

"What's IGE?"

Scott didn't turn toward Jason as he answered. He was looking at the scene of Jerry and Kevin. He couldn't look away. It wasn't often that he had experienced love like that, even if it was between someone else. "An island somewhere. It's home to the Transformed. It's where Jerry's partner is, the other man who invented Transform. Labs there, I guess. So maybe..." He felt his throat catch. It was an odd feeling.

Sherman Tipton sighed heavily, but said nothing.

Jay Lee spoke up. "Let's get out of here. This place is giving me the creeps."

Jerry lifted the soft, heavy form of his lover into his able arms. "Come on, Kevin," he said. "We're going home."





29

Carlos's mind was suddenly filled up with knowledge. He knew everything that any Transformed man had learned. He knew what Adam knew. He knew what Stan knew. He

knew what Michael and Chuck and Frazz and Todd and Bobby and Joseph and Tommy and Jeff and Willy and Brad knew. He knew what had changed.

A collective gasp erupted from the seven identical men known as The Escaped and in the next heartbeat, they began to grow. Their individual selves manifested as they were altered by Adam. They regained their identities, their sexuality, their talents and emotions and desires. They swelled outward and upward and become Transformed men with suddenness and completeness.

And they knew what Adam knew. And what Stan knew. And what Carlos knew. Because Adam truly was the instrument of change and the agent of perfection. Through him, all Transformed men were joined together. What any one of them learned, they all learned. What any one of them experienced, they all experienced. The chains were broken. The walls were destroyed. They were each, and they were all.

It was, in a word, freaky. Carlos was Carlos. He retained that sense of himself, and his loves and his fears and his sense of right and wrong. Carlos was Carlos. But he now held within him the entirety of every other Transformed man. They were one. He knew Michael's love, and could feel his love for Carlos. He felt Chuck's love for Frazz and Todd's love for Stan. Each love different, each the same. And he realized he loved them all, and they loved him.

Adam still smiled at Carlos as realization dawned on his face. "Clearer?"

Carlos laughed. "Very much so! But how is this possible?"

"I don't know. It happened to me as it happened to you. Wonder. Curiosity. Realization. Stan and I were fucking in the glade among the others. He was the agent. He is special. I don't know how. But it is true. We are all now joined. Each of us lives inside the rest of us. I know where everyone is. They will know where I am. We will love each other, and find love in each other."

"And wait until you have sex! It's amazing! I mean, it's even more amazing! It's like... it's... amazing!"

"Well put," Adam said with a grin.

"Have the others..."

Adam nodded as he strode forward. "If you can sense them within you, they can sense you within them. It's like a software upgrade. It works like a giant network, and we're all connected to it all the time. You can also unhook, if you want or need to."

Carlos did it, and a sort of emptiness filled him. He re-engaged immediately and the warmth and power of hundreds of the Transformed filled him up again. "Remarkable."

“Handy, at any rate, if you consider the ramifications.” Carlos noticed that Adam was no longer speaking in exactly the same manner as before, and was about to ask why – although he had a strong assumption – but Adam beat him to the punch. “I’m sort of assimilating and processing all the knowledge and the personalities, filtering through it all fairly rapidly and I guess my upgrade is the most evident. Apparently, Transform and you have provided me with an exceptionally efficient brain. So I thank you again for that, father.”

“Did you anticipate my question or was that a coincidental explanation?”

“Does it matter?” He smiled warmly.

“I suppose not. What I find most interesting is that I’m not standing here slowly going mad.”

Stan wrinkled his attractive brow. “Whuh huh?”

Carlos turned to him. “Considering that there are now hundreds of distinct personalities extant within my mind, and that they are all also thinking and processing and speaking and doing all the things I am doing simultaneously, one would logically expect to be overwhelmed by a cacophony of chaotic and combating thoughts and ideas and realizations – but such is not the case.” He looked again at Adam. “How is that possible?”

He shrugged. “You’re the scientist here. And I know that because you’re also up here,” he added, pointing at his temple. “Perhaps an answer will occur to us in time. The collective intelligence and imagination is somewhat staggering, have you considered that? We share a mind that is hundreds of times larger than any of us had individually. The processing power alone is astounding.”

“True. There is much to ponder.”

“Has anyone else,” Stan said softly, “noticed something weird about Wolf?”

Carlos and Adam turned their attentions to The Escaped. The eight of them now stood there utterly changed. They had been joined to the group mind that Transform afforded, and shared all that they were and all that they were going to become with every other man on the island. As a group, they looked bewildered and euphoric at the same time.

All except for Wolf.

The man was a wonder to behold. Having regained his Russian ancestry, the northern blood displayed itself in his ivory skin and icy gray eyes. His hair was blonde, approaching white, and his thin lips were overshadowed by a hard, masculine nose. He could probably cut glass with his cheekbones, and his brow had two angled ridges on either side of those piercing eyes. He was, for all appearances, an ice God.

His body was a colossal mass of brawn. He looked rock hard standing there, as if every muscle was tensed to iron solidity. He had small nipples and a small navel mounted amidst the curves and bulges on his torso. The taper from his shoulders to his waist was amazing, almost putting to question how such narrow hips could hold up so much meaty muscle above. But an examination of his abdominals and ass and the thick sway of his inner obliques would put any worries to rest.

The man's ass was a marvel of male perfection. It wasn't just sculpted, it was carved. High, round, firm and tight with two deeply etched concave indentations. Then his legs exploded outward fighting for space, but they were destined to lose that battle because back around on the front of his pelvis hung two meaty cocks with smooth, thick shafts and fat dangling heads. They were drooling streams of precum. His balls visibly pulsed, pumping thick rivers of warm honey that drizzled heavily down his legs. His scent was strong, thick on the breezes. He smelled of forests and earth and sweat and musk.

He stood there amongst his men, his arms slightly away from his body, forced wide by the flare of his thick lats and the bulging masses arrayed down his limbs. He was breathing a little heavily, causing his wide chest to swell in and out, and he was staring directly at Stan.

"You have done this," he said. His voice was quiet, but infinitely profound. He pulled in a deep breath, flaring his nostrils, and his entire body visibly expanded.

Stan looked at Wolf as intently as the man stared back. Wolf was inside his head, too. The essence of the man, his feelings, his memories, his dreams. Stan could feel him inside, a separate entity but wholly personified. He could feel the depth of Wolf's emotions. He could feel the deep well of his passion, the fiery furnace of his desire, the hard edges of his determination. And the overwhelming condition that colored everything about the man at the moment pointed to one inescapable conclusion; Wolf wanted Stan. Wolf wanted him very badly.

The ice God's lips twisted into a lean grin. His eyes flashed silver. "You," he said, the word emitting like a growl. His entire body, each muscle, tensed into solidity. The air itself seemed to heat up between them. Stan felt himself, felt his body, echo Wolf's fierce moment of power. The heat between them swelled ominously, it filled up with a long-denied passion, a wealth of deferred desire, the insatiable and unfed hunger of one man for another.

The tension between them stretched to the breaking point. Then Wolf suddenly hunkered down and rushed toward Stan's body, and the two were propelled backwards by the force of the impact. The pair hit a tree and passed through it. They hit another and another, the sheer power and weight of their bodies coupled with the speed and force of Wolf's tackle driving them into the forest.

Stan felt Wolf's arms surrounding him as they flew backwards, and he felt the man's mouth pressed to his, and he felt the man's tongue shoving itself inside. Oblivious to the

damage cascading around them, caught up in Wolf's undeniable and overwhelming lust, Stan surrendered eagerly to the other man's command and fell into the heat of their passionate and sudden coupling as they forged a new path through the forest.

"Holy shit!" Adam summed it up for the entire company of observers. The sounds of breaking trees and other ruinous devastation continued to echo back from the darkness of the woods, along with some heavy grunting, the occasional deep moan, something that sounded like bears fighting and a few choice words that Carlos, at least, had used himself on a few such occasion.

Wolf grabbed onto Stan and swung him around, shoving him against a boulder and thrusting his twins up Stan's hot, wet hole. Stan gasped, sucking in dust and detritus and the strong scents of the forest and the man eagerly and forcibly fucking his ass. Erotic bliss erupted through him. He gritted his teeth and grabbed onto the rock and began slowly pulverizing the granite into dust with his bare hands.

Wolf was fucking his partner so hard and so deep that he appeared to want to be physically inside Stan. He threw his head back and opened his mouth to gulp in air. Stars shattered across his vision as he delivered another thick, hard rush of hot cum, feeling the depth of his on-going orgasm wrack his body and soul. He was releasing everything, letting it all go, the pent-up frustration, the anger, the emptiness. It had all been burned away during Transformation, but it had been replaced by a lust so powerful, it was overwhelming him.

He leaned himself over Stan's back, feeling Stan's bulging masses pressing against his own. His nipples tingled with erotic ecstasy, his skin was on fire, he pulled himself out of Stan's amazing and wonderful ass and spun the man around and attacked his mouth, shoving their bodies together, wrapping his arms around Stan's head, sucking his hungry, sensual tongue into his mouth and kissing him hard and deep.

He couldn't get enough, He had so much strength, so much power, so much sex pouring through him. He was an electrical cable with a million-watt overload. He was a tidal wave of passion. He was consumed by it.

They fell to the ground and Stan found an advantage and managed to position himself atop Wolf's hard, powerful form. He grabbed Wolf's ankles and spread his legs wide and lifted the man's butt from the ground and slammed his own hard cocks inside, thrusting his hips over and over. He began cumming immediately, flooding Wolf's ass with thick cream until it spurted out and splashed hot across his belly and legs.

"Do you think we should...?"

Adam looked at Carlos. "Not really, no."

Wolf moved his ankles onto Stan's shoulders and reached around to grasp his ass, physically pulling him inside deeper yet. It felt so good, God, so good. He was filled up

with Stan's twin monsters. They pulsed and throbbed and gushed sex into him. Heavy waves of the Touch radiated out from Stan's pricks and he kept cumming, his balls prickling with sexual radiance. He leaned down as he fucked Wolf's ass and kissed him again, fucking him and kissing him with equal passion.

Wolf's cocks exploded between them. A flood of wet heat coated their skin and was swallowed by their bodies. He came again, lost to orgasmic bliss. He came again.

Adam looked at Carlos. "Is this normal?"

"Haven't you ever wondered about that pit behind the main lab?"

"The deep one? With the broken tree stumps and the shattered... Ooooooh!"

Carlos smiled. "Michael can be quite vigorous when the mood strikes."

"Boys will be boys."

Wolf wrapped his legs around Stan's neck and twisted, pushing him off balance. They fell to the earth, tangled in each other's grip, wrestling naked under the dimming sun. Stan whooped and regained his feet, crouching in readiness. Wolf straightened and circled around him, strutting like a rooster, his cocks drooling precum, his body heaving and gleaming with sweat. "You are good," he said in his accented voice, rolling the R slightly and smiling.

"Thanks," Stan said roughly. "It's my first time."

"No, surely. You are joking." Wolf kept moving. His hands were held open, his muscles were tense and bulging. The ice God awaiting his chance to strike.

"I've fucked a man before, but I didn't think that's what you meant." He grinned in return.

"Not someone as handsome as I am." Wolf darted in, but Stan reacted quickly, slapping Wolf's grip away.

"Maybe 'handsome' means something else in Russian?" He laughed slightly to himself, and Wolf's brow darkened.

"Who is better?" Wolf paused to swell his impressive frame into muscular glory. His chest bulged thick, his arms overwhelmed with brawn, his fat, long cocks streaming clear honey.

Stan's body reacted to the show of masculine beauty. He was drawn to the man, undeniably, so he attacked again. Anything to hold the ice God in his arms, to feel his muscles against his own, to fuck his perfect ass.

Wolf was quicker. He ducked under Stan's arms and twisted him around, locking him into a full Nelson and pushing him to his knees. He moved his mouth very close to Stan's ear and spoke soft and low. "I am going to fuck you. I am going to fuck you deep and hard." His accent was driving Stan wild. He moaned from desire. He ached to feel those Russian cocks buried deeply in his ass and flooding his guts with cream. "Say you want me to fuck you."

"Yes."

"Say it." He tightened the hold.

"Fuck me, Wolf. Please, God, please fuck me."

Adam looked up. "It's gotten awfully quiet in there."

Carlos followed his gaze into the shadows of the forest. "It's like a dance, Adam. Sometimes the music is fast, sometimes the music is slow."

"When does it stop?"

Carlos's grin grew into a wide smile. "It never does, my boy. It never does."

Jerry carried Kevin all the way to the island in his capable arms. As he approached, he searched for Carlos with his mind to tell him what had happened and to be ready for them when they arrived.

::Welcome back,:: he answered. His voice sounded soothing, cool and rich in Jerry's head. ::I'm sorry to hear about Kevin. Is he all right?::

::He's alive, that's about all I can tell you. This stuff they shot him up with – that's not entirely accurate, they...::

::Just tell me::

::It's bad. It's very bad::

::Just get here as fast as you can. There have been some changes recently. We may be able to help him::

::I hope so," Jerry responded. Because no one else can.

The four naked men landed before the main lab housing. Carlos and Michael were waiting for them, and their faces registered the surprise they were feeling at seeing the obvious results of Transform 3 on the faces and bodies before them. Kevin was a sagging collection of flesh and bone in Jerry's arms. The huge man held the other close to his chest, the muscles of his arms and shoulders bulging and flexing as if he was struggling, though that was hardly the case.

"Bring him inside. Adam is waiting."

"Why is Adam...?"

"As I said, there have been some changes."

Michael scanned the masses of perfect masculinity before him and added, "Evidently, there have been more changes that we knew of."

Adam stood just inside the door. It was obvious to Jerry that he was quite a different man than the boy he'd last encountered. There was an aura of wisdom and self confidence about him that hadn't been there before. He still gave off his overwhelming sensation of unconditional and all-encompassing love, but another flavor was added in to the mix of his being, and it emanated from him quite palpably. "Welcome back, Jerry. And Kevin,"



he said, placing his hand on the other man's soft forehead. He kissed Kevin's mouth with tenderness and affection.

"What can be done?" Jerry asked, laying Kevin down on a platform gently. There were no formal beds in the lab. It was never meant to act as a hospital. There was never going to be a need for that. Transformed men were invulnerable.

Adam's face looked determined. "We will heal him."

"I've tried it! I tried to Transform him back! It doesn't work."

Sherman cleared his throat. "It won't work."

Adam, Carlos and Michael turned to this new man. Michael, as elected host, extended his hand. "I don't believe we've been introduced. My apologies, but we have been rather preoccupied. My name is Michael."

"Major General Sherman Tipton," he said, coming immediately to attention. Some habits are very hard to break.

"Sherman," Michael said, ignoring the title. "And these gentlemen?" He looked at the other three.

Jerry said, "This is Scott, Jay Lee and Jason."

Scott came forward, pulled Michael into an embrace and kissed his mouth deeply in greeting. Michael nearly staggered, then recovered himself and said, "We will certainly have to get to know each other better!"

"You better fucking believe it," he answered with a wink. Jay Lee and Jason, also still under the influence of their military training though far less formal than Tipton, shook hands with Michael and Carlos. Adam insisted on a kiss from each. After Scott assaulted Adam's lips, he observed, "You said 'we'."

Adam smiled brightly. "You're a very unusual man."

"I'm an upgraded model," he answered. "All the latest features."

Adam cocked his head slightly. "Well, not all of them."

Jerry was beside himself. "What about Kevin? What are we doing about him?"

Michael looked at Sherman. "You were saying?"

"I was in charge of the facility where the formula was created, that is before these four took it upon themselves to educate me about Transform."

“A tale for later, please. The formula?”

“What Jay Lee and Jason got was a descendant of Transform. It was natural, I presume, that the mutations we four and, I guess, about a hundred other former officers and enlisted men and civilians stationed at Main Office now enjoy would come about if Transform 1 was introduced to Transform 2.” Carlos arched a brow, but did not interrupt. “What Kevin has been exposed to is a different strain entirely.” He looked at Carlos and Jerry. “You were not the only scientists we employed. Transform was not the only genetic mutation we were developing.

“We were working from both sides of the playing field. Offense and defense. Transform was defense. Develop an army of supermen and send them into battle. This,” he said, indicating Kevin’s sad, sagging form, “was the offense. It was called Demolish. If Transform was Home Depot, then Demolish is the wrecking crew.”

“That’s horrifying,” Jerry whispered.

Tipton nodded. “Of course it is. What did you expect? We knew, of course, that Drs. Martinez and Lassiter were developing Transform. We had access to all their files, samples of the on-going tests, we had the actual serum that was used on the first human test subject. We may have been cruel, but we weren’t stupid. When Carlos and the test subject suddenly disappeared, along with the records and videos and samples, there was an obvious conclusion to be made.”

“You allowed it to happen.” Carlos said it conclusively.

Sherman nodded. “Of course. What would be the benefit of trying to stop a process that was clearly creating male subjects with strength and abilities far above what we ever planned or thought was possible? We lost track of you now and again, but we started monitoring missing persons reports, looking particularly for gay men of a certain age or disposition and following the varied and curious tracks of those who left this island sanctuary and were creating more Transformed men. You were hardly very stealthy, particularly someone named Chuck.” Adam couldn’t help it, he huffed out a coughing laugh.

“Be that as it may, we had a hell of a time locating this place. However, by the time Scott and Jerry went nuclear on Main Office, we were very close to pinpointing its location.” He looked at Michael. “You would have made an excellent operative. You hid your tracks well.” He looked at the gathered men. “One can easily assume that with the destruction of Main Office – accidental though it may have been – my former employers will assume that the occupants of this island staged an attack and were responsible. They are very likely moving with much more diligence and alacrity to locate us and use Demolish against us.”

Adam looked at Carlos and spoke to Jerry, too. “Then we have very little time. I have a hypothesis, but we need to move Kevin to the grove. Now.”

Adam sent out a call to every Transformed man on the island. He called back any Transformed man out in the world. He asked them all to come to the aid of a comrade, and to be a part of making them all free from threat forever.

“I propose,” he said, “to flood Kevin with Transform. With every current modification or mutation and diverse or distinct variant of it.” His voice carried across the glade. Those heeding the summons but not yet arrived heard him in their minds.

A collective excitement filled the grove. The space was overwhelmed with naked masculine perfection in its every form, made possible through the continually evolving power of Transform. “We will, all of us, each of us, release our essence, the pure and most distilled and fullest eruption of Transform since The Gathering. We will burn away the disease that has been planted among us, within one of our brothers, and so doing, we will again share all the benefits that we each possess with every other man present.

“Brothers, understand. I am asking you to allow Transform from you unrestrained, unlimited by your innate control. You are not changing an ordinary man into a god, you are giving back what was taken from him. And we will all benefit from the gift.

“If we are successful, we will not only be bringing a loved one back from the brink, we will realize the ultimate destination to which we may currently travel. Among you, there are those who have shared with others in exclusivity, or passed on what you have attained in limited liaisons. Others,” he said, glancing at the five men amped up on Transform 3, “have received new power and ability through other means.

“Now, we will all share. But strain to keep aware during your Transformation that we will be sending all our strength, all our power and all our love to this man. His name is Kevin. Concentrate on him.” He closed his eyes momentarily then spoke again. “Others are traveling here as swiftly as the winds can carry them. We will wait. I suggest you use this time to find those you haven’t seen and to welcome them back.” He smiled brightly. “I know it will be hard, but please refrain from fucking each other until afterwards.”

There was a general murmur then of glad voices and shouted greetings. Names rang out as men searched for others they knew, or missed. They were all at their fullest glory under the darkening sky. The moon was full overhead, and a few bright stars were piercing the dimming heavens.

Slowly, as they found each other and felt the passion and power within, they would approach where the inert body of Kevin was laying. They looked at him, and they touched him, and their determination grew profound. Some knew him personally, which meant (for a Transformed man) sexually. They knew what he had been, of his significant

beauty, his humor, his intelligence and imagination. He was a passionate lover, eager to please and seemingly without ego.

They wanted that man back.

As the skies darkened, all the Transformed had returned. An exact count was not taken, but from Adam's vantage point as he returned to stand upon the granite boulder overlooking Kevin, the sea of naked male beauty filled the football field-sized meadow.

Silence fell. "Dr. Lassiter – Jerry – would like to speak before we begin."

Another man took Adam's place upon the rock, his eyes gleaming with restrained tears. "Do not assign blame for this, or if you do, assign it to the fear of men. And remember that. What was done was done. We will not look backwards. We will not – cannot exact revenge." He looked at the sea of beautiful faces and bowed his head. "For Kevin, and for us all."

Adam's voice spoke a single word, "Begin," and a small space on the face of planet Earth suddenly exploded with the power of Transform.

It had grown incredibly strong, stronger even than the five most powerful among them could comprehend. It erupted not in waves or pulsations or an expanding sphere, it manifested all at once everywhere among them, an invisible tsunami of masculine might that was suddenly combining and attaching and growing even more powerful, gifting the men present with all the muscle and facility and capability that was held inside any one man.

Instantly, those who had not received Adam's gift of total group consciousness were made aware of every other man who had ever been Transformed. Jay Lee's, and now Scott's and Jerry's ability to drive a man to orgasm with a mere wish launched itself into every man's head. More muscular glory and more height and more strength and more sexual drive and more sensuality and eroticism and masculine energy flooded them all.

Bodies arced, cocks swelled, muscles bulged. Men grabbed onto each other to fulfill the overwhelming physical lust inherent in every molecule of Transform. It grew and multiplied and divided and grew again. Stronger and stronger, and all of it directed toward Kevin.

It was no contest. The purifying power of Transform wiped Demolish from his cells and began quickly to rebuild him to an even more glorious level of male perfection than before.

No one saw as his body suddenly condensed and spasmed. No one witnessed his limbs thrown straight and the muscle begin to frantically build along his bones. No one heard the bubbling groans of a man in pain turning to the deep, feral moans of a man in blissful

sexual ecstasy. His face was drawn slack before it began to coalesce into a vision of pure masculine beauty.

Everything that Demolish had done to him was erased in the space of a few seconds, and within a few minutes more the man lying at the foot of the boulder began to rouse and to stand on his legs, rising to his full 22-foot height.

Under the soft blue glow of moonlight, it looked like the meadow had given life to a deity. Kevin, like all the Transformed, was now fully charged on the combined strength of the newest version of Transform. Bigger still, more massively muscled, his brain was hooked into every other Transformed man. He was a top-heavy giant, with shoulders overwhelmed with strength and a chest of massive, cabled glory. His face was a perfect assemblage of beauty and brawn, strong and masculine and blindingly handsome. He could feel the evening breezes slipping over his soft, silken skin, sifting through the curls of dark fur on his chest, tickling his heavy balls and fat cocks.

He realized then that he had not completed his own Transformation. The soft brush of the wind across his nipples made him reach up to rub his thumb along their fat nubs, and an immediate electric erotic charge rewarded his attentions. With his palms against the heavy meat of his broad chest, cupping the wide mountains, he could feel more muscle growing.

The brawn expanded under his hands. His skin stretched to accommodate it. The muscle was firm and strong, hard as steel plates, but it was swelling and warm and alive. He felt his cocks growing heavy with pride and bliss, he was turning himself on just feeling the muscle growing. He'd neglected to Transform anyone else before turning up at IGE with Dr. Lassiter, so he'd never experienced the feeling of holding another man as he grew.

Kevin moved his hands along his body, and every inch of him was changing. Muscle was unfolding under his soft skin, cables and plates of masculine power blooming hard and thick. He moved his left hand onto his right bicep and it was swelling against his palm. He raised his arm and bent his elbow and tensed the muscle to full glory, rock hard and big as a bowling ball, and still it grew, stretching itself closer and closer to his curled fist.

He raised his arm above his head and gripped his latissimus, and it flared out from his back like a wing, thickening as it widened. He moved his touch down his side, over the fat fingers of his external intercostals along his ribcage and down across the high, prominent arch of muscle that lead unerringly toward the two massive pricks jutting proudly forward from his groin.

He sighed and shuddered and released a sudden flood of precum, feeling the warm honey drizzle down his legs. He ran his hands down his cocks, one on each, unable to encompass them fully in his grips, and rubbed his fingers and hands into the streams of lubing juice that contained heavy doses of his pheromonal scent. He lifted his hands to his face and breathed in the smell of man sex. His cocks swelled in pleasure.

He reached behind him and moved his touch over the high, hard, muscled orbs of his ass. The glutes were slowly expanding, pushing themselves away from his body, forming perfect muscular twin bubbles, arching high and proud. He set his swelling legs apart and moved his hand between and under and rubbed his finger against the moist heat of his buttohole. He pressed his fingers into the dark, sweet meat and felt a thrill of erotic promise shove itself into his cocks. He returned his hand to his face and breathed in another heady perfume of musky masculinity.

“Fuck,” he said softly. Looking around the glade where hundreds of naked Transformed men lay tangled in each other’s arms and legs, he could see that some of them were still growing, too. Others were pulling their neighbors to them and were kissing them, sucking them, fucking them. Kevin felt amazingly good, but he could not recall how he had ended up here, or what was happening all around him.

That was when he heard the sounds of jets overhead.

“What will they do?”

Tipton’s brow darkened. “They will not put a landing force here. They know we would simply Transform them. If I were in charge, I would launch canisters of microdispersing viral agents and flood the island in Demolish.”

“Which would still do them no good.”

“But they don’t know that.”

“So we have the advantage,” Todd said. He was standing near the speaker’s rock with Sherman, Carlos, Scott, Michael, Chuck, Frazz, Stan, Jerry and Kevin. Several other men stood around them, and more around them. Though the mind connection obliterated the need for speech, it was still the most comfortable way to communicate. Centuries of human development could still trump Transform’s evolutions when it wanted to.

“What should we do?”

“We must leave,” concluded Adam. “There is no alternative.”

“He’s right,” Scott agreed. “We’ve been through this before. It’s useless to think we could fight them.”

“And also pointless,” Sherman pointed out.

“But this is home,” Stan interjected, squeezing Todd’s hand in his own. “Where will we go?”

Chuck was grinning his sideways smile. “Everywhere.”



Kenneth Templeton arrived home to the large three-bedroom, two-bath house he shared with his lover of 15 years, Kelly Hourihan. They met in a sex club on Market Street during a banker's conference in San Francisco, finding out only later that they lived within a few miles of each other back in Denver. He was a 54-year-old bank executive, out and proud, not very active in his community but extremely pleased with his lawn. He set his briefcase down on the couch and yelled out, "Where the hell did you find those two?"

Kelly's voice came back from the living room where he had spent the last hour peeking through the blinds at the two young men in the front yard mowing and cleaning

out the flower beds. "Hush, Kenneth! They'll hear you!"

"Oh. My. God. What are you doing?"

"What do you think I'm doing? I'm copping a cheap thrill is what I'm doing. It's what 56-year-old queens do. We look because we can't touch, and we look from behind curtains so the beautiful young men we're looking at don't think we're sad old queers with twink fetishes."

"Kelly," Kenneth said, pulling back the curtain and pointing at one of the shirtless wonders outside currently wiping his sweaty brow as his broad, muscular chest gleamed with sweat, "I would hardly call that a twink. If anything, that's a hunk."

"Two hunks," Kelly corrected, grabbing the curtain back.

"Is he still watching?"

Bobby stopped mowing and walked toward Joe. They had the volume on their bodies turned way down, to at least approach normalcy, if one were a 19-year-old 290 lbs bodybuilder standing 6'4" high with bright blue eyes, jet black curling hair, darkly tanned skin, silver dollar nipples and an ass so tight you could bounce pennies off it. "Yeah, but I think that other dude is trying to stop him."



“What the fuck for?” Joseph was similarly displayed in restrained muscular glory. He was the same height as Bob, but looked slightly wider. His body bulged everywhere, particularly in the crotch of his shorts, his cockhead almost dangling out of the hem, its outline prominently displayed pressing eagerly against the cotton. He had green eyes, blonde hair to his shoulders, and so much muscle packed on his frame it was a wonder his skin didn’t split.

Bobby shrugged the masses of his shoulders. His back muscles joined in for good measure. “Dunno. Maybe we should ask!”

“Play it cool, bro! You know what Chuck said.”

“Yeah. And he is the master. But, Jesus, two hours of fucking mowing? I thought I was done with this shit.”

“The longer the wait, the sweeter the prize.” Joseph looked at the window. “I think they’re still there. Why don’t we, you know, pump it up just a little.”

Bobby reached down and tugged at the crotch of his skin-tight jeans. “About fucking time. I’m dying in here! Keeping the monsters at bay is tough!”

“No, not that. You’re big enough, you’re almost busting through your fly.”

“Look who’s talking!”

“No, I mean let’s have a little pose-off. Strut the goods a little.”

“Ooooh, so, like, get their old dicks hard?”

Joe winked and leaned in, giving Bobby a kiss on his mouth. “Exactly.”

“My God, did you see that?”

“I saw that.”

“They kissed!”

“They did.”

“My God.”

“So what?”

“So what?!? Jesus, Kenneth, is it dead down there? We have two young, strapping, half-naked, sexually charged homosexual males in our front yard!”

“And?”

“And?!? And let’s get them inside the house!”

“Jesus.” Kenneth was looking through the window again, and his mouth went suddenly dry.

“What is your prob... Jeeezus!”

Joe was bent over touching his toes. His ass was pointed at the window. His ample basket was bursting at last, the head of his fat prick and about two inches of shaft shoving into the open air. Bobby bent his frame back and forth on his hips. His arms were bent, his hands clasped behind his head, and his biceps bulged obscenely. The cobblestone of his 8-pack flexed and stretched, and as he bent backwards, the button fly on his jeans popped one... two... three buttons open. He was not wearing underwear.

“Holy...”

“Fuck...”

From inside, the two men watched as the twin teen wonders laughed and helped each other tuck their massive male equipment back inside their pants. One of them, the brunette, lifted his hand to his face and licked his palm clean. The other one, the blonde, dug his hand deeply into his shorts to adjust himself, then he rubbed a glistening trail of something across the width of his chest.

The brunette was then leaning against the willow, obscured slightly by the swinging branches, and he said something the two men couldn’t quite hear. The other boy dropped his rake and walked over to him under the tree, his ass moving like he knew someone was watching. They spoke with each other for a few moments, then the blonde leaned in, planted his hands on the tree trunk on either side of the other muscled hunk’s head, and they started to make out.

To very seriously make out.

“Is he...?”

“I think he is.”

He was. Bobby reached forward and pulled open Joe’s jeans. The muscles of his arms and back flexed and bulged as he did it. He was reaching forward, then, and pushing his

hand down the other man's pants and then his arm was slowly, very slowly, jerking back and forth.

"Um, let's offer them a cool drink."

"Excellent suggestion. And let's do it before the neighbors call in the authorities and we're all busted for indecent exposure."



Miller Constantine walked into the men's room at the Olive Garden in a suburb of Cleveland and was already unzipping his fly before he noticed that there was someone else already using the facilities. The other man was intimidating to say the least. It looked as if the shirt he was wearing was losing its battle to keep him contained. The seams along his wide back were stretched to the breaking point, and it appeared to be a size or two too small anyway, judging by how it was riding up his body like that.

For that matter, he thought, those pants aren't fitting very well, either. Miller could see ample buttcrack peaking over the waistband, plus the looks of them along the man's muscular thighs brought

to mind the phrase "painted on." It looked, in fact, as if the man had somehow "hulked out" between the time he put on his clothes that morning and standing there pissing into the urinal now.

Miller felt a little jingle in his own jeans, but this dude was waaaaay out of his league. He was a 37-year-old deeply closeted substitute teacher. 5 foot nothing, 100 lbs soaking wet. He spent hours online ogling men such as this one, dreaming what it would be like to spend even a few minutes worshiping them. But he never explored the fantasy. Surely men such as that only wanted other men such as that.

Besides, there was no way that guy was gay.

Intimidated, and a little scared, Miller started to retreat into the stall to empty his bladder rather than waiting for the sole urinal when the massive man looked over, meeting his stare.

His neck was thick. Miller could see the tendons and muscle stretch. He had a rough look to his face, rugged and striking. His chin and cheeks were coated with a brush of dark whiskers, tightly trimmed, and he had full lips and a broad, handsome nose. His eyes were dark, but there was a sparkle to them, something bright and mischievous dancing there. “Hey,” he said, “I’m almost done.”

“Uh, no problem,” he answered. His voice sounded meek. “I can use the toilet.”

The man smiled and turned slightly, revealing the size of his prick. Like the rest of him, it was massive. Miller tried not to look at it, tried not to give himself away, but he felt as if the guy wanted him to look, like he was showing it to him. “I’ll just be another second. Can you hold it?”

He grinned when he asked the question. Could Miller hold it? Hell yes, Miller could hold it! Miller wanted to grab onto it and suck on it until his mouth was filled with salty cum. “Uh, really, I’ll just...”

The man squeezed out the last few squirts. Miller could see the streams, and they looked curiously clear. There was a smell in the small tiled room, and it didn’t smell like piss. “What’s your name?”

“What?”

The man turned fully toward him now, holding his cock in his hand. The tip was glistening. He rubbed his thumb across the flaring head. He had a wide, mushroom tip. “Your name. You have one, right?”

Miller gulped hard. “M... Miller.” He found himself staring at that prick. There was a deep, dark forest of fur behind his grip. It crawled up his groin and narrowed toward his navel. The shirt was so small, Miller could see two hard bricks of his well-trained ab muscles.

“Miller, my man. I’m horny as hell. You want to suck this fat cock?” Chuck’s smile spread across his face. He was still rubbing the head. The shaft was lengthening in his grip, and his equipment was starting to arch upwards.

“Suck...?”

“Yeah, Miller. You want to suck my cock?” He took a step forward. “Think you can handle it?” Another step. “Ever suck a cock before, Miller?”

He nodded. He didn’t even know why he did, but he did. The man towered over him.

“Ever suck one this big?” He pushed his crotch forward, jutting the mile-long, fat cock into Miller’s body. The smaller man shook his head, dazed at the size of it. “Don’t worry about that, Miller. I’m sure you’ll manage fine. You’re going to swallow the whole thing,

aren't you? You're going to open your mouth wide and feel the hard heat of me pushing against the roof of your mouth, and your tongue, and the back of your throat. But you'll love it, won't you Miller. You'll hunger for more.

"You'll feel me swelling inside you, getting harder and harder, fucking your warm, wet mouth until I'm ready to cum. But I won't cum just yet. I'll let my load build. Bigger and bigger. Right Miller? Bigger and bigger. My balls will swell and droop with hot cum, and you'll ache for it, you'll want it all so bad. So you'll keep sucking, and I keep getting harder, and fatter, and then my cockhead will swell against your throat, you'll taste the salty essence and feel the ridge flare and the whole mushroom head swell and then you'll feel the hot jets of cream flooding into you. You'll hear me cumming. I'm like a hose. I'm a fucking hydrant, Miller. I cum buckets. And you'll swallow it all, right? You'll swallow every drop of my thick, creamy cum and you'll love every fucking second of it, won't you Miller?"

He swallowed hard and nodded again. His mouth had fallen open, and his breathing was shallow.

"I knew I'd found the right man for the job. Lock the door, Miller."

"Whuh?"

He pointed with his free hand. "The door? I don't know about you, but I always like a little privacy when I'm getting a blow job." He was standing next to Miller now, he smelled like sex. "Call me old fashioned."

Miller reached behind him and twisted the bolt. "Excellent," Chuck purred. "Well done." Miller dropped to his knees. "Miller, my man, this is going to change your life."

Stan and Todd looked like 20-year-old college bodybuilders. They'd compacted as much of their brawn as they could into as small a package as practical, but with Transform swimming through every cell in their systems, there was only so much they could manage.

They stood behind a narrow counter with a somewhat dirty Formica surface. They were wearing polyester uniforms and paper hats. The clothing clung to their contours like second skins, the buttons of their tunics straining to burst. Their nipples pushed hard against the blue material, and their asses and cocks filled the pants to near bursting.

"Okay," sighed Todd, "tell me again what we're doing here?"

Stan was giddy. He was practically hopping up and down with glee. "Oh, this is going to be so much fun! Oh, I can't wait!"

Todd picked at one of his sleeves testily. “Honestly, I don’t get it. We’re supposed to be fast food jockeys in some hole in the wall burger joint. How is that, in any way, sexy?”

Stan huffed out an impatient sigh. “It’s not the clerk part or the burgers or the clothes. Well, it kind of is, but it’s not just that part. See, it’s mundane, right?”

“I’ll say.” He rolled his eyes.

“So no one’s expecting anything to happen, right? So then when something starts happening, like we go all Transform on his ass and make him get all, you know, hot and bothered and whatnot, and then... you’re not even listening!”

“I think the fries are done.”



“I have to tell you, you’re a lot hotter than your picture.”

“Thanks.”

“I mean, a LOT more.”

“You’re nice to say so.”

“No, really dude. I can’t tell you how many times I’ve gotten up the courage to, like, actually meet some guy from gay.com instead of hanging out in those chat rooms waiting for someone to ping me. And then you did and I opened up your profile, y’know, like you do, check the dude out, whatever, hope he’s not too freaky, has a face pic, blah blah blah.”

“Uh huh.”

“Especially with that screen name.”

“Right.”

“Moose.”

“It’s a nickname.”

“And so I see your mug staring back at me and I’m like, ‘Damn, bitch! Look at this dude!’ and, you know, you didn’t have a lot to say but with a face like that, y’know, hey, let’s chat some, right?”

“Right.”

“And then you were even, like, smart and stuff? And you were nice and not many guys are, like, nice. Just, y’know, nice?”

“Thank you. You’re nice, too.”

“But when I was waiting outside? Out front? And then you walk up and you’re like, ‘Benny?’ and I’m like, ‘Moose?’ and you nod and you smile and then you came up and hugged me like that, so tight and you smelled so good and all. And then that kiss. I wasn’t expecting that. And you were so, like... big. Y’know? You’re really... big.”

“Big?”

“Hard. I mean Muscley. And big. And tall! Like, you must be at the gym all the time, dude.”

“Not really.”

“Shit, I should shut up. You’re probably thinking, ‘Dude, what am I doing here with this guy?’”

“Not at all.”

“I’m sorry, I’m just, like, surprised and all. And a little, like, nervous.”

“Do I make you nervous?”

“Well, yeah. A little. It’s not your fault though! I kinda get this way around guys I think are hot for some reason. Know how that is? You see some guy and he, like, makes you feel all hot, all horny, and all’s you wanna do is, like talk to him and get to know him and... stuff... and then you go all stupid and say stupid shit or run off at the mouth.”

“Like now.”

“Yeah. Sorry. You look... a LOT better than your picture.”

“Well, I have to be honest with you. No, don’t worry, it’s nothing bad. That’s not my picture. I didn’t have any pictures of myself, so I borrowed one that I thought kind of looked like my face.”

“Dude, you should take some pictures of yourself. I mean, get some better fitting clothes and all, ‘course with a body like yours it’s probably hard to find stuff that looks good and still fits.”

“It can be a challenge.”

“No shit. Looks like you’re about to split some seams. It’s kinda hot.”

“You like muscles?”

“Oh, yeah! But, you know, the big dudes, they kinda ignore me and stuff. I go to the gym, of course. I mean, like, who doesn’t, right? But I still end up looking like this.”

“You’re very handsome, Benny.”

“Me? Nah. But you’re fucking gorgeous. Seriously, get a webcam or something and just snap a few. Hell, I have a digicam back at the apartment you could totally use.”

“Back at your apartment?”

“Yeah, dude, it’s pretty sweet. Real simple. Just point and click.”

“Sounds simple enough.”

“Yeah, it is. Are you going to, like, eat something?”

“I’m not really very hungry for food. You said the camera is back at your apartment?”

“Uh huh. A few blocks over. Up the hill a little.”

“Think we could go up there now? You can take some pictures of me if you want to.”

“Really? Moose, dude, that would be sweet!”

“Or you could just fuck me.”

“I... what?”

“I could fuck you, but I’m a little worried that you wouldn’t find it as pleasant unless you fucked me first.”

“”

“You’re awfully quiet all the sudden, Benny.”  
“Did you say ‘fuck me’?”  
“I did.”  
“Just now?”  
“Moments ago.”  
“To me?”  
“Yes.”  
“Wait, so you’re a bottom?”  
“I’m very versatile, but I think under the circumstances we’ll both enjoy it more if you fuck me.”  
“Under the circumstances?”  
“Remember your comment earlier? About me being big?”  
“Yeah.”  
“I’m very big, Benny.”  
“Yeah?”  
“Very. Big.”  
“Check, please!”



Frank Ryan stood up and grabbed the 20 off the sofa as he stood and moved across the living room. “Hey!” he said, cheerfully, as he opened the door.

“Hi. It’s \$18.”

Frank was frozen in place. There was a muscular behemoth standing at the threshold of his dorm room. The guy had to be six and a half feet tall. The black tank top he wore barely covered the yards of muscle stretched across his high, wide frame. He made the large pizza look like a small.

“Hello?” He waved his hand in front of Frank’s face, a grin spreading over his luscious lips. “You okay?”

“Uh, yeah. Yeah. Sorry. I, uh... 18?”

He nodded and raised a hand to brush the chestnut locks from his forehead. His eyes

were green and the ball of his bicep bulged massively. “Yeah.” He handed the pizza to Ryan and stuffed the 20 in his pants. Ryan followed the trajectory of his lucky Jackson and watched it get tucked in beside something long and thick and tubular with a flaring mushroom head that was shoved down the guy’s right thigh. “You need change?” When Ryan looked at his face again, the grin had grown into a smile. “No. Nope. No, I’m good.” He pulled in a long, sighing breath. “I’m really, really good.” The guy nodded. “Um, sorry to ask you this but I been out delivering for a few hours without a bio break. D’you mind if I used your...?”  
“My what?”



“Your facilities?” The pizza delivery guy grabbed his crotch in illustration, and there was a lot of it to grab. Ryan noticed that the hem of his tank top was an inch higher than his hip-hugging jeans, and a dark wealth of pubic fur sprouted in heavy abundance along the line of his waistband. The two thick muscles of his internal intercostals stretched like a pointing V into his loins.

“The john?”

He nodded. Something sparkled in his eyes. The locks of soft, straight hair fell back across his forehead again.

“Sure, no problem. It’s probably kinda messy, though.”

“Whatever, dude,” he replied, already opening the front of his jeans to reveal more of that dark, silken hair and the fat root of what was tucked down his pantleg. “I gotta piss like a racehorse.” Ryan pointed and the guy walked toward the open bathroom door. He watched his firm, round butt bob and flex and then suddenly the guy had his pants off his hips and Ryan saw the smooth, almost polished looking flesh that covered the most perfect ass he’d ever seen in his life.

Tommy left the door open and cast a quick glance back into the living room to make sure his audience was still watching. He stood in the center of the tiled bathroom floor, poised near the toilet, and dropped his pants to his knees. Then he hefted the amazing colossal prick into his hands and pointed the monster at the bowl. “It isn’t so dirty,” he said lightly. “You should see my place.”

Ryan sat on the couch with the hot pizza on his lap. But it wasn’t the hottest thing in his lap at the moment. “No?” He attempted another glance at the guy and was rewarded with a sight he would never forget. He gulped hard. “Heh heh.”

Tommy looked out and made sure to make eye contact as he stood there, half naked, holding his huge dick, pissing into Ryan’s toilet. “You know how it is. Not a lot of time for the details.” He looked down at his beast as he finished the thought. “It’s like anything else, I guess. No time, can’t stop to smell the roses or whatever. It’s like you have to grab your chance when it comes.”

Ryan wasn’t sure he heard that right. The dude really was pissing like a race horse. Then there was silence. “Huh?”

“I said you gotta be aware of stuff, take advantage of your opportunities when they’re staring you in the face.” Ryan turned. Tommy was standing in the bathroom doorway. He was naked. His arms reached up and his hands were grasping the doorframe as he leaned slightly into the room. His biceps and triceps stood out starkly, fat bulging bellies of muscle flexing with subdued power. The dark fur in his moist pits was sending out waves of thick pheromones, and he smelled like raw sex. The taper of his upper body formed a perfect V. His 6-pack abs slowly flexed in and out as he breathed. His magnificent cock stretched out before him like an invitation. “Know what I mean?”

Curtis Lewis pushed his very old, should be abandoned, barely surviving the journey 1984 Mazda 626 along the desert highway with his foot on the gas and his eyes on the water temperature. There wasn’t any AC in the car anyway, so there was nothing to turn off to save some cool. He had all the windows wound down except the left back one,

which wouldn't. The trunk and back seat were filled with large plastic garbage bags containing everything he owned.

A new life was what he needed. The old one just didn't want to work out for him. He hated that job anyway. He wanted to be a writer. He'd even managed to grab a few freelance gigs here and there, though his true passion wasn't reporting or interviewing, it was fiction. But making a living that way... well, he might as well have wanted to be Superman.

He was going from Los Angeles to Las Vegas, hoping that Sin City held better prospects for him, and that the car he bought off Craig's List would last another 100 miles to just get him there. He could be a waiter or a bellhop or even a bartender. Bartending couldn't be that hard, could it? How many drinks could there really be, anyway?

The highway was a very long, very hot, very flat strip of nothing in the middle of a lot of other nothing. In the middle of summer, in the middle of the week, in the middle of a heat wave, it was deserted. He hadn't seen another car since Barstow, and the sweat pouring off his 29-year-old body wasn't just from the heat, it was also from the height of the water temp needle as it approached the red line.

So he almost missed the site of hitchhiker standing at the side of the road until he nearly passed him completely. This was significant for at least three reasons; first, there was no city within miles, or any other roads, or any other cars. Second, the man was completely naked. Third, and perhaps most significantly, he was about the biggest, broadest, most muscular and spectacular looking man that Curtis had ever seen.

But something in his make-up – either the fact that anything out of the ordinary drew his attention like a bee to honey, or the fact that he hadn't had sex with anyone except that really bad one night stand with the guy he picked up at the bar on La Cienega who ended up smelling like hell and had the smallest dick in the L.A. basin – made him slam his foot on the brakes, locking them up as he sped along at 60 MPH, twisting the car back and forth until it came to rest a couple hundred feet up the 2-lane highway sitting sideways on the shoulder facing away from the highway.

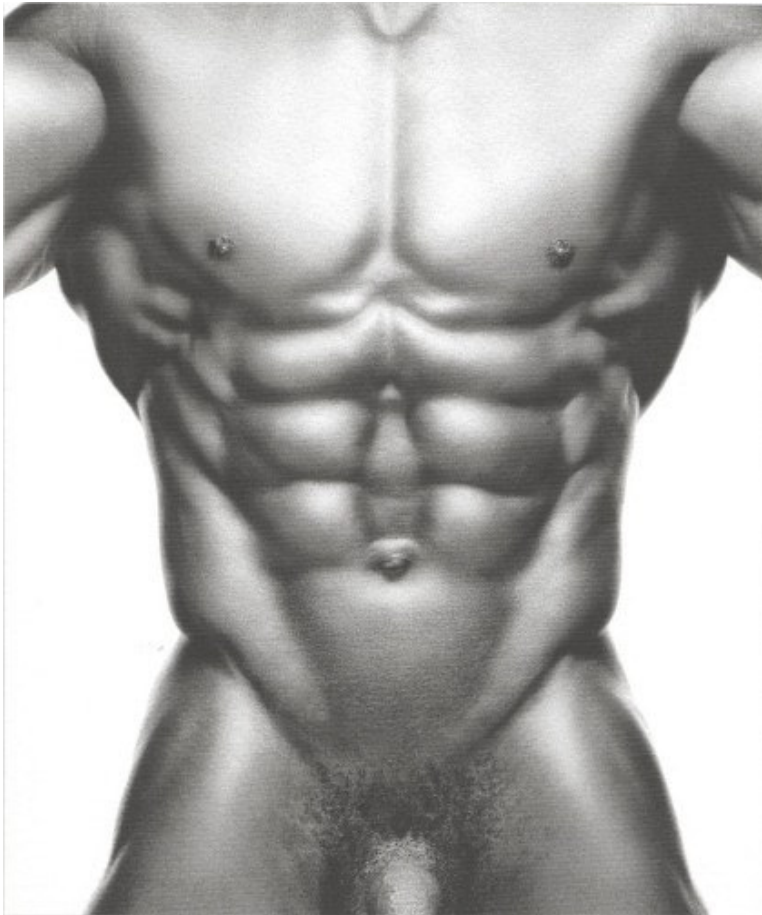
He was breathing hard, still gripping the steering wheel with both hands, fresh sweat pouring off his body, when an unusually handsome face appeared in the passenger side window and asked, "Are you all right?"

The voice was resonant with masculine command. It was like being addressed by a mountain, or an earthquake. He couldn't answer right away. He was still out of breath. The naked man reached his heavily muscled and incredibly defined arm into the car and pressed his cool palm against Curtis's face. A sudden and overwhelming sense of sexual pleasure coursed through him, as if emanating from that touch. His dick grew painfully hard in his pants, inflating to full erection all at once, but his breathing slowed down. It didn't much help with the whole sweating part, though. That voice said, "Hello?"

Curtis turned toward the voice and followed the line of that arm and all its bulging glory to where it connected with a massive shoulder, and further on to a substantial and amazingly arched trap, followed closely by a thick and strong neck, connecting unerringly to a face that only a Roman god should possess. Then the Roman god smiled and Curtis felt himself squirting a sudden load of hot cream into his pants.

The eyes inside the Roman god's face glanced down at the spreading dark stain and the smile on his perfect countenance grew incandescent. "Oh, I guess you are all right." He removed his hand and stood up from his crouch, perfectly framing his huge, fat, beautifully formed set of cock and balls in the window before he pulled the car door open and sat his god's ass on Curtis's torn upholstery. His prick, fat and wondrous and seemingly semi-hard, lay thickly across one muscled thigh. It looked delicious. "Was that my fault?" he asked. His voice rattled the broken lighter sitting in the ashtray.

Curtis couldn't seem to remember how to talk all the sudden. His hands still held the steering wheel and his whole body felt tense. The hardness of his prick wasn't diminishing and the feeling of his load in his jeans was sticky and warm. "That can't be very comfortable," the naked man observed. The top of his head was brushing the ceiling. He was wide enough that his shoulder rubbed against Curtis's, so when the man reached over and pulled open his button fly with a deft skill, Curtis was pushed slightly aside.



The man reached into Curtis's pants and moved his grip onto Curtis's hard cock, extracting it from the confines and pulling it up. "There. Better?" His prick was coated in cum, and the man slowly started to stroke him. That feeling of his body being flushed with erotic pleasure returned, stronger this time, and his dick seemed to swell even larger. "I feel sort of responsible for this," the man said, "Do you mind if I clean you up?"

Curtis watched his head dipping down to his crotch and felt his cock enveloped by the Roman god's mouth. His eyes rolled up inside his head from the intense pleasure being delivered

from the muscular man's talented body. Waves of sexual bliss were thrumming through his body, and it felt like his cock was growing inside the man's mouth.

The Roman god moaned deeply. Curtis felt the vibration to his toes. The god's mouth moved to swallow his entire hard prick, rubbing the helmet against the back of his throat. Curtis raised his hips to test the waters. The god slipped his hand under Curtis's butt and gently prodded him to start eagerly fucking his face.

Curtis reached backwards and grabbed onto the headrest, arching his back and shoving his cock deeply into the man's mouth. He looked down to watch the collection of enormous muscle flex and bulge with every suck of his hard dick. It felt like the guy's tongue was slurping against his balls. There was a ripping sound and the tongue slipped into his ass. Curtis had no idea how this was possible. The god seemed to be sucking his cock and rimming his asshole at the same time.

But maybe that was normal for a god.

He felt the silver tingle of his balls and the racing pleasure of orgasm moving up his shaft. He was very, very close to losing his second load of cream when the guy's face appeared before his with a cum-coated smile on his lips. "Not yet," he said. "Can you hold on? I'm really enjoying this."

"I'm... not sure."

The god winked at him. "It'll really be worth it. Trust me." He stroked Curtis's rock-hard cock in his grip. A shudder of intense pleasure sang through him. "Okay?"

Curtis nodded. The god swallowed him again and he strained not to cum. He tensed his ass and shut his eyes and did everything he could do to not cum, to please the god. His load was building beyond containment. A shining, thunderous orgasmic bliss swelled in his cock. He absolutely had to cum. "I'm... I can't..."

"Mm hmm," the god acknowledged, still sucking hard against Curtis's painfully hard erection. Then he lifted his mouth off the cock and said, his voice reverberating through the small car, "I understand. Just be prepared, okay?"

"What?" He looked down. His hands were gripping the seat hard. A hot, thick announcement of the coming tide flowed down the shaft. "For what?"

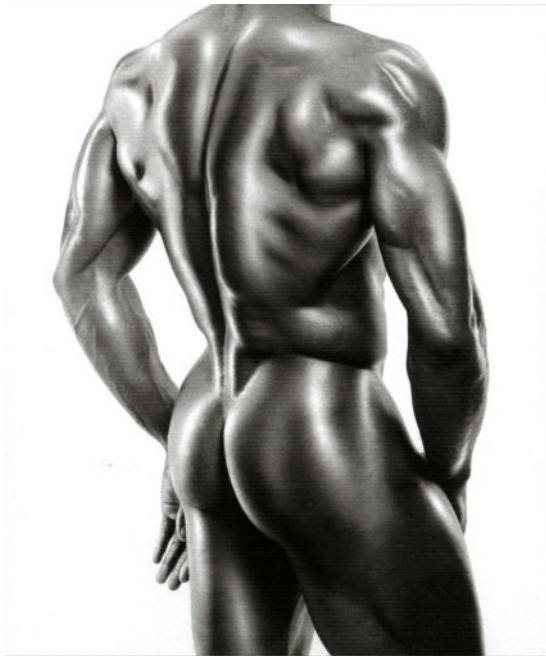
The naked god winked at him and moved his mouth back over Curtis's prick, swallowing him whole. And Curtis came.

The world exploded with pleasure. That tongue, pliable and hot and wet and wonderful, was shoving itself deeply into his ass. He was being sucked and fucked simultaneously by one guy in the front of his small Japanese sedan. It felt like he was cumming so hard, it was a miracle he hadn't blown the back of the guy's skull off. Stars formed in his

vision and then blackness overcame everything and his body and brain was drowning in perfect, overwhelming, deeply intense orgasmic bliss.

He shot a dozen times. Over and over. The god sucked it all down, seeming almost to pull his cum from his balls, sucking him dry. He felt every spurting joyful second of it, until he felt a thorough and completely satisfying sense of fulfillment flooding through him and he collapsed back onto the seat. His clothing was soaked through with sweat, and his hair was plastered to his head.

“Mmm,” said the naked god, sitting up and licking his lips. “That was great.” He looked over, leaning his lips toward Curtis’s cheek and kissed him gently, then he whispered into his ear with his deep voice, “Thank you.” Then he stuck out his large hand and said, “Hi! My name’s Adam. What’s yours?”



“Just so I’m clear on this bet.” The other man nodded. “You’re not going to touch me, or even be near me, and you’re going to make me cum.”

He nodded again. “That is the truth.” He smile and looked at his two equally handsome companions. “You will be cumming.”

“And if I win, if I don’t cum, you’ll come home with me and Bruce.”

“Yes. All of us will do so.” The other two men nodded.

“And what happens if I do cum?”

“We will discuss after you cum.”

Jeremy looked at his partner. “What do you think? What’s the trick?”

“Hell, I’m hard just looking at these dudes. I’m betting with them!”

The three men exchanged glances. Something silent seemed to pass between the three gigantic men inside the dark bar. Then the one doing the talking, the guy with the glowing blonde crewcut and the absurdly sculpted cheekbones and the silver eyes, spoke again in his Russian accented speech. “Where do you want me?”

“That’s a loaded question, but how ‘bout this. You go over there, by the jukebox, at the back of the bar. Over by the pool table.” Jeremy smiled. “And I’ll go stand outside.”

“You are sure?”

Bruce shook his head and gulped some more beer. “Oh, dude.”

Jeremy slapped his partner on the back. “I got this all figured out, my man. There’s no way we’re going home without this trio for some long-lasting fun tonight!” He looked at the tall, wide-shouldered Russian again, offering his hand. “Is it a bet?”

Wolf looked at the hand and grinned. "It is a bet," he said, gripping the man's hand with a very firm shake.

"Shit! Man, I hope your butt is as tight as your grip!" Jeremy downed the last of his beer.

"Okay, come and get me when you're done with your trick."

"Unzip your pants," Wolf advised him.

"Yeah, right."

"It is your decide, but my advice is to unzip your pants and allow your cock outside." He tilted his head slightly. "You will be cumming very hard."

"Yeah, Jer, pull out your big ol' dick and let some of the guys refamiliarize themselves with the beast!" Bruce was laughing as Jeremy sauntered out the door onto the back patio. He waved at a couple of friends he knew and went over to explain what was going on. He did not appear to be unzipping anything.

Bruce looked at Wolf. "So, what's the trick?"

"Is no trick. Is talent." He smiled brightly, leaning forward slightly. "Like a sample?"

Bruce laughed and reached forward, cupping Wolf's ample basket in his hand. A look of shock passed over his face. The bar was dark, but there was no denying that the muscular Russian was packing some major heat. It swelled even larger against his hand. He could feel the fat helmet shoving against the guy's pants. "Fuck, dude, all you need to do is pull that out to get me creaming."

Wolf smiled. "Is much easier. Here."

Bruce's whole body suddenly heated up and he sucked in a deep breath. He felt his scalp tighten and his ears pin back and his balls seize up and as he shut his eyes tightly and threw back his head, opening his mouth to gulp in more air, he felt a quick, hard, enormous kick in his libido and his G-Stars were suddenly filled with a heavy load of warm wetness. "The hell?" he whispered, gripping the edge of the bar hard. His cock was painfully hard, it didn't seem to want to diminish.

"Is talent," Wolf whispered back, then he turned his attention to Jeremy. "Your friend will enjoy?"

"Holy fuck."

Tenzin and Butch rumbled out heavy, soft mounds of laughter. Butch said, "I help you clean up," and he pulled Bruce's stool out from the bar and circled around in front of him. He reached down and pulled the crotch of Bruce's jeans wide and lowered his mouth to his dick and balls and started to lick the man's groin clean.

Bruce came again in Butch's mouth.

"He's gonna what?"

Jeremy laughed loudly. "He's gonna make me cum."

"What's the trick? He give you something?"

"Nope. I watched. Nothing in my drink. The dude never even touched me. Me and Bruce saw him and his two pals come in and immediately we wanted them over to the house for some fun. These guys – you won't belieeeeve them! They look like...."

"They look like what? Well? What do they look like? Jeremy? Jer? You okay?"

Inside, Wolf was grinning as he leaned back against the bar, watching Butch swallowing Bruce's cock. He was sending a hard, firm, powerful instruction to Jeremy's sexual pleasure center. It was like a bolt of lightning, super-charged, and perfectly aimed.

Jeremy's body felt bathed in pleasure. His friends caught him before his knees gave way and they held him as he was delivered into male erotic heaven. Everything felt good – better than good. Better than anything, and then it all started to zero in on his crotch. He cock felt heavy, hard, fat and hot. It shoved against his jeans insistently, painfully, rock hard in a breath. He clawed at his pants, couldn't even remember he had a belt on, all he wanted was to be naked. Gloriously, completely naked, because his entire body was being licked and caressed, and his cock was inside the warmest, wettest, tightest ass in the world, his entire shaft tingled and throbbed, the head was a shining, everlasting orgasmic conduit, every millimeter delivering overwhelming blasts of sexual bliss that erupted through him. A cock was fucking his ass. A hard, thick, long prick that could find every erogenous zone, every highly-sensitized point inside his butt. A hot, wet tongue was simultaneously licking his ballsack and his asshole. He could feel the heavy weight of a muscled body against his own.

He was fumbling with the zipper on his jeans, unable to make his fingers work right, when the first load was delivered. It was huge. It gushed from his cock and spread inside his jeans and coated his balls. He gasped for air and his body went rigid and another orgasmic blast exploded inside him and his balls could do nothing but respond with another fat surge that flooded his crotch.

Then another one.

And another.

Wolf's grin grew into a smile. "I did warn him," he said softly.

Michael and Carlos sat quietly together on a park bench in the middle of Central Park. The sun was high overhead, and people strolled by seemingly oblivious to the pair of inhumanly beautiful men.

Michael wore a pair of tan slacks and a cream colored short-sleeved shirt that made his bronze skin look slightly darker, the size of his broad chest shoving his nipples against the material. His wealth of hair was held back into a broad ponytail with a jeweled clip.

Carlos wore a pair of dark cotton pants, a red crewneck T-shirt and a custom-fit wool blazer. His hand rested on Michael's knee as they watched the human parade pass by.

The Transformed men were now joined in a powerful mental network that allowed each to know where any of the others were. It was a bit like sifting through a magazine.

Images flashing by, a word here or there, you might catch something in your inner-eye that captured your interest and linger there, or simply exist within the structure, comforted by the presence of so many others, all of whom loved you and would do anything for you.

As each new man was added to the network, their knowledge and history and emotions and imagination entered the database. The number of Transformed men was growing faster than ever. And each was instantly and entirely altered into their genetically perfect self, massively muscled, super strong, enormously endowed twice over, and constantly aroused.

Since abandoning the island, the Transformed became roving sex vagabonds, traveling the Earth by using the winds, touching down wherever fate might bring them, seducing and arousing whatever man caught their fancy.

They were, as Chuck had suggested, everywhere. If Transform had one disadvantage, it was that they could rarely go unnoticed in society. Each of them was an uncommonly and astoundingly handsome man. None of them stood below 6'4" even when fully compacted, and their bodies could not help but display the extent of the awesome muscular development from which they each benefited.

"It is rather fascinating," Carlos observed.

Michael nodded an agreement. "I don't suppose there's another city where we could sit here in the open like this and be completely ignored."

"Well," Carlos said, gesturing with his head, "not completely."

A young man on rollerblades had just passed them for the fourth time. He was now staring opening and lustfully at the pair.

Michael squeezed Carlos's leg gently. "An excellent candidate."

Carlos agreed. "A little young, though."

"True. But we'll ask him the usual questions and see if he's amenable."

"You mean, 'Would you like to look like us? Would you like to be able to have sex constantly, with anyone you chose? Would you be willing to give up everything you have to join a group of similarly gifted men, all with these muscles, and these dicks, and these abilities?'"

"And when he asks 'What abilities?'"

Carlos looked over. "That's when we defy gravity."

"Always the dealbreaker."

"Funny how that works."

They stood up and approached him, smiling their perfect smiles, walking their masculine walks, bulging their massive muscles.

Another seduction had begun.





## The End

Author notes:

I hope you've enjoyed this extended prick tease and please feel free to share it with other interested parties. I wrote these stories over the course of six years, off and on, with lengthy breaks between chapters so if there are continuity errors or missing conclusions to threads introduced within any of the stories, I hope you'll forgive me.

Thanks,  
AKA  
July 29, 2006